Jan. 14, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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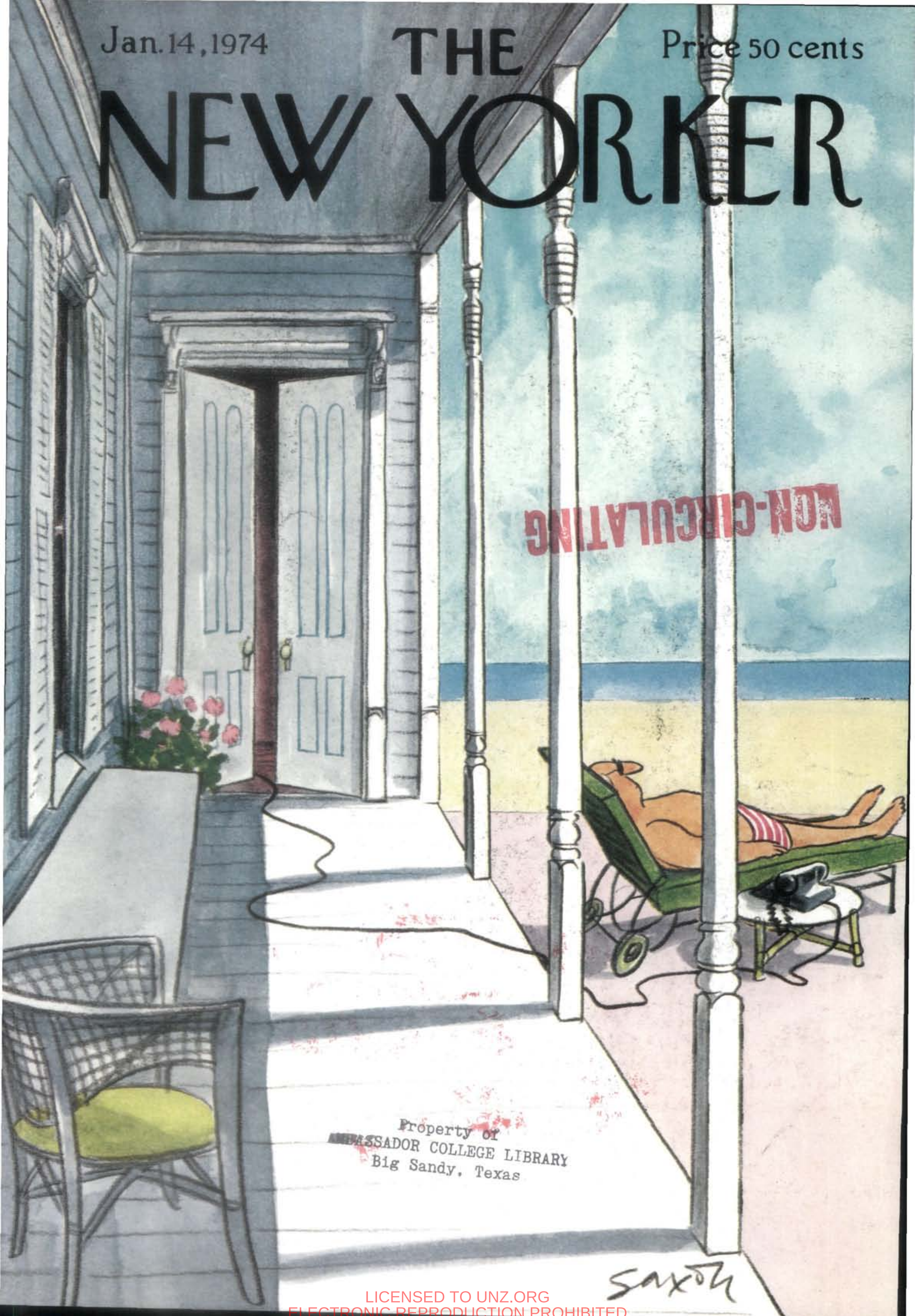

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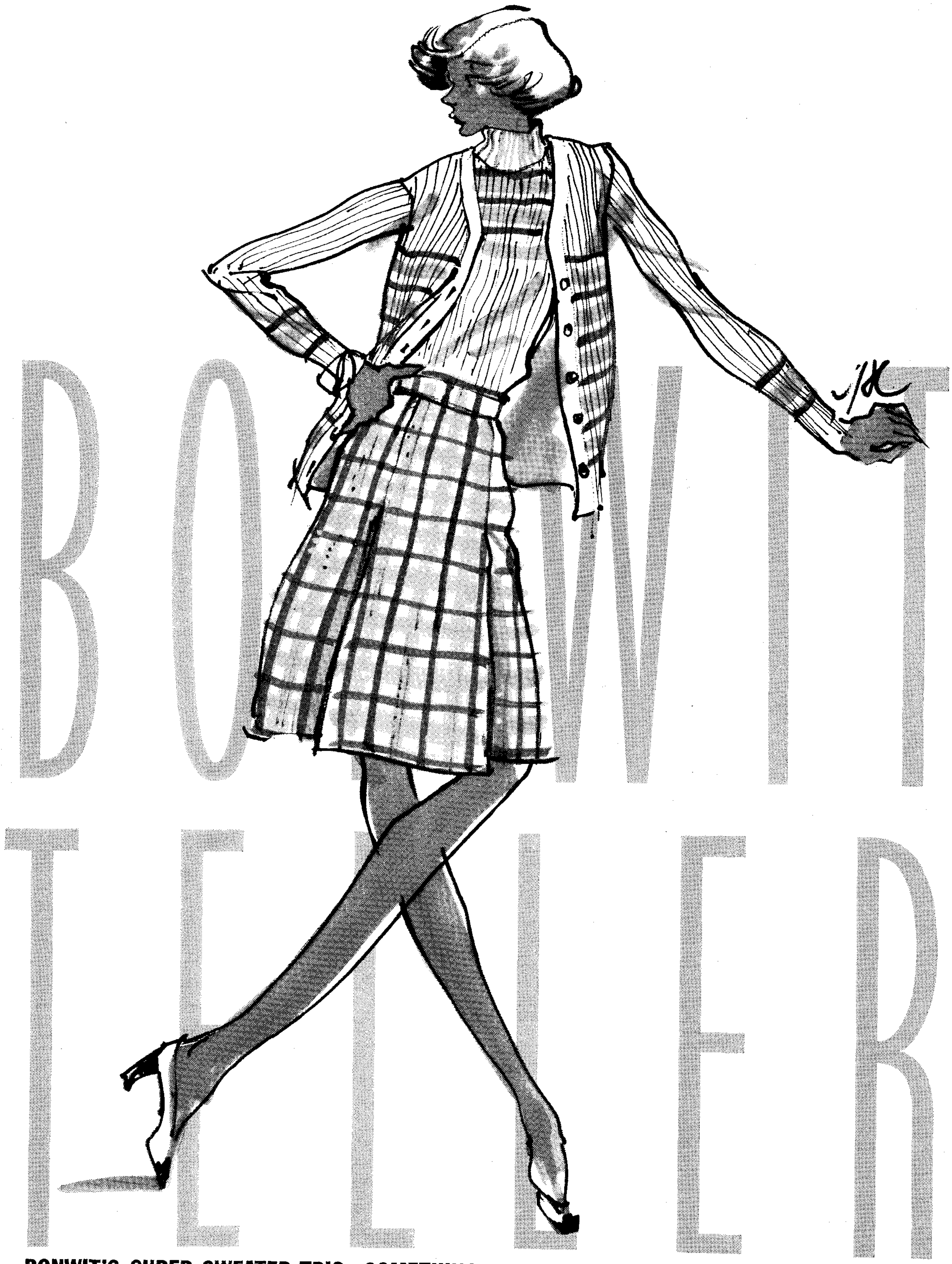

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, there is the possibility of an Off Broadway Actors Equity strike next week, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules drastically if it comes to pass. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Andorra—A revival of the 1963 Swiss drama by Max Frisch, translated by Michael Bullock. Opens Thursday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Free.)

The Au Pair Man—A play by the Irish dramatist Hugh Leonard, full of witty blather. The cast consists of Julie Harris and Charles Durning, and they are both superb. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Barbary Shore—A play by Jack Gelber, based on the novel of the same name by Norman Mailer. The cast, directed by Mr. Gelber, consists of Lenny Baker, Estelle Parsons, Rip Torn, and Lane Smith. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 10. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Bread—A play by David Scott Milton. Opens Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 9. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

British Theatre Season—Opening performances of a long engagement by three British companies. The Royal Shakespeare Company's **RICHARD II** will open with a benefit performance (for tickets, call 636-4156) on Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2, and Thursday, Jan. 17, at 1:30. . . . ¶ The same company's **SYLVIA PLATH** will open on Tuesday, Jan. 15, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Candide—A revival of the Broadway musical. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince, a long, long way from home, directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

City Center Acting Company—Final performances of Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS**, directed by Boris Tumarin. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 8.)

Equity Library Theatre—Hugh Wheeler's revised version of his 1961 play **LOOK: WE'VE COME THROUGH** will be the fourth in this season's series of eight shows. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Find Your Way Home—A married man falls in love with a young male hustler, with unpleasant results. A play far more entertaining than one might suppose from its subject matter, and exceptionally well acted by Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Flies—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gigi—Lerner and Loewe have contrived a reprise of a reprise in this old-fashioned musical about a Paris very unlike Colette's. The cast, the costumes, and the settings do as much as the music to make it a happy occasion. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's garrulous tribute to down-and-outers and their pipe-dreams—a word he repeats eighteen times. With James Earl Jones, Michael Higgins, Tom Aldredge, and many others. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées

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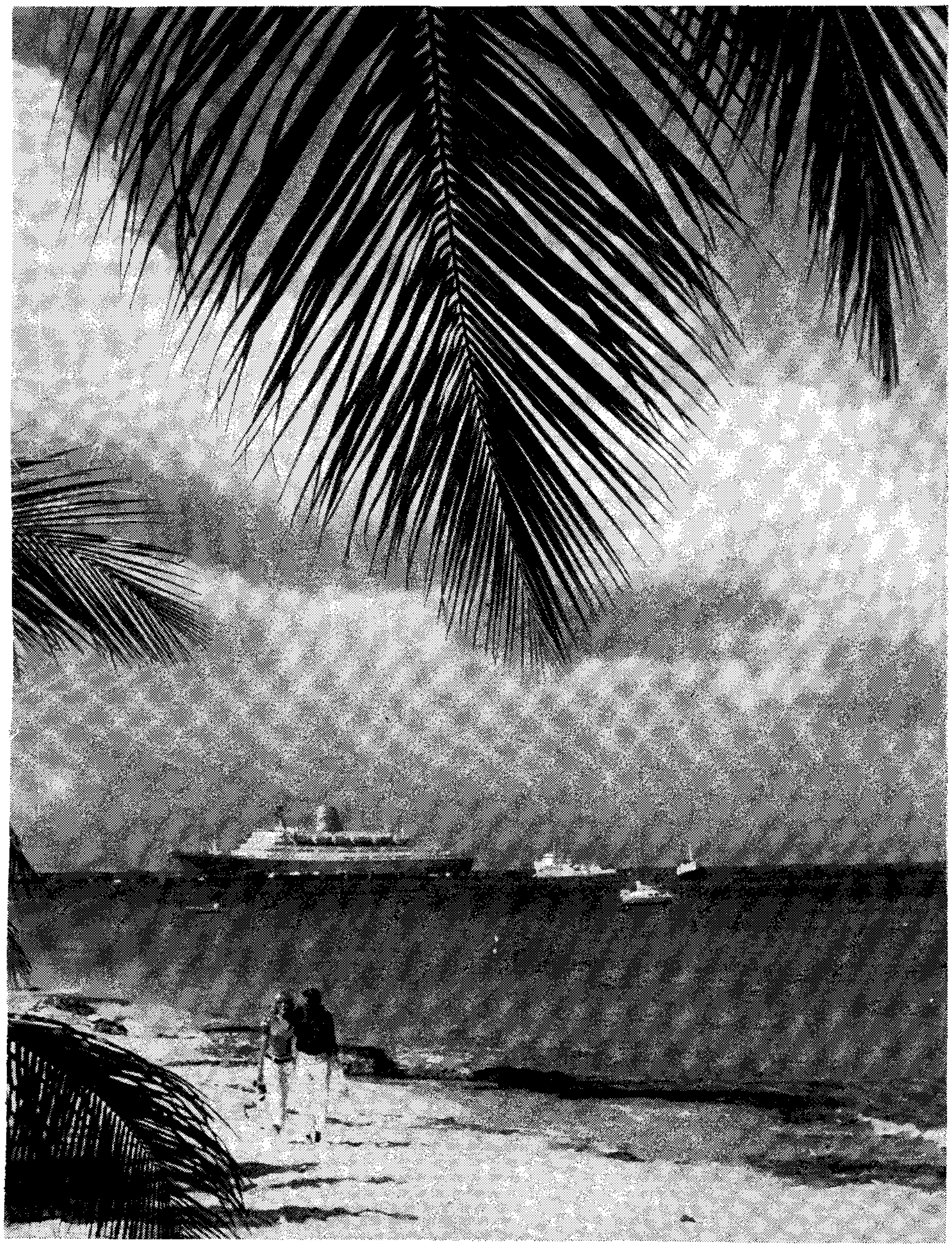

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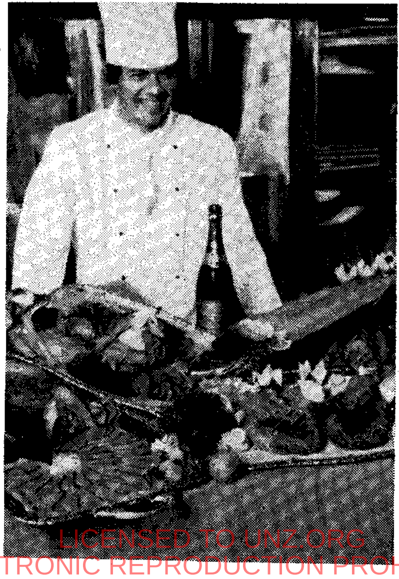
EASTER WEST INDIES, April 12. 14 days. 7 ports. Sagafjord.
SPRING CRUISE TO EUROPE & BRITISH ISLES, April 26. 35 days. 20 ports. Sagafjord.
NORTH CAPE & FJORDLANDS, June 1. 32 days. 12 ports. Sagafjord.
NORTH CAPE & NORTHERN EUROPE, June 25. 42 days. 19 ports. Vistafjord.
SCANDINAVIA AND EASTERN EUROPE, Aug. 7. 30 days. 8 ports. Vistafjord.
FALL MEDITERRANEAN, Sept. 7. 39 days. 15 ports. Vistafjord.
SPANISH MAIN (N. Y. to California), Sept. 14. 16 days. 6 ports. Sagafjord.
SOUTH PACIFIC/AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND, Oct. 1. (from San Francisco) 50 days. 20 ports. Sagafjord.
SIX CARIBBEAN CRUISES, Oct. 19*—Dec. 18*, 10-17 days. 5-10 ports. Vistafjord.
SOUTH SEAS—EAST INDIES—ORIENT, Jan. 7/10*. 90 days. 22 ports. Vistafjord.
FOUR CONTINENTS, Jan. 21/23*. 79 days. 29 ports. Sagafjord.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

More Than You Deserve—A musical comedy about the Vietnam war that constantly nudges "South Pacific" without parodying it. Jim Steinman has written a fine musical score, his and Michael Weller's lyrics are nimble, and the performances by all concerned are first-rate. But Mr. Weller's book, with its off-the-cuff obscenities and constant put-ons, while sometimes funny, is more often annoying or downright offensive. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—An eleven-week engagement. Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Feydeau's **chemin de fer**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 12, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **holiday**, directed by Michael Montel: Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14-15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **the visit**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, at 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

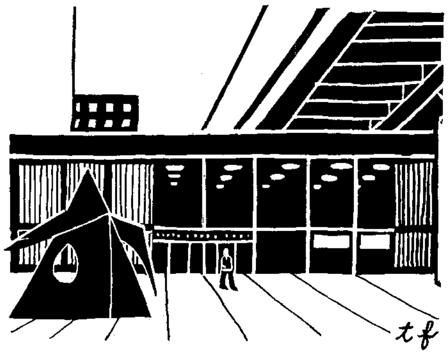
The Pajama Game—Barbara McNair, Hal Linden, and Cab Calloway in a revival of one of the most tuneful musicals ever written. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its charming and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction, with Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**don't bother me, i can't cope:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Jan. 13, for three weeks.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 5,705 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **el grande de coca-cola:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **irene:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a little night music:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.) . . . **the sunshine boys:** A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **that championship season:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Four Bagatelles" (première), "La Source," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Serenade in A," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 13, at 1: "Orpheus," "Four Bagatelles," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 13, at 7: "Scènes de Ballet," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Four Bagatelles," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir" (première), and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," "La Source," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Napoli," "Apollo," "The Maids," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Moor's Pavane," "At Midnight," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 and 8: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 13, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Three Essays" (New York première), "Undertow," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Apollo," "Intermezzo," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Three Essays," "Pillar of Fire," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Napoli," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Napoli," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Maids," "Apollo," and "Theme and Variations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley, Anna Galmarini, and Sashi Kuchiki. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 9, and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current Messengers. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, from ten.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together after nine-thirty (Saturday after nine). Beginning Monday, Jan. 14.

Ron Carter and Mike Longo—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Bass and piano, respectively. Starting Monday, Jan. 14, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Blossom Dearie—Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080). Singing at the piano, at nine-thirty. Through Friday, Jan. 11.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio. From ten, through Sunday, Jan. 13.

Dizzy Gillespie—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quartet. Nightly, from nine-thirty (Saturday from nine). Through Saturday, Jan. 12.

Jonah Jones—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Kurt Weill on Sunday, Jan. 13, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, leading a trio, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, from ten until three.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Vocals, with blues-and-country-inspired backing. At nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 10-15.

Zoot Sims—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty and Saturdays from nine. Beginning Monday, Jan. 14.

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Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—About ten years ago, when some of the best performers affected a preference for simplicity, austerity, and hiding in manholes, this club was ideal. It was sufficiently cramped, uncomfortable, and dowdy to conform to its patrons' sense of éliteness. Today, though, most of those same performers are more apt to be singing in Madison Square Garden, and clubs such as this one have been forced to become more eclectic in their choice of entertainment. Such diverse and unlikely acts as Dory Previn, Soupy Sales, and Chick Corea have recently been summoned to the long, narrow stage. Currently (through Monday, Jan. 14), the proceedings are given over to a band led by Hugh Masekela, the pop South African show-biz trumpet player who has been known to perform before much larger crowds. Another crowd-pleaser, and somewhat of an eclectic himself, Chuck Mangione will play flugelhorn in front of his quintet beginning Wednesday, Jan. 16. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and/or R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Paul Bley, a keyboard experimenter (he's worked with Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry and more recently with an ARP Synthesizer), heads up his group Scorpio through Saturday, Jan. 12, from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma play guitar duets through Saturday, Jan. 12. On Monday, Jan. 14, Ron Carter, the bassist's bassist, and the fine pianist Mike Longo come in. Sundays are devoted to the music of Jaki Byard, a New England pianist with a fine working knowledge of the history of the jazz piano. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, who has been at it since 1925, is still at it. Her accompanist, bassist Milton Suggs, tries to keep up with her nightly at nine-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. Dinner and supper. Julius Monk plays cocktail piano every evening except Sunday.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd and four musicians who hold its attention—pianist Brooks Kerr, trombonist Mathew Gee, drummer Sam Woodyard, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax. Wednesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. The rest of the week (Sundays through Tuesdays) is devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. Dining.

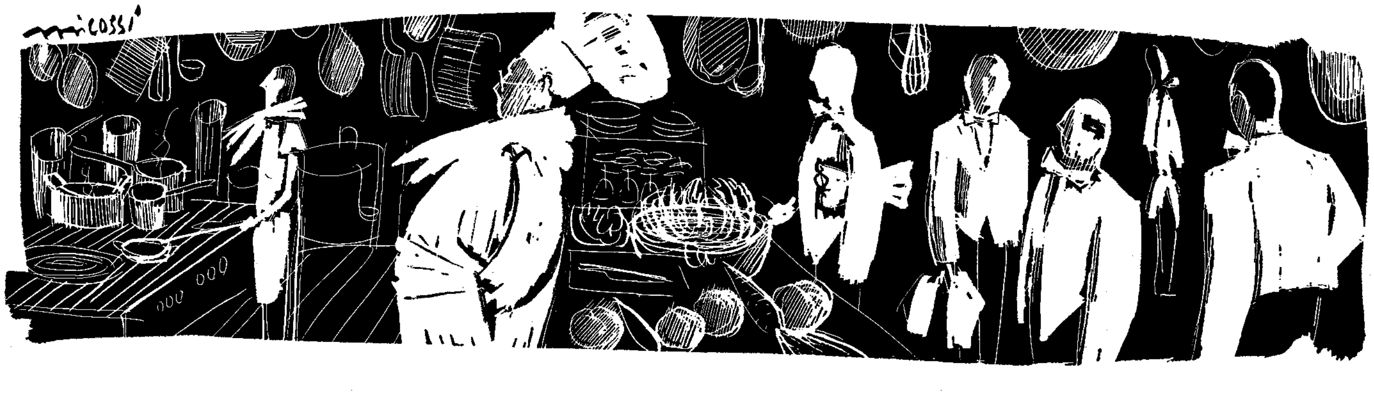
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy returns to the New York scene after a ten-year absence. Bassist Morris Edwards helps her out nightly, except on Sundays, when Dick Hyman, at the keyboard, takes over from everybody. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers, some of whom must surely work Washington Square Park in the milder seasons. The attraction through Sunday, Jan. 13, is Revival, a country-rock outfit. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts about the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Kurt Weill on Sunday, Jan. 13, from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened on the ground floor of a modern apartment house. A relatively unadorned setting—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Guitarist Wayne L. Wright works with electric bassist Jay Leonhart through Saturday, Jan. 12. On Sunday and Monday, Jan. 13-14, guitarist Carl Thompson collaborates with a bassist. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma take up residence here on Tuesday, Jan. 15. The strings vibrate from nine to one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A



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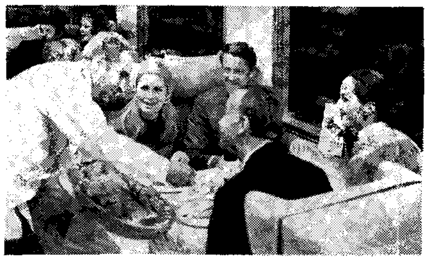

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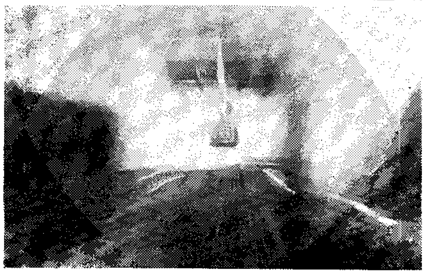

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Fares subject to change.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Dizzy Gillespie and his quartet trade sets with Atilla Zoller, a Hungarian guitarist who sometimes plays koto-style guitar. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. Starting Monday, Jan. 14, tenor player Zoot Sims brings in his quartet to alternate with the duo of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who have been singing together for twenty-five years. Sets begin at nine-thirty and on Saturdays at nine. A quartet led by pianist Sir Harvell takes over on Sunday, Jan. 13, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three. No music Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Some solidly grounded jazz emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit); i.e., Barry Harris is on piano with Lawrence Evans on bass Mondays through Saturdays, from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room,** starting Monday, Jan. 14, comedian, impressionist, and potshooter David Frye takes off after President Nixon, Billy Graham, William F. Buckley, and others. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Eric Weissberg, a Juilliard-schooled banjo technician, who was known primarily for his studio work until "Dueling Banjos," leads a half-rock, half-bluegrass, half-together band called Deliverance through Sunday, Jan. 13. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night spot must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an over-solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. Tracy Nelson, a young woman from Texas, has lived for the last few years in Tennessee, which has become a haven that most folk, country, and blues singers flock to, especially in song. (Nearly every second-rate folk act today, and some first-rate ones, include in their repertory a homesick hymn to the Natchez Trace or the green hills of the Davy Crockett state.) Oddly, Tracy Nelson doesn't sing about Tennessee as much as she sings about the ritual concerns of the blues and country singer—betrayal, the inevitability of death, requited or unrequited love. Her voice is expressive and strong, yet subtle and well cared for. Her backup group, Mother Earth, has, unfortunately, never been worthy of her, and she is at her best when she accompanies herself at the piano, which she still does occasionally. Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 10-15. Singer and guitarist Kenny Rankin arrives on Thursday, Jan. 17. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A harmlessly Anglomanic restaurant with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box. Pianist Teddy Wilson performs with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, will be here with his trio Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12. Saxophonist Joe Farrell's quartet, with Joe Beck on guitar, takes over the next week, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Linda Hopkins is singing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gaps between shows. On Sunday, Jan. 13, singer Adrienne Whitney performs at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080)—In the **gallery,** a drawing room separated from the rest of this restaurant complex by heavy curtains (not adequate enough, however, to shut out popping corks and the general clamor), Blossom Dearie is presenting concert-style sets. With her small, delicate voice, she sings songs like "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," all of which convey what used to seem cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Through Friday, Jan. 11, at nine-thirty.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bucky Pizzarelli, a subtle, chord-dominated guitarist, plays nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, from nine-thirty until one.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, by vibraharpist David Friedman's trio. Music from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—Americana on the thirty-ninth floor. Maple walls, china closets, bookshelves, and shutters make this high-flying Stouffer's the genuine article. Singer and pianist Boby Wetherbee does songs from the thirties and forties. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish renaissance refectory—except for the twentieth-century music. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, from ten, drummer Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers deliver their mainstream missiles opposite the exciting eight-woman swing-rock assemblage known as Isis. Harpist Daphne Hellman and her threesome are now here on Mondays from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. The serious-minded pianist Bill Evans leads a trio through Sunday, Jan. 13. The following week (beginning Tuesday, Jan. 15), alto saxophonist Phil Woods brings in his quartet. Mondays are given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Jonah Jones quartet alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing in the **royal box,** from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Joseph Murello provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room,** there are song recitals by June Valli and Jim Merchant through Saturday, Jan. 12. On Monday, Jan. 14, Mara Lynn Brown will succeed them. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marću supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. The Barry Sisters are providing dinner and supper interludes of songs. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. The piano duo of DeMaio and Silver present an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—**la boite russe** will be restored to life on Tuesday, Jan. 15, with a violinist, a pianist, and Russian singer Aelita. Eight to one every night but Sunday and Monday. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ The **st. regis room** returns to action on Tuesday, Jan. 15, with Emme Kemp at the keyboard from nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Stephen Antonakos—Drawings for his neon sculptures. Through Jan. 31. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Bowling—Large abstract paintings. Through Sunday, Jan. 13. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Simeon Braguin—Abstract paintings suggestive of sailboats. Through Feb. 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fritz Bultman—Thirty painted paper collages done between 1964 and the present. Through Jan. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Camacho—Hard-edge paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sonia Delaunay—Tapestries, gouaches, and lithographs. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rackstraw Downes—Landscape of Maine and New York. Through Jan. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Drachler—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—A large show, rich in ready-mades, drawings, collages, as-

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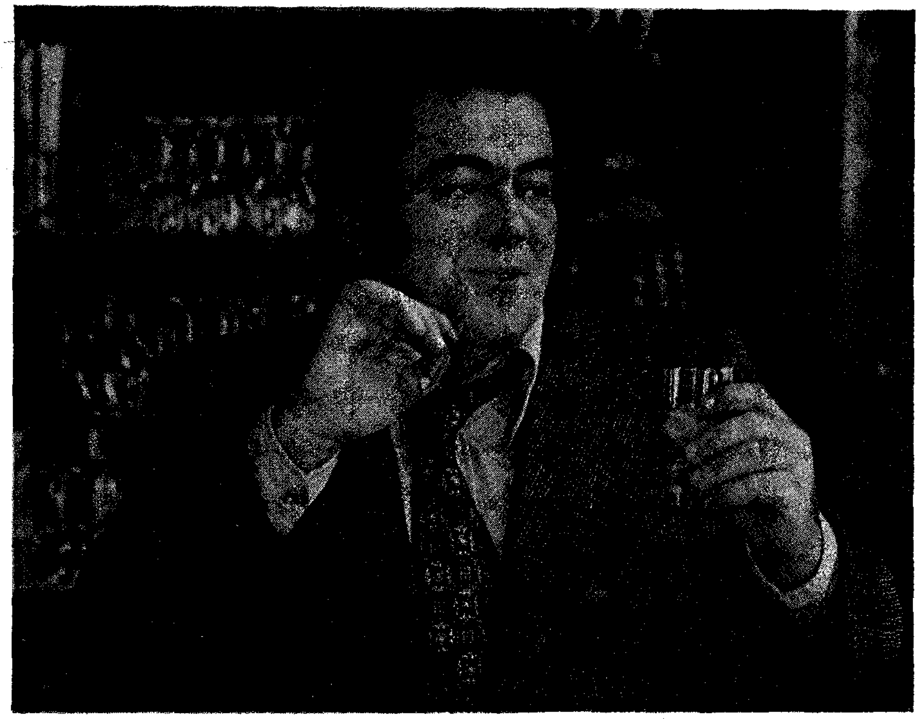
To Shelley, the bail bondsman, who gets people out from behind bars and keeps me in them.

BY JIMMY BRESLIN



HERE IS SHELLEY CHEVLOWE running across Queens Boulevard. He is running with tremendous knee action. My heart soars as he runs.

I am in the saloon on the corner, looking out the window and watching Shelley run across Queens Boulevard, which is in Queens, where I live. Usually, he sits in his bail bonds office a few doors down from the bar and he looks like he belongs in Schwartz's Funeral Home. Sunken eyes, face grey, chest caved in. Thirty nine years old, he might as well be a hundred.

Now as he runs, he grows bigger with each stride. Shelley Chevlowe was running like this because he was going over to court to bail people out.

He would get money for this.

Money goes directly into Shelley Chevlowe's bloodstream.

Even better, some of the money was coming into my pocket this time.

I spent the last couple of years working on a long fiction book to be called *World Without End, Amen.* While I was at it, I bumped into a literary problem I never knew existed. I do not write as good as I think I do.

The book took a year longer than it should have. I went broke among the adverbs.

After I finished trying to write every day I went down to this bar on Queens Boulevard and had a couple of drinks. Scotch,...The Professor. When I was first around saloons, the old men used to come in from the race track and say, "Give me the Professor." They meant Teacher's.

While I sat in the bar, I waited for Shelley Chevlowe to come up with some money I could borrow.

Writers usually find an old lady in a button sweater and turn her into a patron of the arts. I used a bail bondsman to finance my novel. A bail bondsman is supposed to be an evil line of work. The trouble with a bail bondsman in Queens is that he doesn't get a chance to be evil often enough.

At first, on this one day last February, it looked like all of Queens had become honest, Shelley Chevlowe withered, sat in his office. I was broke in the bar.

At this moment, a team of detectives banged on the door of a house and a woman named Laura answered.

"Bulls!" Laura said.

There was much commotion inside. The detectives said everybody was under arrest on charges of stealing heavy construction equipment.

Out in Laura's backyard there was a yellow bulldozer.

"Where did you get the caterpillar from?" a detective asked Laura.

"Who caterpillar?" Laura said.

"The caterpillar in your backyard."

"So step on it with your shoe," Laura said.

As the 12 people arrested reached court on Queens Boulevard, each voice called out, "Get me ahold of a bail bondsman."

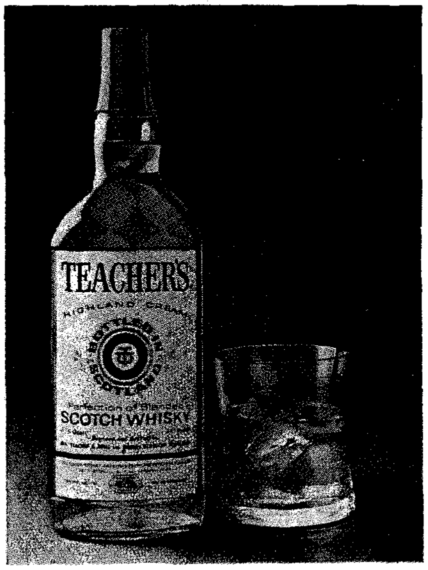
And so late in the day here was Shelley Chevlowe running across to the courthouse.

At the bar, I told Sy the bartender to break out the Professor–the Teacher's.

And then here came Shelley Chevlowe running back from the courthouse, back with the money. He was so tall and so thick that I was afraid he would hurt me as he swept into the saloon.

I could tell he had enough in his pocket to get me through to the end of my book.

When Shelley calmed down, we had a drink on that. The Professor.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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semblages, prints, and posters, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Jan. 31. *Closed Wednesday through Saturday,* Jan. 9-12. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

aoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Fifteen oils. Through Feb. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur Elias—Still-life paintings. Through Jan. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Angor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Jan. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

lias Friedensohn—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gay (1856-1937)—Paintings of interiors of famous buildings in France, by an American expatriate. Through Feb. 2. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Horst Janssen—Etchings by a German artist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ris Kaplan—Expressionistic figure paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

aul Klee (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

oe Lasker—Paintings, including landscapes and interiors from Yaddo. Through Jan. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ouis Marcoussis (1883-1944)—Cubist etchings and drawings. Through Feb. 2. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors. Through Feb. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ichard McDermott Miller—Sculptures in bronze and wax of the female figure. Through Feb. 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ritz Scholder—Paintings of imaginary American Indians. Through Feb. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

rederick Wardy—Linear black-and-white paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the RAYDON, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics from the Renaissance to the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . SOLOMON, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and graphics by Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Feb. 15. . . . DORIS WIENER, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12.

culpture—Examples by, among others, Arp, Ernst, Moore, and Picasso. Through Jan. 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Hans Bellmer—Eighty-four Surrealist paintings, sculptures, and drawings, most of them on loan. Starts Thursday, Jan. 10. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

sabel Bishop—Figurative drawings and prints from 1925 to the present. Through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Through Feb. 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Dill—Sculptures of concrete pillars, steel, and glass, by a young Californian; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Paintings from the thirties. Through Jan. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—A show of new work that is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Jan. 31. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ra Joel Haber / Hugh Kepets—Miniature sculptures of landscapes. / Realistic pencil drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Harrison—Color abstractions. Through Jan. 24. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings from 1936 to 1940. Through Jan. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Hornak—Realistic landscapes and portraits. Through Jan. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages by a veteran abstract artist. Through Jan. 26. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings from 1945 to the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—Six large steel sculptures and three smaller works in brass. Through Jan. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the FRUMKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Vincent Baldassano and Robert Warrens and hooked rugs by Shari Urquhart, all artists who have not previously exhibited in New York. Through Feb. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . LEWISON, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the Happenings of the late fifties. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Onnash, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Lois Dodd—*Paintings of interiors of the artist's* studio, as well as a series of views of woods adjacent to her summer home in Maine. Related ink drawings and pastels will also be there. Starts Friday, Jan. 11. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Michael Economos—Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

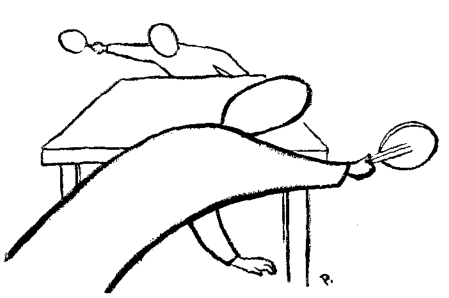
Robert S. Ehrlich / Traute Ishida—Paintings based on a grid. / Wall hangings of colored yarns worked into large, unstretched mesh canvases. Through Thursday, Jan. 17. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Eunice Golden / Sharon Wybrants-Lynch—Paintings and drawings of anatomical forms. / *Paintings of women. Through Jan. 23.* (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Grosvenor—Wooden sculptures and models, plus large drawings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Healy—Sculptures made of fabric. Through Jan. 23. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Mashiko Kimura—Stone sculptures. Through Jan. 23. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)



Joseph Konopka—Realist paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Lubbers / Joe Pacheco—Sculptures. / Paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 18. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Robert Mangold—Minimal paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Superreal ink drawings of boxes. Through Jan. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Garry Rich / Charles Schucker—Color-field paintings. / Poured-color paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Leatrice Rose—Realistic paintings of the artist's studio, concerned with light. Starts Saturday, Jan. 12. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynton Wells—Six double-panel paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At 55 MERCER STREET: Three paintings based on a grid by Susan Smith, three wood sculptures by Alice Adams, and a floor sculpture of cast-concrete units by Julius Tobias. Through Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . HOFFMAN, 429 West Broadway: Works in various mediums by five women who have been associated for some years—Sarah Draney, Louise Fishman, Harmony Hammond, Patsy Norvell, and Jenny Snider. Through Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . O.K. HARRIS, 465 West Broadway: Paintings by H.N. Han, sculptures by Bill Bollinger, and Conceptual work by Jerry Kearns. Through Jan. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Jan. 25. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dennis Kowal—Abstract steel and acrylic sculptures. Through Feb. 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ed Shostak—Wall reliefs and floor pieces of pressed cardboard and painted lumber, plus drawings. Through Jan. 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Show—"Erotic Art" is the name of a show of mostly lewd pictures by Marc Chagall, George Grosz, Max Beckmann, Salvador Dali, Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, Felicien Rops, Kitagawa Utamaro, Jules Pascin, Tom Wesselmann, George Segal, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mark Cohen / Man Ray—Photographs. Through Feb. 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bederich Grunsweig—Approximately fifty black-and-white photographs of Prague, including views of the old Jewish Quarter, taken recently by an expatriate. Through March 17. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.). . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition of photographs taken in Italy during the nineteenth century, most of them views of such tourist spots as the Doges' Palace, the Vatican, the Roman Forum, and St. Mark's. Through Thursday, Jan. 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . WITKIN, 243 E. 60th St.: Photographs by early practitioners, as well as by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

contemporary figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes / 1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the period when the cut of clothes was becoming as spare as the lines of the new architecture but when ornament was still at the heart of clothes design. The contemporary viewer is struck by the fragile textures and flowerlike colors of the fabrics—silks, satins, velvets, voiles, crêpes, organdies—and by the designs in embroidery, lace, beadwork, metallic thread, braid, fur, and feathers, which make of each garment a work of decorative art to contemplate as one would contemplate a beautiful hanging or carving. The clothes of Chanel, Poiret, and Vionnet are particularly remarkable, both as art objects and as solutions to the special functional problem of fashion, which is to make women look beautiful and desirable—a degradation rarely visited on women by clothes designers anymore. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away in the south wing on the second floor under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." . . . ¶ Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Twice as Natural: Nineteenth-Century American Genre Painting" is another manifestation of the recent revival of interest in American academic realism, and a further demonstration of the tendency toward puerility and insipidity that marks this school. The presence of strong works by Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and John R. Penniman only underscores the weakness of the rest. A number of pictures illustrating the nineteenth-century view of Negroes as happy, well-behaved children who got rhythm are interesting, if that's the word, and a Norman Rockwell-like work called "A Terrible Bore" is amusing. Through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Feb. 24. A complementary show (closed Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 9-12) is at the Feldman Gallery, 33 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by Joan Miró, dating from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and Happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Among the artists represented are David Hockney, Allan Jones, Diego Rivera, Ben Shahn, Fernand Léger, Jim Dine, and Paul Cadmus. Through Sunday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Sunday, Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Tuesday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Abstract wood sculptures by Michael Lekakis. Through Sunday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Painted wood sculptures by Anne Truitt. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Electronic emissions, called a "sound sculpture," by Marvin Torffield, can be heard on the street outside the museum and in the basement sculpture garden. Through Wednesday, Jan. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The third concert in the series of four presented this season by the Composers' Showcase will offer the Alwin Nikolais Company on Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Over two hundred European drawings, textiles, and wallpapers, from the seventeenth century through the early nineteenth, selected from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Feb. 17. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Starts Thursday, Jan. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A number of Red Grooms creations—a general-store "environment," a parody of a Rembrandt, and so on, all bearing the Grooms trademark of garish exuberance. Through Jan. 20. A complementary show is at the Myers Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document both their life in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Fourteen New York galleries are displaying work which has marked them as innovators in exhibiting and encouraging avant-garde art in America during the past decade. Through Jan. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

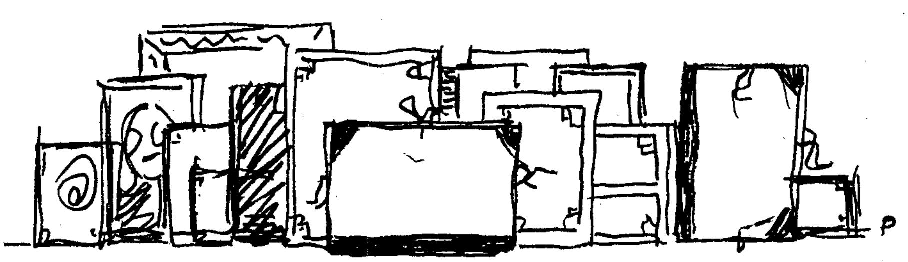
New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

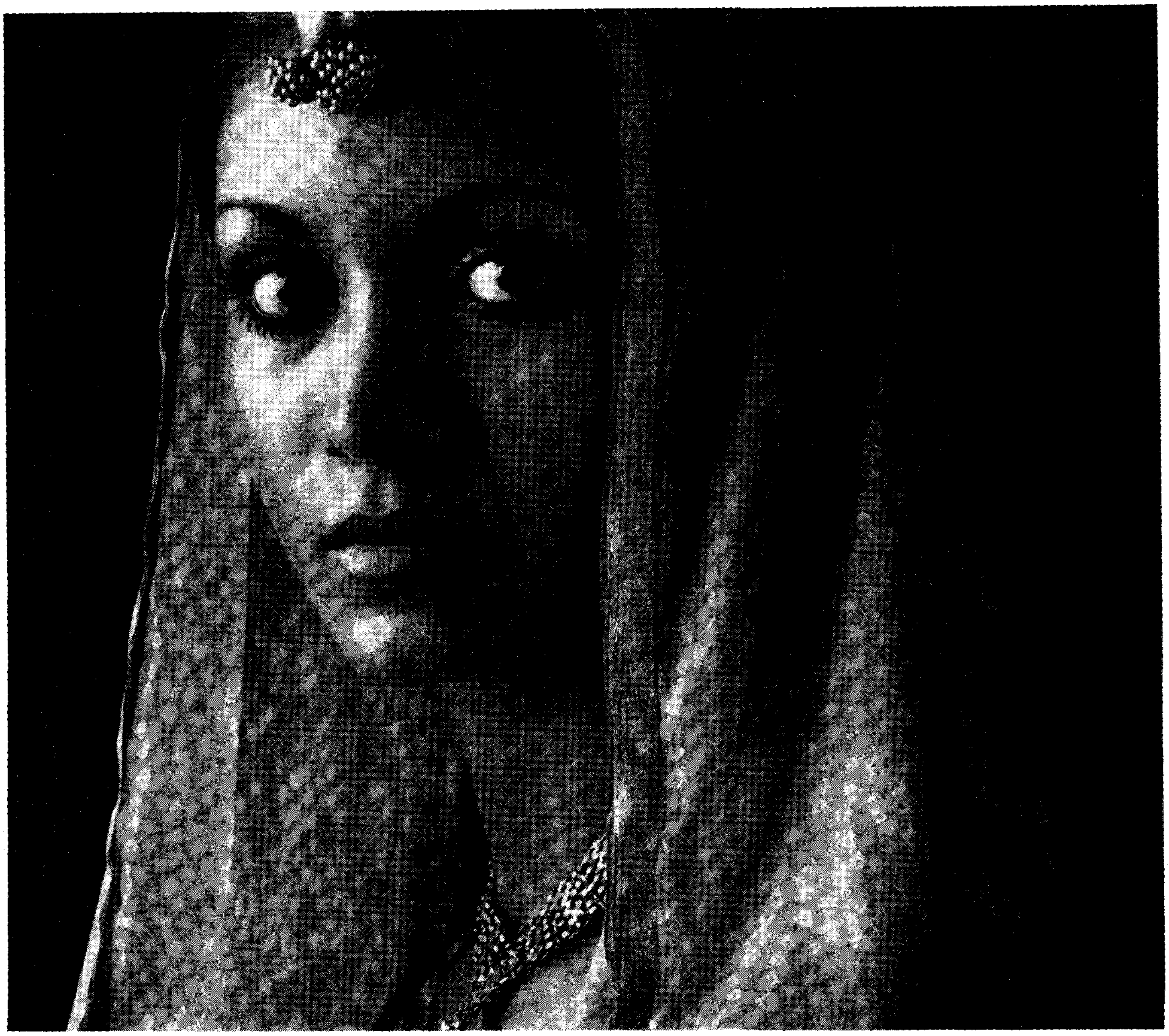
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Klara Barlow, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 9: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Klara Barlow, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra,"





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with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Klara Barlow, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf.

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring," staged by Louis Galterio, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Slatkin conducting Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 11, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30 (all with Byron Janis, piano). . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Warsaw National Philharmonic Orchestra—Witold Rowicki conducting two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8, with Konstanty Kulka, violin; and Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8, with Roger Woodward, piano.)

Symphony Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting, with Aaron Rosand, violin, and harpsichordists Kenneth Cooper, Judith Norell, and Harriet Wingreen. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Evelyn Lear, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Karl Münchinger conducting the first of two all-Bach programs, this one a performance of "The Art of the Fugue." (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing a chorus and an orchestra in an all-Bach program. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14-15, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing an Ives-Schoenberg program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Nelly Kokinos—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts of Mozart divertimentos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Aaron and Ian Shapinsky—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30.)

Amici Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the first of two concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

Judith Alstadter—The last in a series of concerts presenting the cycle of piano works by Gabriel Fauré, this one with Marilyn Dubow, violin, and John Riley, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony—The second in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program entitled "A Musical Commemoration of Petrarch (1304-1374)." The last in a series of concerts of Renaissance music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester and Benjamin Luxon—Contralto and baritone. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 6.)

Marie-Françoise Bucquet—Piano, in the third in a series of four programs, this one entitled "The Twentieth-Century Sonata." (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

George and Marc Neikrug—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Adrianne Greenbaum—Flute, in a program of German music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Zola Shaulis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Frederic Rzewski—Piano, in a program of works by Tom Johnson. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Justino Diaz, baritone; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Aurora Ginastera, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5.)

Galimir Quartet—With Harold Wright, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 5:45: **TERESA BREWER**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 5:45: **NOVELLA NELSON**.

Liza Minnelli—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 26.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, John Lee Hooker, and Bill Chinnock's Blues—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8 and 11.

Joe Williams, Anita O'Day, and Blossom Dearie—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.

Ray Bryant Trio—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Odetta—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3.

A Jazz Portrait of George Gershwin—Zoot Sims, Bucky Pizzarelli, Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and Teddi King. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Salute to Gene Krupa—Lionel Hampton, Pearl Bailey, Buddy Rich, Teddy Wilson, Louis Bellson, Tyree Glenn, Cozy Cole, Johnny Desmond, Anita O'Day, and others, in a benefit concert. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald—With the Tommy Flanagan Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Raphael—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8 and 11:30.

Cecil Taylor—Three benefit performances. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-5011. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

Charles Mingus—With Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Charles McPherson, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Country in New York—The first in a series of five concerts, this one with Buck Owens, Susan Raye, and the Buckaroos, plus the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At Nassau Coliseum—Friday, Jan. 11: Nets vs. Indiana. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16: Nets vs. Carolina. . . .

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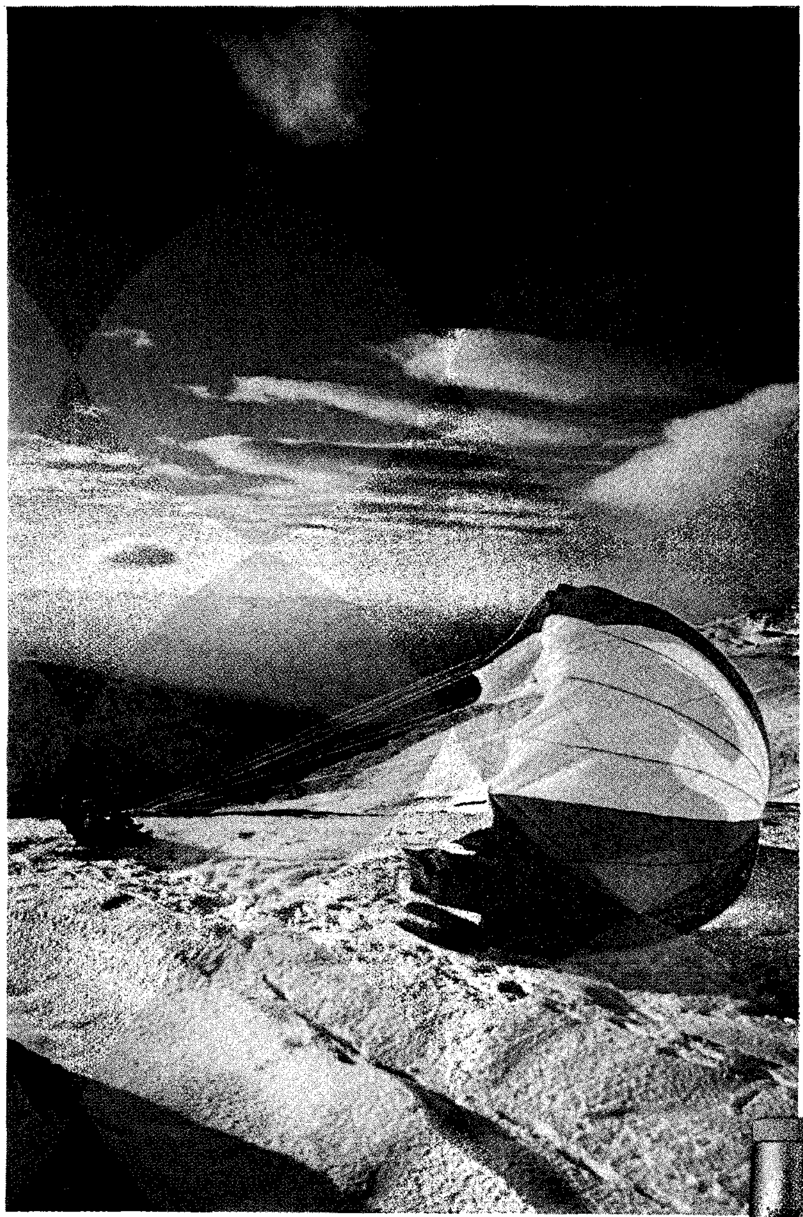

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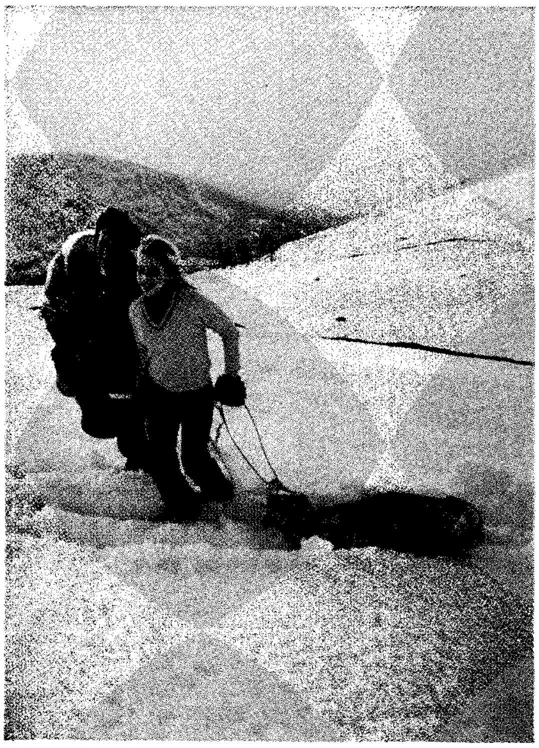

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Sea Pines presents Florida.

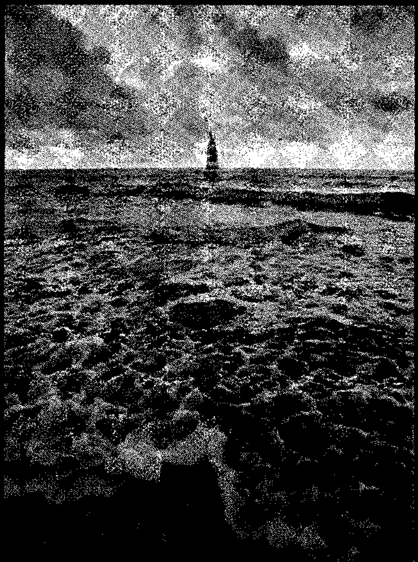
The world has been watching Sea Pines Plantation for years. It's one of the most photographed resorts in America.

The photographs on this page were taken at Sea Pines' new resort, Amelia Island Plantation, on Amelia Island, Florida. It's almost ready to open. The world is going to be watching Amelia, too.

One reason is that when the Sea Pines Company, creator of both resorts, began planning Amelia three years ago, they realized they'd found a Florida not many people knew existed. A Florida that got lost in the shuffle during the frantic rush south, in the great Boom of the Twenties. A Florida that is spectacular—but naturally so. Still untarnished. Basically, wild and free and honest.

So in this other Florida, on this island just off the coast of Jacksonville, Sea Pines went to work creating a new 1,650-acre resort community supremely worthy of its setting.

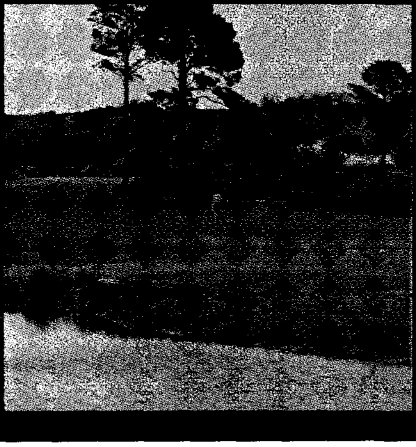
Sea Pines does that rather well. Resort planners all over the world give Sea Pines their undivided attention. Discriminating vacationers give it their wholehearted approval. Now it's Amelia's turn in the sun. And the Sea Pines way of doing things is going to put it there.



For instance, the Sea Pines kind of golf is probably the best there is. That's why Pete Dye designed the 27-hole course, 18 holes of which are ready now in Amelia. The Sea Pines kind of tennis is the best there is, too. That's why Amelia's courts are among the finest man can create. And why Marty Riessen is here now as touring pro.

Sea Pines' sports, dining, and accommodations are legendary. Amelia's Beach Club is now open and making its own legends. And charming villas are waiting for you now.

So Sea Pines presents Florida. And Amelia will take it from there.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Friday, Jan. 18: Nets vs. Memphis. (Evenings at 7:35.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:35: Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:35: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 12.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 6:45.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 12-13, at 4. . . . ¶ "Patience," Saturday, Dec. 19, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **PERFORMING ARTS FOUNDATION**: "International Holiday." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"What Christmas Means to Me," a selection of paintings, drawings, prints, and collages, produced by children in over thirty countries. Loaned by the Christian Children's Fund. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5, and on Tuesday, Jan. 15, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Comet Kohoutek—This new comet, discovered last March, is putting on its most brilliant display for observers in the Northern Hemisphere through Thursday, Jan. 17. The best time for viewing is shortly after sunset, when the comet should be visible in the western sky, just to the right of Venus.

National Boat Show—The sixty-fourth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 12 and 19, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 13 and 20, noon to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 14-18, noon to 10.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century porcelains, Art Nouveau and Art Deco glass, and other decorative objects; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: Nineteenth-century paintings, including works by Bouguereau and Cooper Henderson; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2: Netsuke, belonging to Ambassador and Mrs. William J. Sebald and others. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 12.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 9 at 5:30: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Natalie Wood and James Dean. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman and Robert Redford. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Magnum Force" (1973), directed by Ted Post, with Clint Eastwood. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2: "New York Confidential" (1955), directed by Russell Rouse, with Broderick Crawford and Richard Conte. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at noon: "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond" (1960), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Ray Danton and Karen Steele. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 3: "Seven Men from Now" (1956), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Randolph Scott and Gail Russell. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland and James Mason. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1957), directed by William Dieterle, with Paul Muni. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5:30: "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), directed by Sidney Lumet, with George Segal. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2: "The Bad Seed" (1955), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Nancy Kelly and Patty McCormack. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5:30: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2: "Parrish" (1961), directed by Delmer Daves, with Troy Donahue and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Dirty Little Billy" (1973), directed by Stan Dragoti, with Michael J. Pollard. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5:30: "Stakeout on Dope Street" (1957), directed by Irvin Kershner, with Yale Wexler. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5:30: "The Hanging Tree" (1959), directed by Delmer Daves, with Gary Cooper and Maria Schell. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 9: "Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolf Klein-Rogge. . . . ¶ Jan. 10: "Back Street" (1932), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne and John Boles. . . . ¶ Jan. 11: "Fixed Bayonets" (1951), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Richard Basehart and Gene Evans. . . . ¶ Jan. 12-13: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. . . . ¶ Jan. 16: "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Jan. 17: "The Kiss" (1929), directed by Jacques Feyder, with Greta Garbo and Conrad Nagel. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 12: A program of eight "outrageous" films; no one under eighteen will be admitted. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 13: One early short film each by De Palma, Scorcese, Lucas, Hancock, and Mallik. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:45, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Jan. 16: "Julius Caesar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ Jan. 17: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by, and with, Orson Welles. . . . ¶ Jan. 18: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1966), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Showings at 8.)

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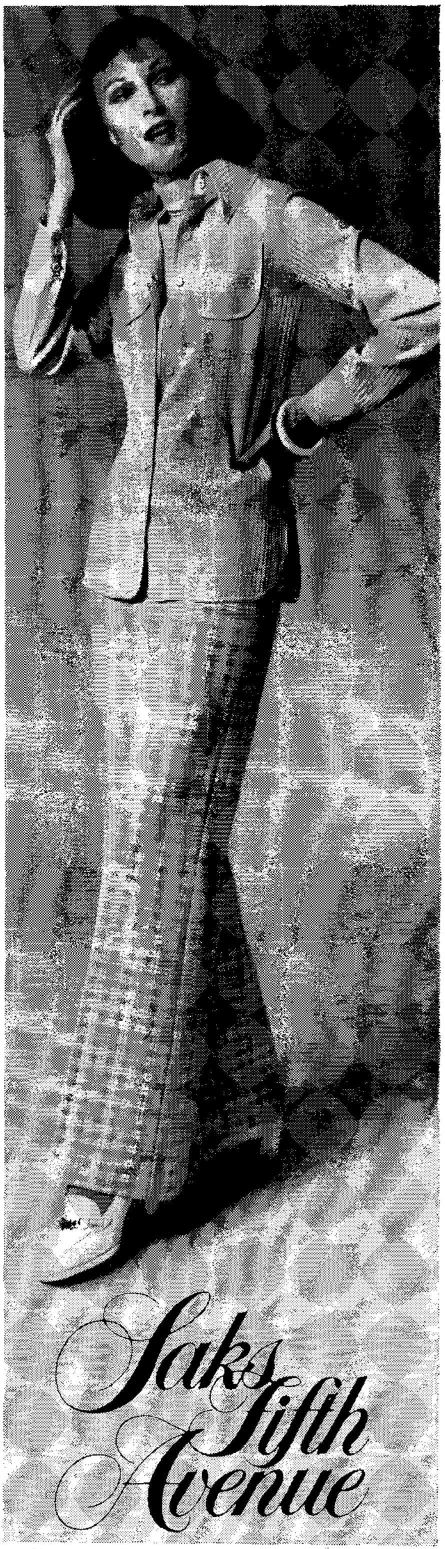

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"American Graffiti."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 12: "The Divorce of Lady X" and "That Hamilton Woman!"
Jan. 13-15: "Ball of Fire" and "Stella Dallas."
From Jan. 16: "The Pirate" and "Broadway Melody of 1936."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 15: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Jan. 16: "The Way We Were" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A King in New York."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 15: "American Graffiti."
From Jan. 16: "The Way We Were."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 10: "The Seven-Ups."
From Jan. 11: "Bone."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Jimi Hendrix."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Alfredo Alfredo."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sleeper."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cry of the Wild."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Jan. 9: Chaplin Comedies and "The Gold Rush."
Jan. 10-16: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "City Lights."
From Jan. 17: "Limelight" and "Modern Times."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Cinderella Liberty." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 9.)

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Laughing Policeman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fantastic Planet."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 15: "Jeremy."
From Jan. 16: "The Way We Were."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Paper Chase."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 15: "The Godfather" and "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Jan. 16: "The Optimists."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 15: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Jan. 16: "Mean Streets."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Seven-Ups."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Magnum Force."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Hell Up in Harlem."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 10: "Executive Action."
From Jan. 11: "Playtime."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 15: "Love" and "Memories of Underdevelopment."
From Jan. 16: "The New Land."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Way We Were."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 15 at one or another of the theatres: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" / "Shame," "The Passion of Anna," and "Hour of the Wolf" / "Monsieur Verdoux" and "Limelight" / "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "Child's Play."
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 9: "El Topo" and "Yellow Submarine."
Jan. 10-16: "Let the Good Times Roll," "Wattstax," "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," and "Gimme Shelter."
From Jan. 17: "The Popeye Follies—His Times and Life" and "A Night at the Opera."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Cry of the Wild."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory" and "Charlotte's Web."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 16: "Robin Hood."
Jan. 17: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 18: "International Ice Revue."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 15: "Cries and Whispers" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From Jan. 16: "The New Land."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Jan. 10: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "My Night at Maud's."
Jan. 11-13: "Dr. Strangelove" and "The President's Analyst."
Jan. 14-15: "Pierrot le Fou" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
Jan. 16-17: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Death in Venice."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cry of the Wild."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Paper Chase."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 15: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 15: "Cries and Whispers" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From Jan. 16: "The New Land."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 10: "Sleuth" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From Jan. 11: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Frenzy."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 15: "The Godfather" and "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Jan. 16: "Mean Streets."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Way We Were."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 15: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "Child's Play."
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 15: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 15: "Cry of the Wild."
From Jan. 16: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Death in Venice."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**bleecker st. cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 11-13: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939; Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire) and "The Green Pastures" (1936; Rex Ingram). . . . **film forum**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alfredo Alfredo—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Pietro Germi. In Italian. (Plaza.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Art, and Columbia II. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Jan. 15.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck) and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper) is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence is very strong. The professor's colleagues have corny, cute names and carry on like something left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 13-15.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Jan. 15.)

Bone—With Yaphet Kotto, Andrew Duggan, Joyce Van Patten, and Jeannie Berlin; directed by Larry Cohen. (Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 11.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 16.)

Chaplin Comedies—Mementos from the silent past: "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "The Pilgrim." The last two are excellent. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 9.)

Charlotte's Web—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

CHILD'S PLAY (1972)—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Jan. 15.)

CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 10.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY—With James Caan and Marsha Mason, directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia I. No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 9.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 10-16.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Olympia; starting Jan. 16.)

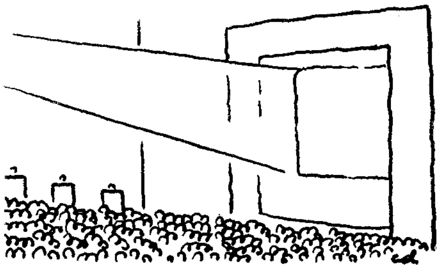
CRIES AND WHISPERS—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 15.)

CRY OF THE WILD—Wolves in the back country of Canada. (Ciné Malibu, 23rd St. Cinema, and Paramount. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 15.)

DAY FOR NIGHT—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (Ziegfeld.)

DEATH IN VENICE (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Olympia; starting Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16-17.)



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THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 15.)

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (1938)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather silly and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is, at least, a curiosity. Alexander Korda produced; Tim Whelan directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 12.)

DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11-13.)

DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (Sutton.)

EXECUTIVE ACTION—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Waverly; through Jan. 10.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. (It would be sheer insanity to take children.) (Cinema I.)

FANTASTIC PLANET—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16-17.)

FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

FRENZY (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Beacon; starting Jan. 11.)

GIMME SHELTER (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Elgin; Jan. 10-16.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 15.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan 9.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Beacon; through Jan. 10.)

HELL UP IN HARLEM—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 15.)

JEREMY—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (72nd Street East; through Jan. 15.)

JIMI HENDRIX—A documentary. (Trans-Lux East.)

A KING IN NEW YORK (1957)—Don't be misled by the public-relations attempt to suggest that this Chaplin film has never before been shown in the United States because of its controversial political nature. It's about as political as a pratfall at the United Nations, and it wasn't shown because it's an incomparable dog—maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Cinema Village.)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 15.)

The Laughing Policeman—With Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Beekman.)

Let the Good Times Roll—A film about the fifties, and so not, well, about the best of times, but still. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Elgin; Jan. 10-16.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 17.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through Jan. 15.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocratism. In Hungarian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 15.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Elgin; Jan. 10-16.)

Magnum Force—Clint Eastwood in a sequel to "Dirty Harry." Directed by Ted Post. (86th St. East.)

The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing—With Burt Reynolds and Sarah Miles, directed by Richard Sarafian. (Thalia; through Jan. 15.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 16.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 15.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (St. Marks Cinema, and Regency; through Jan. 15.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 17.)

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Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 10-16.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 10.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 16.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Elgin; starting Jan. 17.)

The Optimists—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Juliet 2; starting Jan. 16.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Juliet 1, and Cinema Studio.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 15.)

Pete 'n' Tillie (1972)—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Beacon; starting Jan. 11.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14-15.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 16.)

Playtime—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm. and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Waverly; starting Jan. 11.)

The President's Analyst (1967)—James Coburn, as the psychoanalyst to the President of the United States, is pursued by a Russian spy (Severn Darden), an American agent (Godfrey Cambridge), and everybody else. This erratic political spoof, written and directed by Theodore Flicker, has good sequences (one involves a superautomated phone company) and sour sequences (William Daniels as the head of an upper-middle-class liberal family obsessed with the threat of right-wing neighbors). Very lively when it's just making jokes, but smug and nasty when Flicker tries to score political points; toward the end, the picture dwindles to nothing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11-13.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall; through Jan. 16.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Jan. 10.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 15.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Beacon; through Jan. 10.)

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makes love to the
silky white beach.
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Stella Dallas (1937)—A sentimental war-horse, but effective. In this version, directed by King Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck plays the uncouth young woman who gives up her daughter (Anne Shirley), and John Boles is the socially proper man she can't live up to. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is all Stanwyck's, and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 13-15.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 12.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Jan. 9.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 15.)

Wattstax—Filmed at the Stax record company's concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum in August, 1972. (Elgin; Jan. 10-16.)

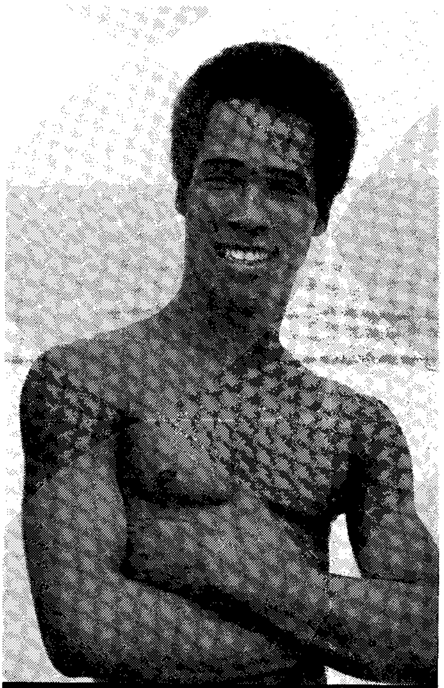
The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, Greenwich, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 16.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (St. Marks Cinema, and Regency; through Jan. 15.)

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory (1971)—A fantasy with music for children that never finds an appropriate style; it's stilted and frenetic, like Prussians at play. With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart; from the Roald Dahl story. (Guild.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14-15.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Elgin; Jan. 9.)



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trees fringe the
sand and lead me to
a garden glen.
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side. Because it's
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KITTINGER

GENERAL INTERIORS

THE NEW YORKER

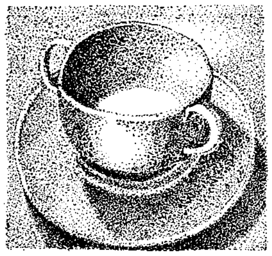
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS winter, two powerful Russian voices have made themselves heard around the world. One is that of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose account of Soviet forced-labor camps is now appearing in the West, and the other is that of Nadezhda Mandelstam, the widow of the Russian poet Osip Mandelstam and the author of "Hope Against Hope"—an account of her husband's art and the last four years of his life—who, in an event of no less importance than Solzhenitsyn's momentous act, has published what may be, in its own way, a new autobiographical masterpiece, "Hope Abandoned." These two Russian voices speaking about Russia to Russia and to the world are like a fresh wind blowing through a closed room. They, and the voices of a few of their comrades, sweep away everything that the thousands of workers in the ministries of propaganda in the Soviet Union have been laboring to put across to the world for decades. The emergence of these voices is decisive. They are the voices of record, and will be heard and believed as long as there is a record.

They speak directly to us in America—not only because of the universal quality of their work but also because the United States is involved with the Soviet Union more deeply than ever before. Just recently, the global fuel shortage has drawn the two countries closer. But at root the bomb is what unites us. It clamps us together in common dread of extinction. Being clamped to the Soviet Union is not comfortable. Unfortunately, the bomb unites us in America not with Mr. Solzhenitsyn and Mrs. Mandelstam but with Secretary-General Brezhnev. We like Solzhenitsyn and Mandelstam better, but Brezhnev has the bomb. And so it is he whom we welcome to the United States and put on national television, he who rides about in a Presidential golf cart, and he whose arrival at the White House is greeted by a fanfare of trumpets. We lay on the golf carts and the trumpets because we want to go on living. These are the symbols (as it has turned out) of détente, and détente is the first step on the road to survival.

Our misfortune is that neither of the two men who hold the world's survival in their hands has an acceptable vision of what kind of world it should be. President Nixon (the leader of a free country that, owing to him, is in danger of losing its freedom) and Secretary-General Brezhnev (the leader of a totalitarian country that is trying to make sure that freedom stays lost there) have both used détente as a rationalization for dictatorial measures in their own countries. Secretary-General Brezhnev has cracked down harder on dissidents at home, on the ground that in an era of détente the danger of infection with foreign ideas is greater, and now the regime has portrayed Solzhenitsyn's book as a threat to détente. President Nixon has used the Middle East crisis—an example of détente, according to him—as one excuse for firing a special prosecutor who was looking into his affairs. The people who have a vision of what kind of world we want are the Solzhenitsyns and the Mandelstams. It is they who, crushed under the weight of a totalitarian regime, have kept the vision of freedom alive.



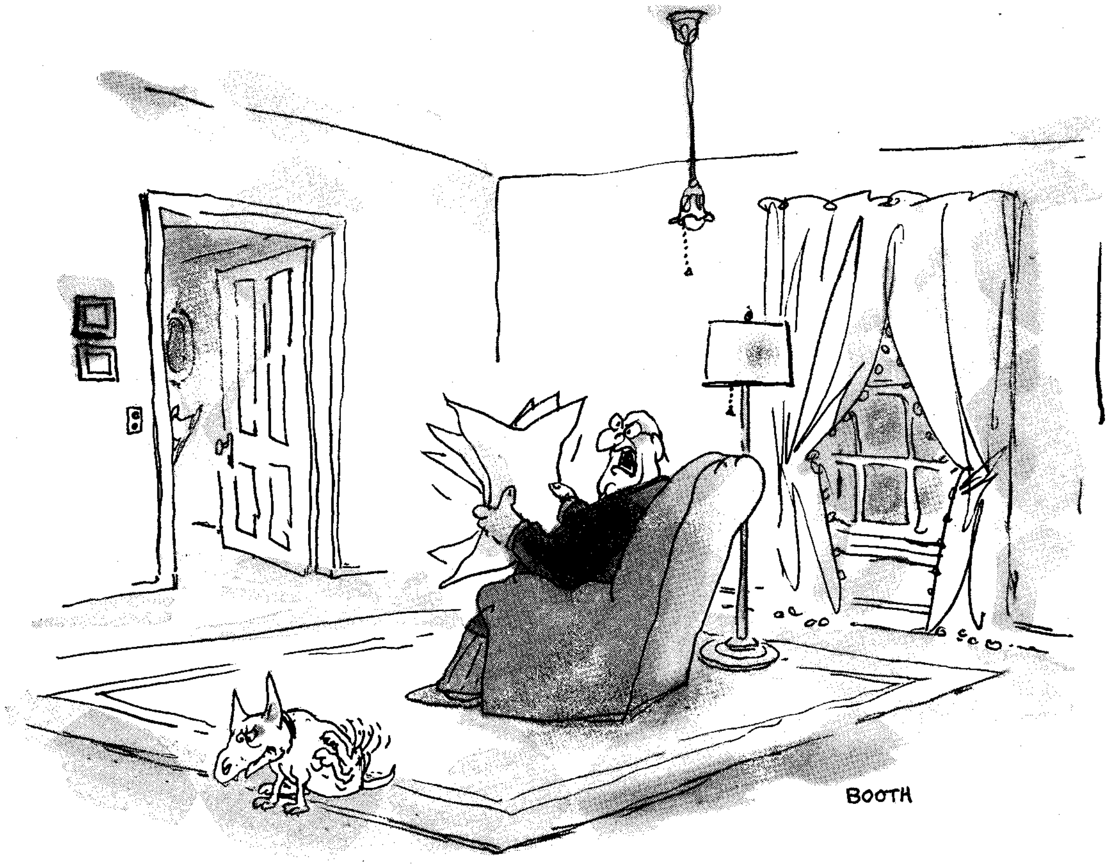
When Secretary-General Brezhnev was in San Clemente last June, meeting movie stars and other notables, he met the enormous American movie actor Chuck Connors. There was some friendly fooling around, and then, when the time came to say goodbye, Secretary-General Brezhnev suddenly fell into the actor's arms, and they embraced. Connors lifted the Secretary-General—no featherweight—about a foot off the ground. It was the most uncomfortable moment in an uncomfortable week. All of us in this country have only begun to think about the looming question of how to reconcile our survival with our liberty. For the moment, we may embrace Secretary-General Brezhnev, but it is Solzhenitsyn and Mandelstam whom we take to our hearts.

Party

ABE BEAME, our new Mayor, went to a reception in his honor on his inauguration day, January 1st, and we were there. It was a mammoth affair at the Metropolitan Opera. Four thousand people turned out for it, and many of them carried their coats around, to avoid standing in a coat-rack queue.

A sophisticated political lady identified the crowd for us. "It's Queens and residential Brooklyn. I haven't seen more than three familiar faces in the last half hour, and one of them was Jack Dempsey." She led us past the tables in the Grand Tier Restaurant, identifying appointees. "That's Housing," she said, "and that's Budget toward the window, and Corporation Counsel over there in the corner. *Those* people, trying to save seats, are judges and their wives."

At the top of the house, in the Family Circle, we found a receiving line composed of the Mayor, City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, Comptroller Jay Goldin, their wives, the Mayor's children, and Mr. Goldin's parents. Five hundred people were lined up waiting to shake hands. A reporter nudged us and pointed to the man who was standing in front of the Mayor. "See that character?" the reporter asked. "That's Jack Dorman, a politics



"I'd just like to know what in hell is happening, that's all! I'd like to know what in hell is happening! Do you know what in hell is happening?"

buff from Paterson, New Jersey. He can't vote for Abe, and he didn't work in the campaign, but he's been through the line five times."

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Façades Protected

ON a recent morning, the Landmarks Preservation Commission, a city agency that is trying to protect our architectural heritage from the bulldozer and the steel-and-glass tower, held a public hearing at City Hall to consider twenty-three new candidates for landmark status. The hearing was well attended from the official point of view (nine of the eleven commissioners showed up), but the audience was sparse. We paused briefly at the door of the white-and-gold Board of Estimate Chamber to chat with Frank Gilbert, the executive director of the commission, and he told us about a few of the ground rules. "This will be our last public hearing on proposed new designations until 1976, unless the present law—which provides for six months of hearings every three years—is amended by the City Council," Mr. Gilbert said. "And that just might happen this afternoon. [As a matter of fact, it did.] Our present jurisdiction covers only the façade of a building. If the amendment goes through, we will be able to landmark publicly accessible interiors, such as the Custom House rotunda, as well as scenic outdoor areas, such as Central Park."

"The other important point in the proposed amendment is that it mandates publication of any advisory-commission report on a publicly owned landmark," said a tall, tweedy young man, who turned out to be Kent Barwick, executive director of the Municipal Art Society. "If we'd had this on the books in 1970, it would not have been necessary for someone to 'leak' the commission's report on the Metropolitan Museum to the press. It would simply have been a matter of public record."

During the next two hours, twenty-odd speakers trooped up to the rostrum to talk about the buildings under consideration. For practical purposes, the speakers could be divided into three groups: (1) enthusiastic pro-landmark people, such as Mr. Barwick; a scholarly white-haired architect named Otto Teegen; and Mrs. Rita Aid, the lively chairman of Community Board 7, on the upper West Side; (2) anti-landmark people, mostly lawyers acting for property owners who felt that landmark status would decrease the value of their investment; (3) fence sitters, uneasy and apologetic men who explained that while they favored the landmark law in principle, they did not wish to see it applied to the buildings they represented.

"I find myself in a most ambivalent position," said Paul Lipson, a lawyer and a trustee of the Ethical Culture Society, whose building at 2 West Sixty-fourth Street had been proposed as a landmark. "Our society has been in the forefront of social progress for almost a hundred years, and supported the founding of your commission. And yet our movement is now a small one, and our auditorium has been completely filled on only about five occasions during the past ten years. On the other hand, our school next door is very successful and needs more space. We have considered replacing the present building with a taller one, and putting a co-op on top and the school and a smaller auditorium on the lower floors. But this would cost millions of dollars, which we cannot afford, and the allotted floors wouldn't give us enough space anyway."

"Have you considered interior changes?" asked Harmon Goldstone, who was the chairman of the commission.

"It would be too expensive for us," Mr. Lipson said.

"There are all too few structures in New York which bear the mark of the Art Nouveau movement," said Mr. Teegen. "Your building, which was designed by Robert D. Kohn in 1910, has two powerful façades, both relatively simple in mass. It is an excellent example of a distinct school of architecture, and it should be preserved."

The commission proceeded to discuss three churches (only one of them, St. John's, on Staten Island, favored landmark status); the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, on Central Park West (delighted); the Old Calvary Cemetery Gatehouse, in Queens (opposed by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the ground that the cemetery might need more burying space); the Huntington Free Library, in the Bronx (requested more time);

several private houses (mixed reactions); a Transit Authority administration building in the Bronx ("How this magnificent neo-Italian Renaissance, almost Tuscan building survived is a mystery to me," said Mr. Barwick); and Gage & Tollner's restaurant, in Brooklyn ("It would be ludicrous to preserve the modest Anglo-Italianate façade and let that magnificent mirrored interior slip away," said Mr. Barwick).

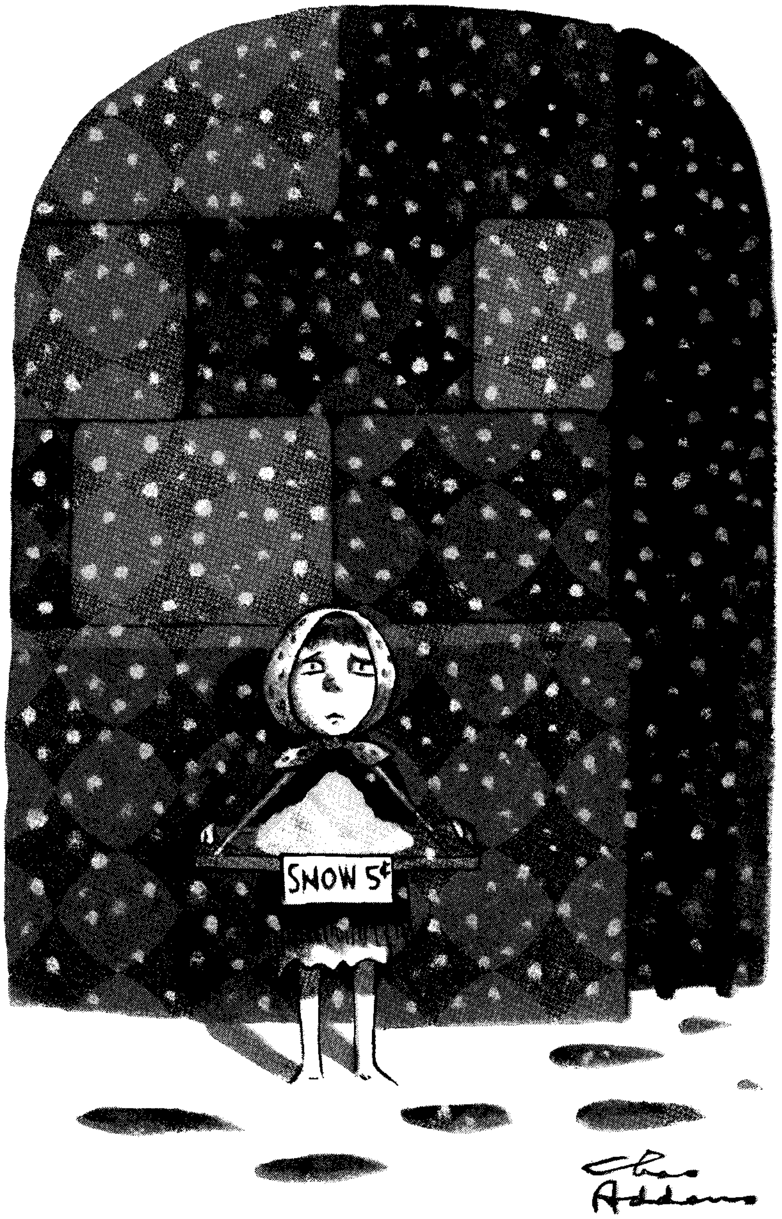
Toward the end of the meeting, Mrs. Aid suggested that the commission was not moving fast enough on priority items in her district. "There are two buildings in great danger," she said, "The Central Savings Bank at Broadway and Seventy-third, and the Dorilton Apartments, at 171 West Seventy-first. We urge you to follow our list of priorities."

The final item on the calendar turned out to be a strategic retreat on the part of the Frick Collection, a self-sufficient institution, which was bitterly criticized when it demolished the adjacent Widener house last summer. Everett Fahy, the Frick's youthful director, told the commission that the Frick had abandoned plans to build an extension on three vacant lots to the east—a tract of land that includes the crumbling foundations of the Widener house. "We have decided to install a permanent architectural garden in this space and a narrow one-story wing extending from the wall of the Frick Collection," he said.

"Will the new wing diminish the size of the garden?" asked Barbaralee Diamonstein, a pretty, blond commissioner.

"The proposed wing would decrease the size of the terrace but not the size of the garden," Mr. Fahy replied, carefully.

"The Frick has mysteriously changed plans another time," said Mr. Barwick, who followed Mr. Fahy to the rostrum. "But we must consider the whole of East Seventieth Street from Madison to Fifth Avenue. Stylistically, it goes from French to Italian classical to hopelessly eclectic. And yet it's one of the most successful block fronts in the city. The Municipal Art Society strongly suggests that the entire block should be preserved as a landmark."



Backgammon

ON a Saturday afternoon, we speedily lost three consecutive games of backgammon to the world's champion player, Tim Holland. Mr. Holland looks like James Bond—he is in his early forties, dapperly dressed, six feet three. He told us that until fourteen years ago he had excelled at every game *except* backgammon, a game he had never encountered until he happened upon some players at a fashionable Miami Beach country club. Since that day, Mr. Holland has won more backgammon tournaments than anyone else in living memory, and has been teaching the game to groups of up to six students to the tune of three thousand dollars for four two-hour lessons. "With six students, it comes to eight hours of individual teaching for five hundred dollars, or sixty-two dollars and fifty cents an hour," he said modestly. A former golfer—he spent his twenties doing the celebrity golf circuit in Florida—Mr. Holland once played backgammon for sixty-eight hours without a break, and he likes to stress the athletic nature of his favorite game.

Sitting across from us, in his Manhattan apartment, at a large silver-edged table, on which he won the World's Championship of Backgammon in Las Vegas three times running, Mr. Holland told us that he was the author of a recently published book, "Beginning Backgammon"—the first book designed expressly for the novice player—and the inventor of a new self-teaching aid called Autobackgammon. He went on to explain why the game had achieved such phenomenal popularity in the past few years, eclipsing bridge, gin rummy, poker, and canasta in many circles.

"Backgammon combines the features of every popular game we've known for decades," Mr. Holland said. "It blends the pure luck of craps and roulette, a lot of tactical skill, and a large element of personal judgment. The social aspect of it is beautiful—you don't need to go to a club or set up a foursome. You can compete *en famille*, alone against your wife, or with an almost unlimited number of children or friends. Then, it's so clean and candid: cheating is just about impossible; no one is hiding any cards; there's no bluff, as in poker. It's also very democratic and good for the ego, because, with occasional luck, beginners can beat the most advanced players. And, of course, it's the most pacific game I know of; it's totally devoid of any element of human aggression. You're never angry at your opponent, as in rummy, or at your partner, as in bridge. Whatever anger you feel is directed at the dice, at some abstraction of Lady Luck.”

A brief perusal of backgammon history had taught us that the game was invented a few thousand years before the Christian era; that it was extremely popular in the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilizations (the Emperor Claudius even wrote a book about it); and that the Romans imported it into England, where it achieved particular popularity. It was known as “tables” in England until well into the seventeenth century, when the name “backgammon,” or “back game,” from the Middle English “*gamen*,” began to prevail. It was in eighteenth-century England that backgammon rules were refined into an approximation of today’s game—except for the use of the doubling cube, which was added only in the nineteen-twenties.

Tim Holland elaborated for us on some recent aspects of backgammon history. “What we are witnessing is the popularization of one of the world’s most aristocratic and élitist games,” he said. “In the Middle Ages, backgammon was supposed to be strictly confined to the ranks of the nobility—at the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted, for instance, only knights were allowed to play. And right up until the mid-nineteen-sixties the only backgammon tournaments were held on the club level—in very Wasp, exclusive clubs at that. The first major open competition was organized in 1966, at the Cleremont Club in London—the International Championship of Backgammon. I won that in 1966, 1972, and 1973. The first major tournament held in America was set up in 1967, by a Chicago industrialist, Charles Wacker—an enthusiast who had decided he wanted to democratize the game. It was called the World’s Championship of Backgammon, and it was held in Las Vegas, at the Sands Hotel. I also won that tournament three times—in 1967, 1968, and 1970. It wasn’t held in 1969.”

Mr. Holland, who has accumulated some sixty thousand dollars a year in tournament money over the past few years, reverently held up a two-foot-high silver trophy he won at Las Vegas, which he said was purportedly a former yachting cup of Kaiser Wilhelm II’s.

We asked him what he saw as the sociological reasons for the new backgammon craze.

“I’ve been trying to figure that one out myself,” Mr. Holland said. “I think it’s in part the influence of women’s magazines. Backgammon had always been such a ritzy, jet-set, beautiful-people activity, and throughout the sixties there was a trend to popularize and identify with the beautiful-people experience. It’s like movie heroes’ drinking Scotch instead of rye. Also, there may be a women’s-lib factor involved. Up to the nineteen-sixties, backgammon had been exclusively a *man’s* club game, whereas this year over fifty per cent of the tournament players are women—it’s another one of those men’s activities that the women seem to enjoy taking over.”

We ventured to suggest that the pacific, unaggressive nature of the game might be well suited to the placid character of the nineteen-seventies—another reaction against the agitated temper of the sixties.

“That’s very probable, and not at all farfetched,” Mr. Holland said.

Having sat down to play with the Bobby Fischer of backgammon, we threw a six with our die, and Mr. Holland threw a three. We were immediately made aware that, as wasn’t the case with the game we learned at our father’s knee, tournament rules do not allow any refusal of the first dice. So we were forced to play this rather unpromising opening throw. Mr. Holland then threw a six and a one, and closed his bar point—one of the finest opening moves of backgammon. Then we threw another wretched six and a three, leaving several “blots,” or single men, vulnerable to being hit by our opponent. After several more rolls, when his position had become almost insurmountable, Mr. Holland turned the doubling cube up to two, and admonished us to decline his double.

“One of the most important and sensitive aspects of the game is learning to refuse doubles,” said Mr. Holland, who had managed to win a hundred and eighty dollars the first time he ever played backgammon by consistently refusing every double in a chouette. “Most people tend to take doubles too easily. It’s like Vietnam—they think that refusing is admitting failure or defeat. That’s why backgammon is the greatest possible thing for the American psyche—it forces us to play a game in which you just *have* to lose very often.”

As we disposed our men on the boards for a second game, Mr. Holland’s sumptuous silver-edged table reminded us that the 1974 World’s Championship was being played in Las Vegas the second week of this new year. We asked the champion if he was planning to participate in it.

“Gosh, no,” he said. “I’m tired. I’m going to sit this one out. And, besides, I’m having the time of my life writing a second book, this time for more advanced players.”

In our final game, we threw a six and a one twice in a row—always too much of a good thing.

Dead Ringer

AL: *What do you know about poisons?*

Himan Brown, experienced radio director-producer, was at work in Studio G (for Arthur Godfrey) the other day putting together an episode for “The C.B.S. Radio Mystery Theatre.” “The C.B.S. Radio Mystery Theatre” is the first new drama program to be produced for radio since the demise of “The N.B.C. Radio Theatre” (also produced by Brown), in 1959. It will be heard every night of the week all year long, and will run fifty-two minutes a night. One hundred and ninety-five original shows (brand-new scripts, brand-new everything) and one hundred and seventy reruns of these shows will, as it looks now, punctuate every single day of the coming year with Significant Pauses, Menacing Snarls, Husky Laughs, and other essential dramatic baggage. “The C.B.S. Radio Mystery Theatre” will be heard on WOR in New York, which shows you how the foundations of popular culture have been undermined (by passivity and relativism) since 1959. “The N.B.C. Radio Theatre,” you can damn well bet, was on N.B.C.

When we visited Mr. Brown, he was sitting at a plastic-topped table with the cast of a drama called “Dead Ringer.” He was reading the script of “Dead Ringer” with his actors and giving them cuts. No notes—just cuts. On Mr. Brown’s right sat Joan Lovejoy, who was playing Gloria Winters; Larry Haines (Al Grissom); and Leon Janney (Leo Winters). On the other side of the table were Bob Dryden (Dr. Carmody) and Paul Hecht (Grafton).

“Would you make a cut on page twenty-two, please,” Mr. Brown said. “Cut ‘So let’s pack it in’ and pick up for me on twenty-three with ‘We’ve got to stop talking about murder.’ Then, on page thirty-one, cut ‘Are you crazy? This is no time for kissing.’ ”

Wm Hamilton 78

"*Of course, when Lynn and I signed the lease on the penthouse, we had no idea about the comet.*"

GLORIA: *Toadstools . . . mushrooms . . . They're poisonous.*

"You are looking at the cream of radio," Himan Brown told us. "These guys are *actors*. These guys are *pros*. We've been using all kinds of people. Agnes Moorehead, Joan Hackett. But these guys are the real radio pros. Right now, these guys combined make more money on voice-overs . . ."

"I've probably done half a million shows with the people in this room," said Larry Haines.

"You think he's kidding?" said Leon Janney. "One week, I *know* I did fifty shows."

The beginning of "Dead Ringer" involved a number of sound effects—rain, for instance, and car noises. There was a bit of trouble in coördinating some of the car noises. "Hold it, fellow," Himan Brown said to Joe Cabibbo, the sound man. "We'll go crazy with these car doors opening and closing."

What happens at the beginning of "Dead Ringer" is that Gloria Winters finds Al Grissom injured on a highway late on a rainy night. "You're some dynamite kind of Good Samaritan," Al says. Gloria says, "You look exactly like my husband, but I mean *exactly*."

GLORIA: *We need to know more about poison mushrooms. The library . . . I'll go to . . .*

The actors performing "Dead Ringer" went straight through the script, on tape, without a pause. Only when someone actually mispronounced a word or lost his place was a speech redone.

"Listen," said Himan Brown, who was sitting in the control booth. "These guys are pros. Now, Hecht is young—he's a Canadian actor. But everyone else here is a pro radio actor. Joan, for instance. She was the widow of Frank Lovejoy. Now she's married to the chairman of the board of Saks Fifth Avenue. When you hear her voice, you see what you want to see. I mean, that is the glory of radio. You see your own imagination. You hear that voice and you see a woman with—well, whatever you want. Now, Larry. Larry's about five foot three or four. Hey. He sounds like six foot two. Are you familiar with the creaking door? I used to do 'Inner Sanctum Mysteries,' you know. The creaking door is mine. I have a trademark on the creaking door. The creaking door is registered with the United States Government. I've stopped a dozen people from using the creaking door."

AL: *Are you out of your mind? You go asking for a book about mushrooms and then call in this doctor to look at Leo, who's just eaten some bad mushrooms and . . .*

After the taping, Leon Janney said, "I was the man Helen Trent married. After twenty-eight years, she got married. That was the last show."

"I made 'Joyce Jordon, Girl Intern,' " said Himan Brown. " 'A girl alone in a man's world.' She was a girl intern for nine years. Finally, we made her a doctor."

"I played the heavy on 'Portia Faces Life' for four years," said Joan Lovejoy. "And I was a regular on 'Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons.' "

"We all do voice-overs for commercials now," said Larry Haines, "but we all have a soft spot for radio."

"They are selling products that run into billions of dollars," said Himan Brown.

"Speaking for myself," said Leon Janney, "I'm sorry TV was ever invented."

Paul Hecht told a joke about actors. "The young actor says to the old actor that he likes acting, because he gets paid for acting, but he hates the standing around. The old actor says, 'I get paid for standing around. I act for free.' "

Then the session broke up.

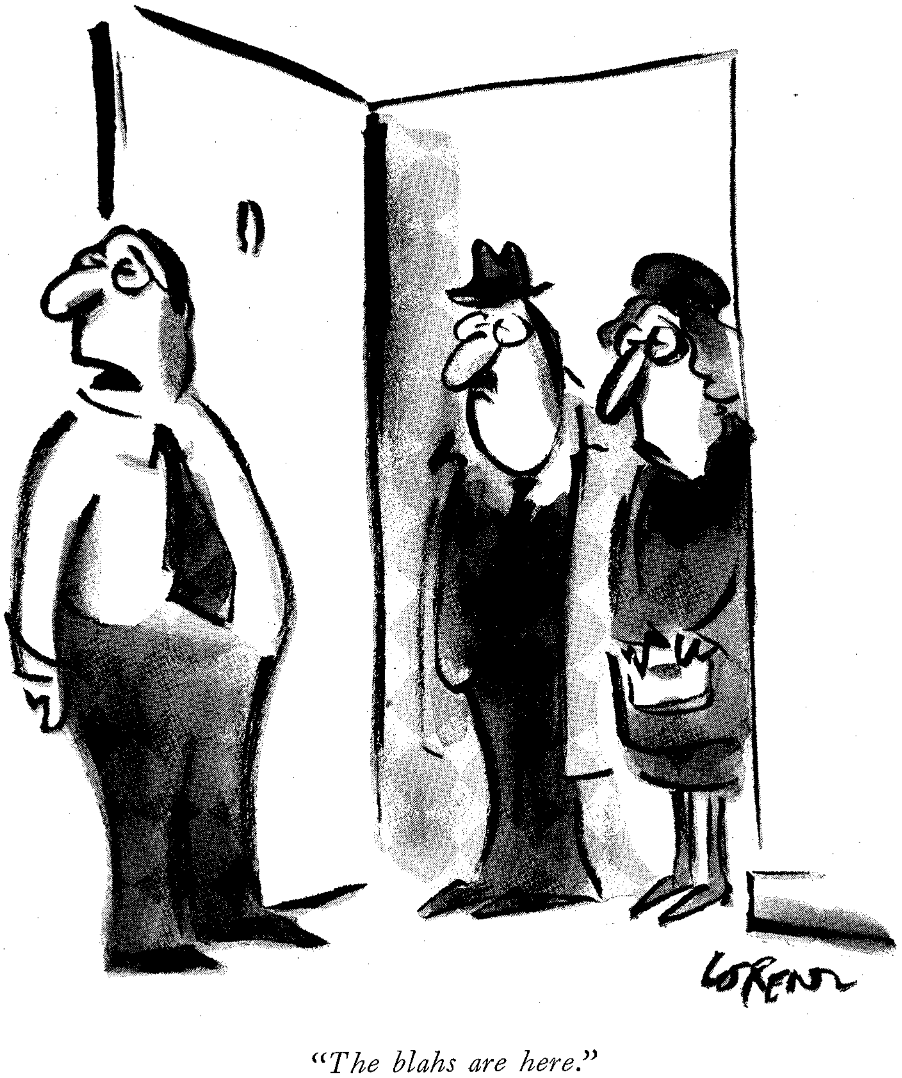
"You know these guys are working for scale, don't you?" Himan Brown said. "They make millions of bucks on TV. Here they get ninety dollars."

LEO: *Are you sure those mushrooms were good?*

ETHIOPIA

THE Addis Ababa Hilton has a lobby of cool and lustrous stone and a giant, heated, cruciform swimming pool. The cross-shape is plain from the balconies of the eighth- and ninth-floor rooms, from which also one can see the long white façade of the Emperor's palace. In the other direction, there are acres of tin shacks, and a church on a hill like the nipple on a breast of dust. Emerging from the pool, which feels like layers of rapidly tearing silk, one shivers uncontrollably until dry, though the sun is brilliant, and the sky diamond-pure. The land is high, and the air not humid. One dries quickly. The elevators are swift and silent. From the high floors the white umbrellas on the restaurant tables beside the pool make a rosary of perfect circles. All this is true. What is not true is that Prester John doubles as the desk clerk, and the Queen of Sheba manages the glass-walled gift shop, wherein one can buy tight-woven baskets of multicolored straw, metal mirrors, and Coptic crosses of carved wood costing thousands of Ethiopian dollars, which relate to the American dollar as seven to three.

The young American couple arrived at the hotel very tired, having been ten days in Kenya, where they had seen and photographed lions, leopards, cheetahs, hyraxes, oryxes, dik-diks, steinboks, klipspringers, oribis, topis, kudus, impalas, elands, Thomson's gazelles, Grant's gazelles, hartebeests, wildebeests, waterbucks, bushbucks, zebras, giraffes, flamingos, marabou storks, Masai warriors, baboons, elephants, warthogs, and rhinoceroses—everything hoped for, indeed, except hippos. There had been one asleep in a pool in the Ngorongoro Crater, but it had looked too much like a rock to photograph, and the young man of the American couple had passed it by, confident there would be more. There never were. It had been his only chance to get a hippopotamus on film. Prester John, cool behind his desk of lustrous green marble, divined this, and efficiently, gratuitously arranged that they spend the night away from Addis Ababa, in the Ethiopian countryside. The countryside was light brown. Distant figures swathed in white trod the tan landscape with the floating step of men trying to steady themselves on a trampoline. But these were women, all beautiful. The beauty of their black faces, glimpsed, lashed the windows of the car like fistfuls of thrown sand. Some carried yellow parasols. Some led white donkeys. A few rode in rubber-wheeled carts, rickety and polychrome, their mouths and nostrils veiled against the dust. He tried to photograph these women, but they turned their heads, and the results would be blurred.



"The blahs are here."

The hotel was cushioned in bougainvillea and stuffed with Germans. At six o'clock a bus took all the Germans away and the young Americans became the only guests. They walked the grounds, unreal with blossom, and looked from their balcony to the brown lake distilled from the tan landscape by a cement dam, and read the magazines in the hotel library—*Ce Soir*, *Il Tempo*, *Sturm und Drang*, the English edition of the official monthly publication of the Polish Chamber of Commerce, the annual handbook of Yugoslavian soccer, the quarterly journal of the Australian Dermatology Association, incorporating *Tasmanian Hides*. "God, I love this country," he announced aloud, letting his magazine sink beside him to the bed.

"Quiet," she said. "I'm reading." The Brazilian edition of *Newsweek*.

"If you ever get tired of reading," he began.

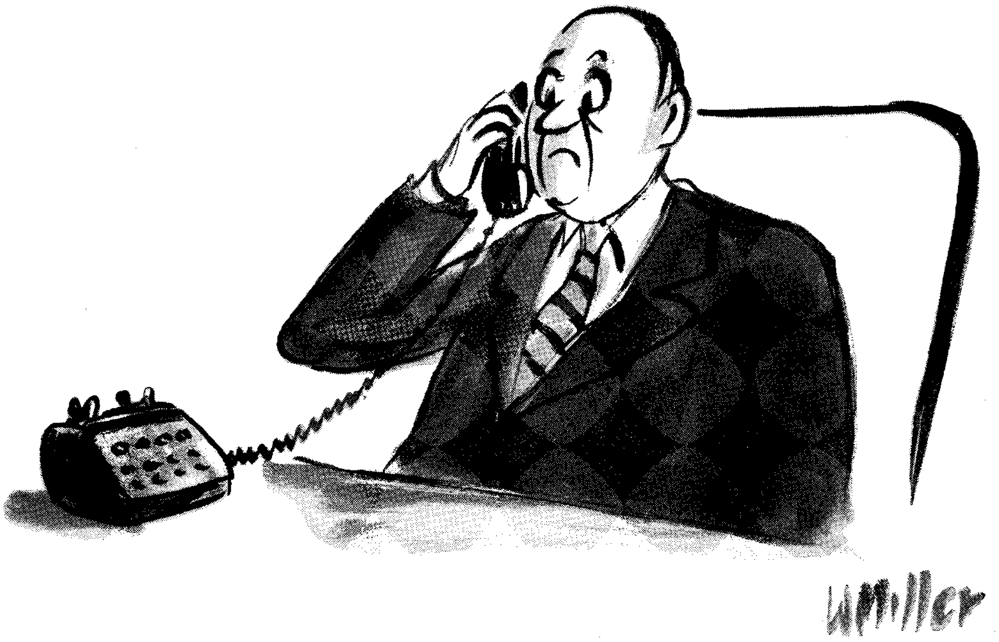
"It's too hot," she said.

"Really? Actually, as evening comes on, in these high, dry countries—"

"Have it your way, then," she said, noisily turning a tissue-thin page. "It's too cold."

There was a knock on the door. It was their driver, asking in his excellent English if they wanted to see the hippopotami before dinner. Their car wound through dusk and low, menacing foliage to a sluggish brown river. It seemed empty and scarcely flowing. They walked along a dim path beside the riverbank and met Prester John, barefoot, in rags, and carrying a staff. Though he seemed a shade darker than in his hotel uniform, he was recognizably the same man—small, clever, with beautiful feminine hands and a hurt, monkish, liverish look beneath his eyes. He looked, she thought, like Sammy Davis, Jr.; but then so many men in Ethiopia looked like Sammy Davis, Jr. Prester John led them to a shaggy point above the river and made a noise of sonorous chuckling deep in his throat—deeper than his throat; his entire body and belly thrummed and resonated with the noise. And then in the dusk little snags appeared in the river current: hippopotamus eyes. And as the

Americans grew accustomed to the dusk, and the dusk to them, to the eyes were added ears, and the tops of heads appeared above the water, and the bulbous immensity of a back arched upward into a dive. It was a family, a clan, with two babies among them, all calling to one another; their deep soft snorting continued underwater as an unheard, vibrating jubilance. The air became as full of it as the river, one brown world flooded with familial snorting, until the hippopotami had tugged themselves around the bend and into night. Prester John accepted his tip with a bow and the shadow of a genuflexion. The driver was relieved to find his car unharmed in the bushes. The young American couple were served dinner in solitary splendor. Unseen hands had prepared a banquet; for all its eerie isolation, the meal was delicious. He wondered how they turned a profit. Oh, if only he knew how to talk to her! The silence between them grated the plates and let the silver clash with the fury of swords. His thoughts moved on, to the hippos. If only there had been a notch or two more light! Oh, if only he had taken a longer lens!



"You have reached Gordo the Great—king of all recorded messages."

BACK in Addis, Prester John perceived that they were bored, and arranged to have a party thrown for them. He himself was the host; the Queen of Sheba was the hostess. Her hair was up in the halo of an Afro, and as she moved in her robe of all possible colors her body tapped now here, now there. The rings on her fingers formed a hoard and the little gold circles of her granny glasses gave her eyes a monkish humor. Her blackness was the shade in which God had designed Adam and Eve, a color from which the young American couple felt their own whiteness as a catastrophic falling-off, caused helter-skelter by the Northern clime, snow, wolves, camouflage, and the survival of the fittest. The Queen of Sheba introduced them to beautiful, static people formally designated as Ato, Woizero, and Woizerit. The Woizerits were unmarried. It seemed an elaborate way to say it. Also elaborate, the Emperor was never referred to but as His Imperial Majesty, which became HIM.

"... until we are rid of HIM ..."

"... the latest story about HIM ..."

"I understand," the young American said to a stately Woizerit who had studied three years at the University of Iowa, "you're in television."

Prester John gracefully interceded. "This lovely lady," he said, "*is* television." His magical female hand turned a dial, and there she was, giving news about the latest Palestinian hijacking.

"Hitler," a swarthy but handsome gentleman was telling the young American wife, "had the correct idea but was not permitted to complete it. A vivid proof of the lack of Providence."

"Suppose I told you," she said, "I was Jewish?"

He surveyed her face, and then her blond body, lovingly. "It would not lessen," he told her, "my reverence for Hitler." But reverence for her was what he expressed, for he clung pinchingly to her arm as if she had consented to join him in some superb indecency.

Her husband had found a fellow-American, a pale-tan Black woman from Detroit, in the pay of the American Embassy. They huddled close together, sharing remembrance of that remote exotic land of Lincoln Continentals and Drake's Cakes. "You happy here?" he asked at last.

"It'll do," she said, shrugging and, obliged to elaborate on the shrug, adding, "I can't get servants. They're very polite, and I offer top dollar, but the Ethiopians will not work for me."

"But why?"

Seeing he didn't know, very graciously she made a little gesture as if parting curtains, disclosing—herself. Seeing he still didn't know, she elaborated, "They have this racial hang-up. They keep telling you how Semitic they are."

The Queen of Sheba clapped her hands imperiously. No Westerner could have produced that sound, as if with blocks of wood: worlds of body language are being lost. The guests sat to eat around great multicolored baskets lined with a delicious rubbery bread. One ate by tearing off pieces and seizing food as if picking up coals with a pot holder. The young Americans were delighted to be engaging in a custom. Prester John admired their pragmatism. His voice was high, reedy, and not accidentally unpleasant. "I would not want to say," he said, "the many negative things I could say about America. But you have done this one thing of genius. The credit card. Money without money. That is a thing truly revolutionary. The world is thus transformed, while the political philosophers amuse one another."

"Is that what you do? I mean, are you are a political scientist? A teacher?" The American was not sure this was still Prester John—he seemed frailer, edgier.

"What do I do? I read Proust, over and over. And I write."

"Could I read your books?" the American wife chimed in, from across the basket, at whose rim the admirer of Hitler was showing her how to eat raw meat, an Ethiopian delicacy.

"No," was the response, said caressingly. "In Ethiopia, there is no publishing."

"You understand," the television Woizerit murmured on the American's other side. "HIM."

"I write and I write," the frail clever host elaborated, "and then I read it all aloud to one special friend. And then I destroy it. All."

"How terrible. Is that friend here?"

"No," he smiled, forming a little prayer tent with his hands. He was certainly Prester John. A medieval

THE GRANDFATHER POEM

JOHN E. JOHNSTON, 1879–1968

1

He is something he is falling into:
a body bunched around him like loose sheets,
old clothes too big for him. His eyes teeter
in their sockets. Bones keep the skin apart.
His face slips toward the mouth and would
slip through it if the jaw weren't locked.
He looks around the room like an animal
preparing to leap. There's no place to go.

The room's on fire. He points to a poinsettia
in red foil. Again he says: the room's on fire.
The horses must be gotten out of the barn.
There are no horses. There is barely a barn.
The years build up behind his eyes.
There is no present. Each person becomes a crowd.
I am a crowd. I see him searching through it
like a child at a fair. I call but he can't hear.

This is a dead house. Pictures of the dead
cover the walls. The roof is rotten. The porch
is caving in. Those who have died sit in chairs,
rest on sofas. In his own room, my grandfather
hunts for the present. I shelter in another,
reading family histories, stories of people
who die quietly in books, in a written silence
where I personally can turn the page.

January in Port Leyden, New York, and
I am here to watch a dying man. His hands
turn back and forth like stranded fish.
At his logging camps, French Canadian
lumberjacks called him the White Eagle.
I remember watching lumberjacks play tag
with bears in the Adirondack forest.
My grandfather's eyes keep sweeping the room.

The obvious questions have been answered.
Pallbearers have been discussed. I am to be one,
other grandsons also. The weight of winter has been
commented upon and the strange behavior of cousins.
Now I am leaving. I take my grandfather's hand.
He holds it, refuses to release it. Startled,
I look and almost fall. His present surrounds him.
Everything topples toward his eyes.

2

A week later, driving north again with my brother
from Michigan through Canada to the funeral,
we drive to the very heart of winter. Arriving,
we are met by my grandfather's nurse at the back door.
She tells me to see my grandfather immediately.
The body is in the front room. She says he looks
so much better than he did last week. This is true.
He lies there like the poor memory of a healthy man.

Children run laps around the coffin, small
cousins, second cousins, some woman not seen
since her marriage in '39. This could be
a celebration or a sacrifice. Give praise
to the man who has gotten through.
We do not see him. We are still running.
Taking our neighbors' hands, we circle the coffin.
There is nothing in the center. This room is empty.

I want to shout: Let this be no surprise but
there is a dead body in this room, hidden beneath
rouge and powder, framed by that amazing
red silk hanging. Pinch him and he doesn't feel it.
Kick him and he shows true charity.
Lumberjacks come into the room, quietly and alone.
They are old and smell of whiskey. They look once
and leave, refusing to sign any book.

It would have been better, cousin, not to be
drunk today or at least not to be holding
that corner of the coffin on these icy steps
which have borne so many. Cousin, be careful
or else our grandfather will give Port Leyden
a memorable goodbye when the box slips and twists
down the long hill to the center of town. Cousin,
will you pop him back when he has made his resurrection?

We never buried him or saw him into the ground,
which refuses to accept the dead in winter.
We left him in the basement of the cemetery chapel
in what looked like a wine rack but held coffins instead.
Nine were there already, and the undertaker's assistant
swore that one had been opened. Just slide it in
and leave it. A wave of the hand and slam the steel door,
still echoing on what was never a funeral.

—STEPHEN DOBYNS

• •

face twitched in the midnight skin. "Do not eat raw meat. The uninitiated vomit for days." He relaxed, slumped in his gaudy robes. "Yes." His voice went high again, reedy, mockingly informative. "In this ancient kingdom, misplaced to Africa, we have been compelled to raise the art of living to the point of the tenuous."

Though the party was gathering strength, the young Americans were tired. The Queen of Sheba and Prester John insisted on accompanying them back to the hotel, since marauders roam the slums with impunity, the poverty is acute despite massive infusions of United States aid, corruption and reaction reign here as everywhere save China, not even one's driver of twenty years' service can be trusted, terrorists on behalf of Eritrean independence are ubiquitous. A curious optical effect: in the darkness within the car, the two legendary Ethiopians disappeared but for their clothes, which rustled with utmost courtesy, and but for their words, paraphrased above. Nevertheless, a disturbing and flattering possibility, indecent yet not impractical, communicated itself to the minds of their guests, as through layers of fluttering, tearing silk. In the cool lobby their shouted farewells echoed of disappointment. Oh, what *was* the custom?

In his twin bed on the ninth floor, the man of the young couple thought, The Queen of Sheba, black yet not Black, boyoboyoboy. Mine, she could be mine, as the darkness inside me is mine, as the spangled night sky is mine. God, I love this country. The jewels. The arid height. The Hilton corridors of greenish stone. The tiny dried-up Emperor. The bracing sense of never having been colonized by any European power. How long and lustrous her ebony limbs would feel in the darkness. But I might disappoint her. I might feel lost in her. She might mock me. My sickly pallor. My Free World hang-ups. Better simply snap her picture when she undresses. But the flash batteries died in the Serengeti, that night by the water hole. Darn it! Her breasts. Armpits. Belly. Down, down he is led from one dusky thought to the next. Would the granny glasses come off first, or last?

"As far as I'm concerned, Beame has plenty of charisma!"

• •

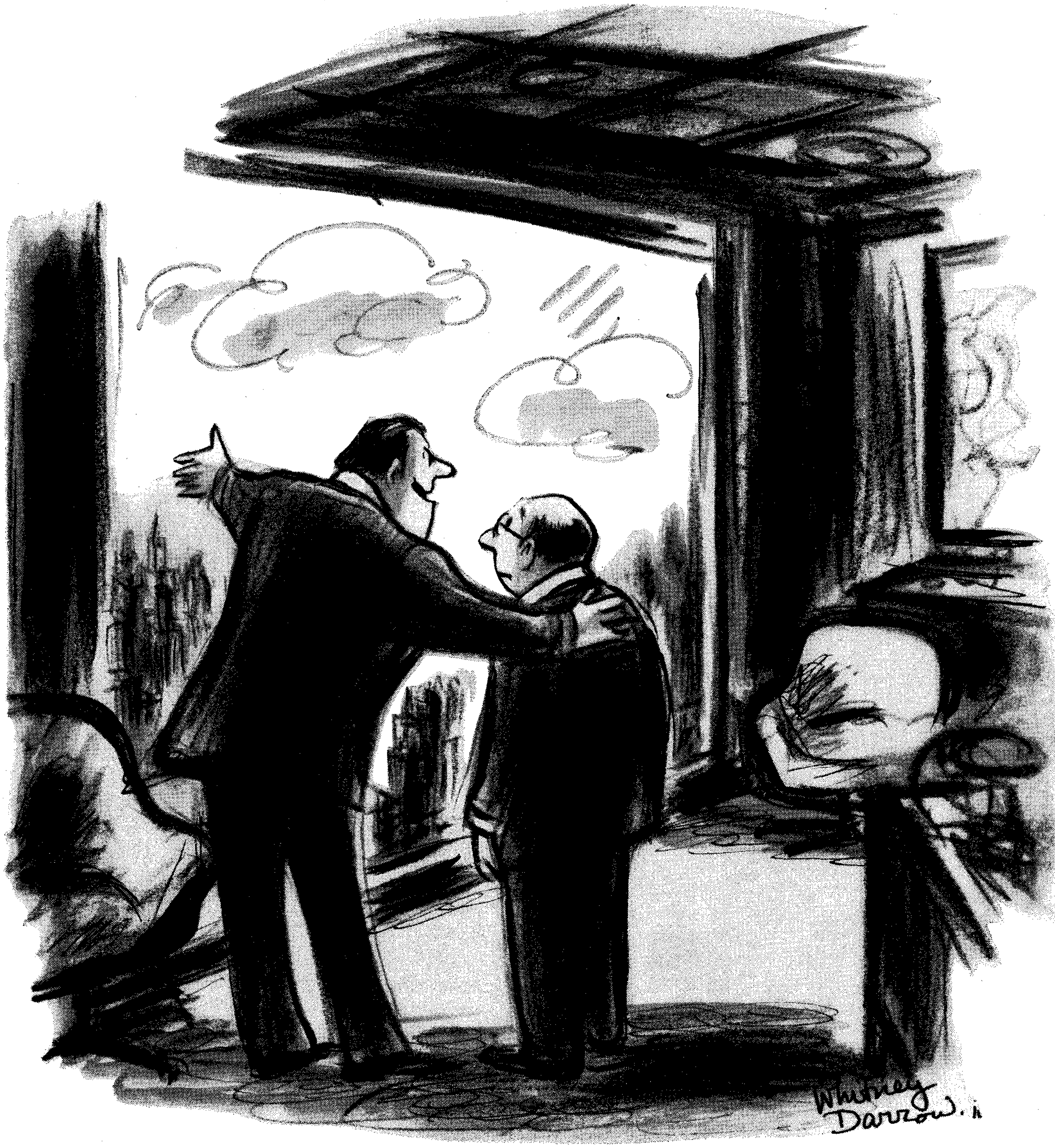
And beside him his fair wife on her twin bed thinks of airplanes. She dreads flying, especially in Ethiopia, with its high escarpments, small national budget, daredevil pilots trained by Alitalia. Perhaps if she slept with Prester John, by one of his miracles he could prevent her plane from crashing. Sleeping with men, especially black men, more fancy than fact, if they gave women decent educations they could think about something else. But still . . . His wicked ascetic smile and look of monkish sorrow did cut into her. In the car, his touch, or a fold of his silken robe, accidentally? If he could guarantee on a stack of Bibles the plane wouldn't crash . . . The dedicated hijackers with stockings over their faces, the sudden revolver shots from the security guards disguised as Lebanese businessmen, the rush of air, the lurch above the clouds, the inane patter of the brave stewardesses, the lurid burst of flame from the port engine, the long slow nightmare fall, the mile-wide splash of char on the earth, the scattered suitcases . . . Oh God yes, I'll do anything you want, consider me your slave, your toy. For without life, how can there be virtue?

BECAUSE of security checks, one must appear at the airport two and a half hours before scheduled departure time. He is in the glass-walled hotel shop, dickering with the Queen of Sheba for a Coptic cross. He has reduced her price to fourteen hundred Ethiopian dollars, which is no longer divisible by seven in his head, because of the most recent American dollar devaluation. Fourteen hundred divided by two and one-third minus a little . . . She is bored. The Queen of Sheba thrusts a retractable ball-point into her towering teased coiffure, and her ebony fingers drum with surprising percussive effect on a glass case. Her nose is straight, her nostrils narrow. She sighs. These Americans, rendered insubstantial by rising gold, like drops of water running from the back of an aroused crocodile. He asks, will she accept a credit card?

Prester John appears, in shabby livery, with the young American wife in tow. She is flushed, pink, sleepy. Though the lobby is cool, blond ringlets cling to her brow. Hurry, the clever little black man says, you must see the monastery, there is just time before the airplane, it has been arranged.

Trailing protests like dust, the young American is led through the lobby, away from his luggage. It is not the usual limousine this time but a little red Fiat. Prester John does not seem to understand the gears. As he grapples with them, he looks comically like Sammy Davis, Jr. They head out of the city, uphill; the paved road becomes dirt. Prester John gossips nervously about the Queen of Sheba. "She is a magnificent woman, but thoroughly Oriental. I enjoy her loyalty, but am vexed by, how shall I say, the lack of stereo in her sensibility. She cannot lift her thoughts above jewelry, lechery, and airbases. My intention was to irradiate her with Christian faith, fresh, even raw, from the desert Fathers—to make, here, upon this plateau, a dream to solace the tormented sleep of Europe. Instead, she has made of it something impossibly heavy, a mere fact, like the Catholicism of Ireland, or the Communism of Albania." He cannot move the gearshift above second gear, so thus roaring they proceed up a dirt road transected by ridges of rock like the backs of sleeping hippopotami. At first, clouds of people in white had rimmed the roadway; now they meet, and swerve to avoid, intermittent donkeys and women staggering beneath wide bundles of little trees. One of these women, bent double like a scorpion, in rags, her feet bare, with long dark heels and pale, cracked soles, looks familiar; the American turns in his seat. Dust obscures his view. He is certain only that she was not wearing her granny glasses.

Prester John sweats, embarrassed. The



"How I envy you, Tompkins, with that great big wonderful world out there waiting for you to retire into!"

• •

road is all rocks now, tan, with a white dusting. "I am growing worried," he confesses, "about your airplane. It is possible I underestimated the difficulty." He stops the car where the view falls away on one side. The Hilton pool twinkles like a dim star far below them. On the other side, stony sere pastures mount to a copse of viridian trees. Between the trees peep ruddy hints of a long wall. That is the monastery. "Perhaps," Prester John offers nervously, "a photograph? I am profoundly sorry; the road, and these recalcitrant gears . . ."

What the young American sees through his finder looks exactly like the sepia illustrations in his Sunday-school Bible. He sets the lens at infinity and snaps the shutter. But his inward attention is upon his wife, for her calmness, as their next airplane flight draws nearer, puzzles him. Prester John grindingly backs the Fiat around and hurtles downward along the cruel road of rocks; she lightly smiles and with dusty fingertips brushes back the hair from her drying brow. She feels she is already on the airplane—all of Ethiopia is an airplane, thousands of feet above sea level; and it cannot crash. This is true.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

Astute management has increased the value of a Nobel Prize from PCC,RDJ in VTEC to about PVBB,JJJ this year. Details on Page F3.—*The Times.*

Damn it, we've lost Page F3.

ERIKA

I MET Erika's sloth quite by chance. Actually, I met Erika herself by chance one Saturday. She lived in a different part of Washington from me, and the only reason I was over in her section of the city was that I had gone to deliver a plant to an office colleague of my husband's who was sick. I knew where she lived, because my mother had written from London and sent me her address, but I hadn't looked her up. I had known her years before in London.

Erika had come to England from Germany, in 1946, under an adoption scheme sponsored by the Red Cross. She was eleven years old then, and her background was a sad one. She was an only child, and both her parents had been killed in a street riot in Heidelberg; her father had been a professor in the science school of the university there. The English couple who adopted Erika were next-door neighbors of an aunt of mine in Ealing. Their name was Bullen. Peter Bullen worked at the Home Office, and he and his wife, Edith, were very active in local community affairs—the Ealing hospital, the Y, and so on. They were both cheerful, generous people, and part of the reason they offered Erika a home, I think, was that their own two daughters were grown and married, and they wanted to have someone young around the house again.

It took nearly a year before all the formalities connected with the adoption were completed, and during that time Erika waited in a Heidelberg orphanage. The Bullens wrote frequently and sent snapshots of themselves and the Ealing house and garden, their daughters, their daughters' husbands and the one grandchild, their overfed spaniel, Crumpet, and their three cats. Erika responded with neatly written letters in stilted, correct English and, after being pressured for it, a photograph, faded, showing a thin little girl with a long face, large eyes, and shoulder-length, straight black hair. She was not a pretty child. Her eyes were her best feature; she had one of those short upper lips that expose the front teeth and give the face a wary, ferrety look.

When the time came for the Bullens to take delivery of Erika (they met her at Waterloo Station and signed for her at the Red Cross office as if she were a parcel), they realized at once that the snapshot was a good likeness. Erika's personality fitted her picture: she was grave, obedient, watchful, and aloof. The Bullens consoled themselves with the thought that once established in Ealing and fed Edith's cooking for a few weeks Erika would fill out and relax and soon become as loving, outgoing, and delightful as their own children had been. They were mistaken. But they had done some conscientious reading, and they knew that it is possible for affection to be damaged and retarded and that they must give Erika time. What was hard on them, and especially hard on the warmhearted, demonstrative Edith, was that the Red Cross never told them—if, indeed, the Red Cross knew—exactly what the destructive circumstances in Erika's life had been. All they knew was that the silent child who had joined their family was alive in a quite different way from themselves.

The Bullens persevered. They corralled their neighbors, including my aunt, to help settle Erika in. I was a student at London University at the time, and, as I often went to Sunday lunch in Ealing, I was corralled also. One Sunday it was suggested that I introduce Erika to the London Zoo. I wasn't keen. Erika to date hadn't shown any interest in animals—she avoided fat Crumpet and the cats, and when Peter said something about buying her a puppy of her own she had merely looked alarmed. However, the proposal made better sense than it sounds because my parents were members of the London Zoological Society, and at that time (I don't know what the regulations are now) this meant that if the keepers weren't busy one could sometimes go behind the scenes and handle the animals.

It takes about an hour to go by bus from Ealing to Regent's Park, where the zoo is, and Erika and I made the journey in almost complete silence. She wasn't a child that I took to, and I had growing-up problems of my own to occupy my mind. The visit wasn't a complete failure, though. Erika seemed to be fascinated. Moving slowly from cage to cage, she subjected whatever was living on the other side of the bars or wire or glass to the closest scrutiny. At one point, a keeper asked if the little lady would like to tickle a sloth behind its ear. The little lady shook her head, so the cage was unlocked for me and I did the tickling.

After that, Erika and I went to the zoo quite often. We never became what you could call communicative, but we did have our visits to the zoo as one point of contact, and Erika got to where she would occasionally agree to touch or hold an animal. I remember waiting nearly an hour one damp Sunday while Erika helped a keeper feed a jar of apple custard to a very small and shy chimpanzee.

Erika had arrived in England in May, and the following September the Bullens put her in school. They chose a large place with a high academic reputation, where foreign-born students were encouraged, thinking that Erika would feel less conspicuous there and find it easier to make friends than at the small school to which they had sent their own daughters. They were mistaken again. Erika made herself conspicuous at once by moving to the top of her class and remaining there, and she neither made nor seemed to want to make any friends.

I don't remember when it was that Erika and I lost touch, but before I finished at the university my aunt sold her house in Ealing and retired to a small town in Surrey, on the edge of the New Forest. Our zoo trips had stopped a while before that, and any news I received of Erika came at long intervals. From her London school she went on to Cambridge, and then to America as a Henry Fellow. She got a Ph.D. in zoology from Yale.

IN time, I married an American, and my husband and I had been living in Washington for several years when my mother wrote to say that Erika was working nearby: she had a job with the Smithsonian Institution. I was curious to see her again, but in view of our past relationship I thought I would leave it to her to make the first move—she had been given our address, Mother said. From what else she said, I gathered that Erika hadn't changed much. "Do see what you can do to persuade Erika to write to those poor dear Bullens," she wrote. "They're so proud of what she's done with herself, and they really know nothing about her life."

I wondered if I would recognize Erika if I saw her again, but when I did I knew her at once. We ran into each other on Capitol Hill outside her apartment house—I coming out after delivering my plant, and she going in. She looked exactly as I would have expected her to look at thirty-five: neat, capable, unassuming, and remote. She wore a black suit, a white blouse, low-heeled walking shoes, and a shoulder bag that left her hands free for carrying two big bags of groceries. She hesitated when she saw me, then recovered herself and smiled as I took one of the grocery bags. "I'm afraid I'm on the third floor," she said.

It was an old building, a Victorian

house that had been converted, and we climbed the stairs. We didn't talk (picking up just where we had left off, I thought), and I decided that even if Erika asked me to I wouldn't turn this into a visit—I would put the groceries down and leave.

I didn't quite manage that, though I don't think I was in the apartment for more than five minutes. What delayed me was the sight of a sloth. I saw him the moment she unlocked her front door; the door into her bedroom was standing open, and there he was, suspended from the bottom rail of her metal bedstead, fast asleep.

The front door opened into the living room, and now I noticed two other animals. Each was in a small crate with a chicken-wire front. One was a golden marmoset and the other was what I took to be a porcupine (it was lying down). The room, sparsely furnished and spotlessly clean, was very warm and had a faint odor of antiseptic. As we walked across it—the kitchen was at the far end—I saw that the marmoset's tail was in a white cast about the diameter of a cigarette, though longer. The creature's leonine face was puckered with rage. It clung desperately to the wire netting with its hooked claws, as if it were in pain and the netting were life. The echidna—that's what the other animal was, Erika explained, not a porcupine—merely lay with its eyes closed, seeming to be waiting for whatever was hurting it to go away.

Before she unpacked the groceries or took any further notice of me, Erika attended to her patients. She didn't open their cages or speak to them—just stood close to them, as one might stand beside a hospital bed, offering the occupant one's silence when all that can be done has been done. The marmoset chattered and rattled his wire, his eyes fiercely alert and his minute fangs bared. The echidna neither opened its eyes nor moved, and presently Erika came back into the kitchen and began putting her food away.

I am sure that if I had left the apartment then she wouldn't have been aware of the fact. Her face wore the same brooding look of concentration that I remembered from Regent's Park. But I had to know what she was doing, and so, for the first time since I had known her, I asked questions. She explained that her department at the Smithsonian was the National Zoo, where she had charge of sick or abandoned animals. During the week, she kept them in a small hospital on the zoo grounds, but on the weekends she brought them home with her; the landlord hadn't approved at first, but she had satisfied him that her patients would not cause any trouble, that he would not know they were there. But what about the sloth, I asked. He wasn't sick, was he?

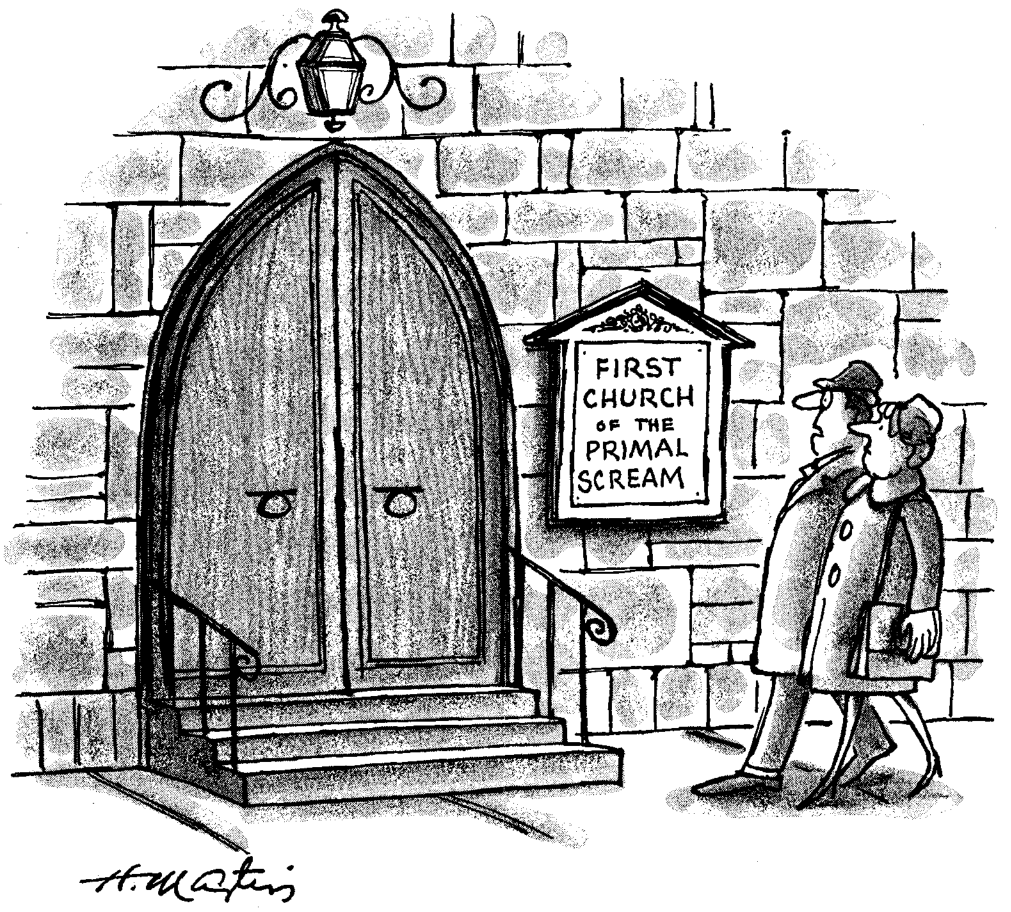
Well, no. The sloth wasn't sick. He had been abandoned by his mother at birth. After his first weekend on the bedrail, he had seemed so comfortable that the director had said he might stay temporarily, and now, Erika hoped, he had been forgotten. Peering at me, she added the information that the creature was no problem: sloths urinated only once a week.

Did he ever do anything except sleep on the bedrail, I asked. Did he know her? Yes, indeed, Erika assured me. He not only knew her, but he could tell the time. Every day at five, he moved from the bedrail to the handle of the front door. When she came home and turned the handle, the sloth fell off and awoke. That way he knew she was home.

I took my leave then. Neither Erika nor I proposed another meeting, but the next day I wrote to the Bullens. I told them about running into Erika and everything I had learned of the work she was doing, and I hope made her sound as useful and valuable a member of the Smithsonian staff as I am sure she was. I described her apartment and enlarged my brief stop into a more considerable visit. I stressed the fact that her responsibilities involved her evenings as well as her days. I didn't say anything about the sloth, though. I tried, but I didn't know how to convey to jocund, ebullient Edith that Erika had found a relationship with demands so slight that she needn't be afraid of them: a fragile, barely expressed, tentative association for which even the word "velleity" seemed too dramatic. I wanted her to understand that Erika's neglect of them did not stem from a lack of regard but was simply the result of a wound—a sense of abandonment—that had never properly healed.

Edith wrote back at once. She and Peter had been so reassured by my letter. They could now believe and tell their friends what they wanted to believe and tell their friends: that Erika was successful, happy, valued, and busy—too busy, in fact, to write.

—Joyce Warren



"Well, I guess it was bound to happen."

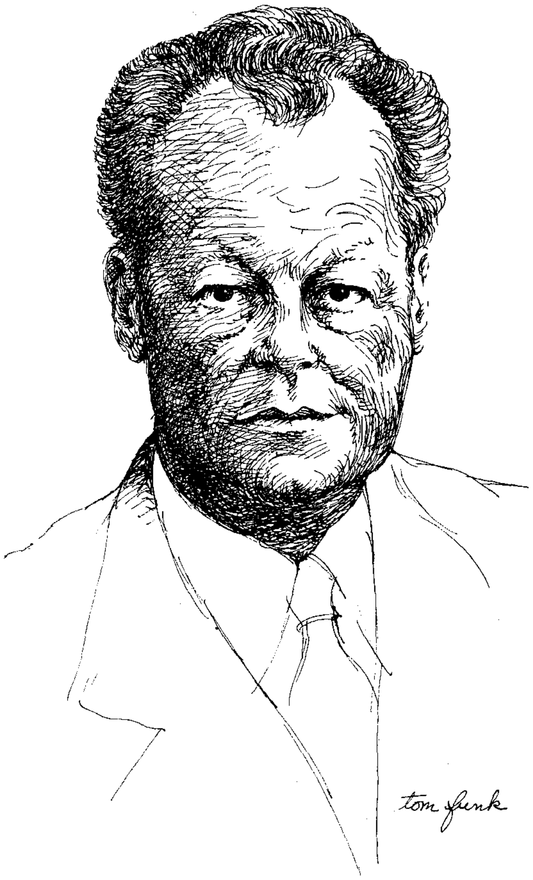
•

Friedheim, among the economizers, described his ride to work as an American Motors Matador as "a little bumpier, but I hope it takes a little less gas."
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It's those lumpy picadors one runs over.

PROFILES

THE OUTSIDER



Willy Brandt

ACCORDING to a recent survey sponsored by Radio Liberty, in Munich, an American station that is usually well informed about conditions in the Soviet Union, Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany is the Western statesman that Soviet citizens respect most. In a conversation I had not long ago with Egon Bahr, *Bundesminister* for special projects and the Chancellor's closest friend and assistant in devising the complex architecture of his *Ostpolitik*—the détente based on realistic discussions with the Kremlin and other Eastern-bloc countries—I remarked that the Soviet sentiment seemed astonishing in view of the fact that since the Second World War almost all Russians have retained a deep distrust of the Germans. Bahr said, "It's not astonishing at all. During Brandt's visit to Russia, the people saw him on television and heard him on the radio. They could sense he was a real human being." In Western Europe, where people are politically more knowledgeable than those in the Soviet Union, Willy Brandt is now considered the outstanding statesman since Charles de Gaulle. In the United States, he is, according to many journalists, the most popular European leader (though it must be granted that the competition isn't very strong right now). The London *Times* has described him as "a man for all Europe," adding, "Were European integration another generation further on, it is almost inconceivable that he would not be elected as president of Europe against any competitor."

Brandt is a man so complex that he often baffles even his close friends. His face may be an index of serenity or of carefully disciplined emotion. Or, says a friend, "it may conceal utter boredom, which Brandt, a very polite man, would never show." And while his associates are trying to see beyond the mask Brandt may surprise them by laughing when they least expect it, and so make them realize that they have once again failed to fathom his attitudes. Brandt, a northern German from the old Hanseatic port of Lübeck (whose other famous modern son was Thomas Mann), has a tendency toward melancholic brooding, which is not uncommon in his native region, and reveals a streak of fatalism at times.

Brandt has the northern German's tendency to weigh matters carefully, which is strengthened by an enormous reservoir of intellectual and emotional patience. Southern Germans, like people from the south in general, seem to be more outgoing. This sort of regional contrast in temperaments was obvious when Brandt met Soviet Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, a gregarious, fast-talking Ukrainian. Brandt's friends call him "*ein in sich gekehrter Mensch*"—"a man turned in upon himself." People who don't know him are sometimes disturbed by what they think is a sense of indecision, maybe even a certain weakness. Those who do know him say that he has "a different sense of time"—that his reluctance to make decisions is caused by his sense of responsibility. He needs time to weigh facts before reaching the bedrock of commitment. "Brandt is not basically a fatalist, but he understands the natural flow of events," says Klaus Harpprecht, a confidant who is his chief speechwriter. "And he shapes events himself, but only when he is certain that they are ready to be shaped, and that often takes a long time." Sometimes when people may think that Brandt has abandoned a certain course of action to avoid a politically difficult decision, he may surprise them with an entirely original solution. His immediate predecessor, Kurt Georg Kiesinger, often said, "I must show how I do things." Brandt never bothers to show anyone—not his advisers, not the press, not the voters—how he does things. He is probably the most anti-bureaucratic executive in a strongly bureaucratic country. Distinguished civil servants who thought they knew what to expect from the first postwar *Bundeskanzler*, Konrad Adenauer (he often outwitted them), and almost always knew how Adenauer's successors, Ludwig Erhard and Kiesinger, would react, are often baffled by Brandt, for he disarms them with polite toughness. The Chancellor admits that the bureaucratic octopus is a grave problem in Bonn. The bureaucrats, he says, can be more obstinate than his political opponents, more troublesome even than some of his colleagues in the Social Democratic Party.

Recently, during one of several conversations I had with Brandt, in Germany, I asked, "Can a man in your position afford the luxury of idealism in practical politics?" He was silent for a while, his face a mask of concentration. When he spoke at last, it was slowly and deliberately. First, he said that the term "idealism" should be replaced by "basic value judgments." In practice, he said, he didn't compromise between his "idealism" and the "necessities." More frequently, he had to sustain his value judgments against "bureaucratic inefficiency" or "dogmatic positions." He is a convinced pragmatist, he said, and believes in the "principal values"—decency, honesty—but hates "dubious principles frozen into dogma."

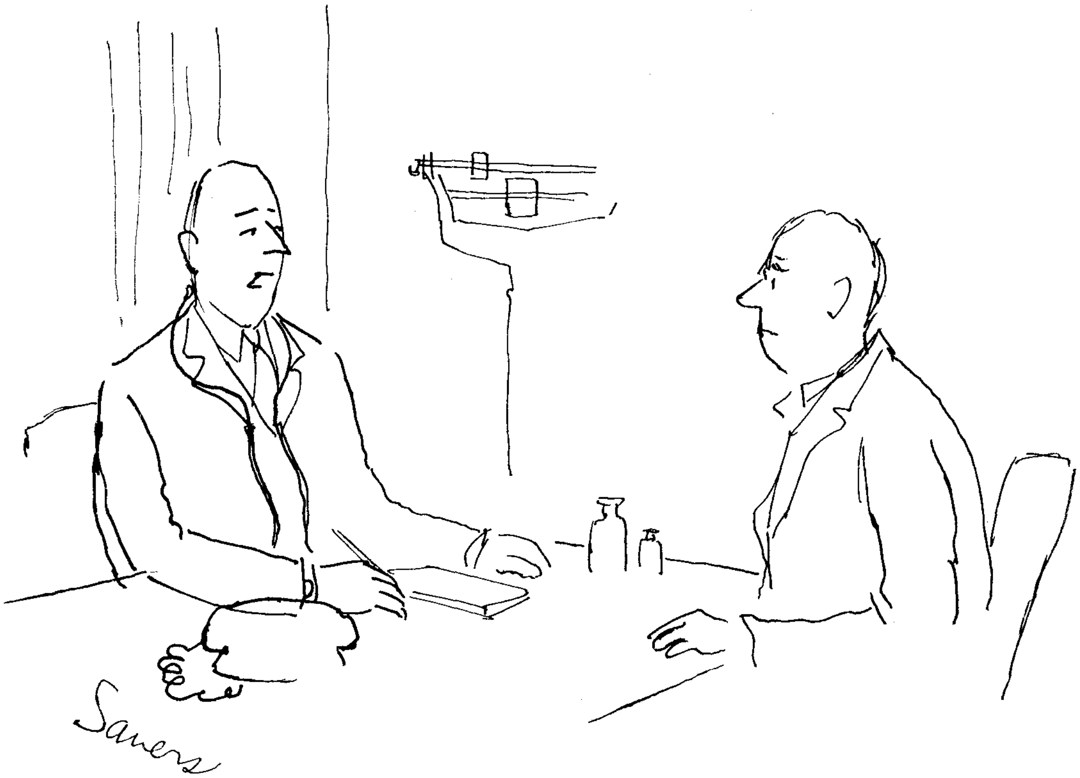
Brandt went on, "One must be careful when one expresses value judgments. But I am often surprised how much understanding and compassion there is among our people when one succeeds in explaining oneself." Later, he said, "Germans are beginning to understand that it is no longer enough to vote for a man and let him do his job. They want to be sure that he does what they consider the right thing. They look at the way we politicians are doing our job, which is as it should be." Brandt now has serious problems with young comrades of his in the Social Democratic Party—the Jusos, or Young Socialists—who believe that the Party is getting "too bourgeois," and refer to it as "the old aunt." In recent years, there has been talk, as there was when Brandt was a young Socialist years ago, of a split in this party, which is Germany's oldest. During one of my latest conversations with him, Brandt briskly dismissed such talk by exclaiming, "Rubbish! A man elected to public office doesn't have to become a living cliché. There is always room for ideas and improvement. I was a revolutionary myself when I was young, and quit the Social Democrats for a splinter group."

He has had different problems with people of his own generation, who have been through the full cycle of Versailles, the Weimar Republic, the Third Reich, defeat, postwar anarchy, and economic rebirth. "Oddly, sometimes they understand us better than the young ones do. The older people have looked into the abyss. They know that our nation came close to being annihilated."

I FIRST met Brandt in the late nineteen-fifties, when he was Governing Mayor of West Berlin. He and Bahr, who was then his press secretary, always had time for visiting reporters. Both were journalists at one time. Brandt had been a working newspaperman during the years between 1933 and 1946, when he was an exile in Scandinavia. As Governing Mayor, he was candid in his comments and straight in his answers—no "on-the-other-hand" stuff. He liked America and Americans then, and he went on liking them when such feelings started becoming unfashionable in Western Europe. After he became Vice-Chancellor and Foreign Minister, in 1966, and Chancellor, in 1969, I often saw him on television—usually in moments of crisis, when his deeply furrowed face and the tortured look in his eyes revealed the tensions under which he worked. In such moments, he made me think of Heinrich Heine's gloomy observation "*Denk' ich an Deutschland in der Nacht,/ Dann bin ich um den Schlaf gebracht*" ("Thinking about Germany in the night,/ I am bereft of sleep").

I mentioned the Heine quotation to Brandt one afternoon not long ago, when I sat across from him in his office in Bonn, on the second floor of the Federal Chancellery—the old Palais Schaumburg. From his desk, Brandt has a view of the beautiful grounds and the old trees by the Rhine but not of the river itself. The office of the Chancellor remains basically unchanged since the days of Adenauer. Adenauer liked fine paintings and tapestries, and the Federal Property Administration sent some handsome things over—a Tintoretto portrait, two other Old Masters, an old tapestry from Flanders, and two old clocks. The office was peaceful—a good place to meditate, which Brandt often does in the morning hours, when he tries to avoid seeing people. When I quoted Heine, he nodded; obviously, the words had passed through his mind more than once. He looked healthier than he does on television, and far less harried; he told a couple of jokes on himself, and sometimes he paced back and forth as he tried to clarify something. I sensed his strength, his patience, his kindness—and also a stern interior that recalled the first Chancellor. During our long conversation, he mentioned Adenauer several times, admiringly, but never his two immediate predecessors.

"Brandt is an introvert, a lonely man, who sometimes forces himself to be an actor when he thinks it's necessary," a friend had told me. "Yet even in such moments he remains himself. He is one actor who would never put on an act." Sometimes the walls of his office seem to become too confining for him; he needs contact with



"I wouldn't worry, Mr. Davis. A lot of men get depressed after Super Bowl."

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people. Two or three times a week, he spends a few hours in the headquarters of the Social Democratic Party (of which he is chairman). His party comrades have come to admire his physical stamina. During his most recent campaign, in 1972, which lasted five weeks, Brandt and his aides rarely slept more than three hours a night. At the end of the trail, they were just about ready for the hospital; Brandt went home, slept fifteen hours, woke up, and when he went to his office he appeared to be fully refreshed.

Brandt usually gets to work at around 8:30 A.M., by which time he has read the German morning papers—including *Die Welt*, published by the notoriously conservative Axel Springer, which rarely fails to berate him. A friend says, "He wouldn't rely on any sort of résumé of the German press. He wants to know what the people think. He never avoids bad news. He has no talent for self-delusion." During the fifteen-minute ride from his comfortable residence on the Venusberg, a hill overlooking Bonn, in his black Mercedes 300 SE, bearing West German plate 0-2 (0-1 is the number of Federal President Gustav Heinemann), he reads a digest of the international press and radio reports and commentaries, compiled for him in the early morning hours. Arriving in his office, he finds on his desk a folder marked "Secret"—security reports, cables from his ambassadors, letters from foreign statesmen. Brandt, a fast reader, moves rapidly through the material, underlining key sentences with a green felt-tipped pen. "I've known many editors, but he's the best," says Klaus Harpprecht.

Brandt is fluent in German and Norwegian, and he speaks good English and French, as well as some Spanish and Italian. He is the author or co-author of a dozen books, one of them an autobiographical work, entitled "My Road to Berlin," and the rest on historical and political subjects. He hopes someday to write a history of social democracy and a biography of one of his great heroes, the German Social Democratic leader August Bebel, who was a founder of the Party. But although Brandt is always conscious of history, he never talks of himself as a maker of history. After returning from a long trip abroad not long ago, he said, "It's really fantastic how well this country can be ruled without a Chancellor."

"WHEN we Germans try to be profound, we often wind up being merely obscure," the late Wieland Wagner once observed to me. Brandt obviously agrees, and tries to avoid this pitfall for the sake of the many Germans who have long suspected that their politicians often meant the opposite of whatever it was they were trying to say. Still, many of these Germans have found it difficult to get used to Brandt's direct style. He abhors flowery language, and would never use a pompous phrase like "historical turning point." Just as he prefers to hear unpleasant news straight, he himself never offers involved explanations. He can be quite subtle, but not where a basic truth is concerned. After being bitterly attacked by the opposition for supposedly giving away too much in West Germany's 1970 treaty with the Soviet Union, he told a television audience, "Nothing has been conceded that was not already long ago gambled away."

Brandt was in Bonn in 1971 when he was told that he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. He responded with a casual "So, so," which didn't fool his friends, for they remembered that in Norway in 1936 young Brandt had helped launch an international petition to the Nobel Committee suggesting the left-wing, pacifist German journalist Carl von Ossietzky for the award. Ossietzky, then a prisoner, was forbidden by Hitler to accept the prize (just as in 1970 Alexander Solzhenitsyn was forbidden by the Soviet regime to accept the Nobel Prize for Literature). Brandt was chosen unanimously by the five members of the Nobel Committee, from among forty candidates. "As Head of the West German Government, and in the name of the German people, Chancellor Willy Brandt has stretched out his hand to former enemies and introduced a policy of reconciliation," the citation says. Brandt's opponents in Germany called the award "premature" and "political," since it would help him to win votes in the 1972 national election. But millions of Germans considered the award a very special acknowledgment of changes in their country, and a symbol of a decisive break with their past.

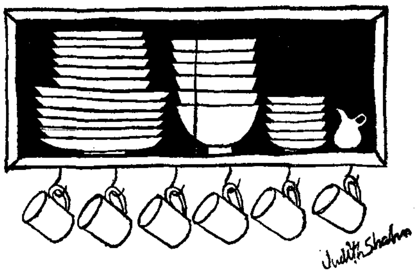
Brandt has never hesitated to tell his people blunt truths. "No one can simply shake off the past," he has said. "But almost anybody who has good will and the wish can learn from the past." He has also said, "We couldn't become a superpower even if we wanted to," and "Our young people must not be burdened with their fathers' sins, but the young must understand that they have obligations toward state and society." Of his own government he says, "It was not set up for the purpose of receiving applause."

Brandt's attitude toward artists and intellectuals is reminiscent of John F. Kennedy's. Some of his best friends are intellectuals, but he thinks that many intellectuals lack the necessary inner toughness to handle political power. Brandt himself had a first-rate humanistic education at the Johanneum, a noted *Gymnasium* in Lübeck, where he was among a few working-class students given scholarships. Later, he studied history and philosophy at Oslo University, although the war brought his studies to a premature conclusion. He says that if he hadn't become a politician he would have liked to be a historian. Brandt reads a lot, mostly modern history, and he respects Germany's politically concerned writers (Heinrich Böll, Günter Grass, and Siegfried Lenz among them), some of whom he knows well. But, inevitably, they give him some problems. Certain of them have urged him to use his influence and the leverage of his *Ostpolitik* to help the persecuted intellectuals in the Eastern countries. Böll has called the failure to deal with this issue "the weakest part of the *Ostpolitik*." Grass endorses Brandt's policies of détente but attacks "cultural policies that become the compromise fodder for economic agreements." Brandt's defense is that the plight of the Eastern intellectuals was never brought up "officially" in the discussions leading to the treaties with the Soviet Union, Poland, and East Germany. The treaties, he said, were concerned with only three issues: military détente; increased economic, technical, and scientific contacts; and what the Russians call "*kultura*" and Brandt, with a smile, calls "*Zirkusartisten*"—literally, "circus artists"—meaning the exchange of all sorts of artists, including great musicians and the Bolshoi Ballet.

BRANDT has no illusions about his *Ostpolitik*. He knows the risks involved, and he also knows that nothing can be gained without such risks. He saw a lot of Adenauer in his last years, and often reminds friends that, in one of their conversations, Adenauer said to him, "We must talk to the Russians—we can't go on treating them as my successors have been doing. Herr Brandt, they're doing that all wrong." Adenauer, who had exercised so much statesmanship to take West Germany into the Atlantic Community, saw clearly at the end of his life that the next step was to "talk to the Russians," without loosening the Federal Republic's Western ties. But his own Christian Democrats wouldn't listen to him. Brandt, too, has repeatedly said that West Germany's *Westpolitik* has priority but is completely compatible with his *Ostpolitik*. At the Party congress in Hanover in April, 1973, he told the delegates, with particular reference to the Party's noisy leftist minority, "The Social Democrats have no use for primitive 'anti' attitudes, and especially not for anti-Americanism." Brandt has not been able to completely convince official Washington, though, where some diehards still regard him as a radical. And some of the French politicians who nearly wrecked the Atlantic Community not long ago have accused Brandt of "neutralism." Jean Monnet, however, who was a chief architect of the West European Alliance, has praised Brandt, and recently told him, "I never dared hope that you could achieve so much in so short a time."

Adenauer always considered himself the man destined to lead Germany during his era. He may have sensed that Willy Brandt was the man destined to lead the country during the era that followed. Adenauer, the Catholic burgher from Cologne, understood the Protestant proletarian from Lübeck who had briefly been a Norwegian citizen. *Der Alte* predicted the eventual failure of Ludwig Erhard, Adenauer's Christian Democratic successor, and seemingly he never really trusted Kiesinger, another Christian Democrat, but Brandt's decency-with-toughness and his European civic spirit appealed to him.

I asked Brandt how he felt when he heard, recurrently, that there had been more gunfire at the Berlin Wall as fugitives tried to reach West Berlin. "I feel as unhappy as everybody else here does," he said. "But I also try to think of the things we have achieved. After more than nineteen years, West Berliners can again telephone to East Berlin. Since the four-power agreement was signed, in June, 1972, some ten million people from West Germany have travelled by car or railroad to East Germany and East Berlin. Ten million people. In the nineteen-fifties, when I decided to drive for the first time from West Berlin to Bonn, people warned me I might wind up in Siberia. At a checkpoint, the People's Police had a *Fahndungsbuch*, or 'wanted' list. My name was on it, but after it the typed sentence '*Ist zu verhaften*' ['Must be arrested'] had been scratched out, and somebody had written in longhand, 'Must not be arrested.' Of course, people are upset about the shooting at the Berlin Wall, but many don't realize that there are watchtowers and barbed-wire fences even along the frontiers between Communist countries—that shooting goes on along the border of Russia and Rumania. We must continue our efforts to open up fences, to create paths for people to cross borders *legally*. There is no alternative, so every possibility must be explored. We recently had a meeting in Braunschweig at which German and Polish experts compared the history textbooks used in the schools of the two countries. The Poles asked whether we objected to the way certain delicate matters were presented, and they made some changes. It's at least a *beginning*, isn't it?"



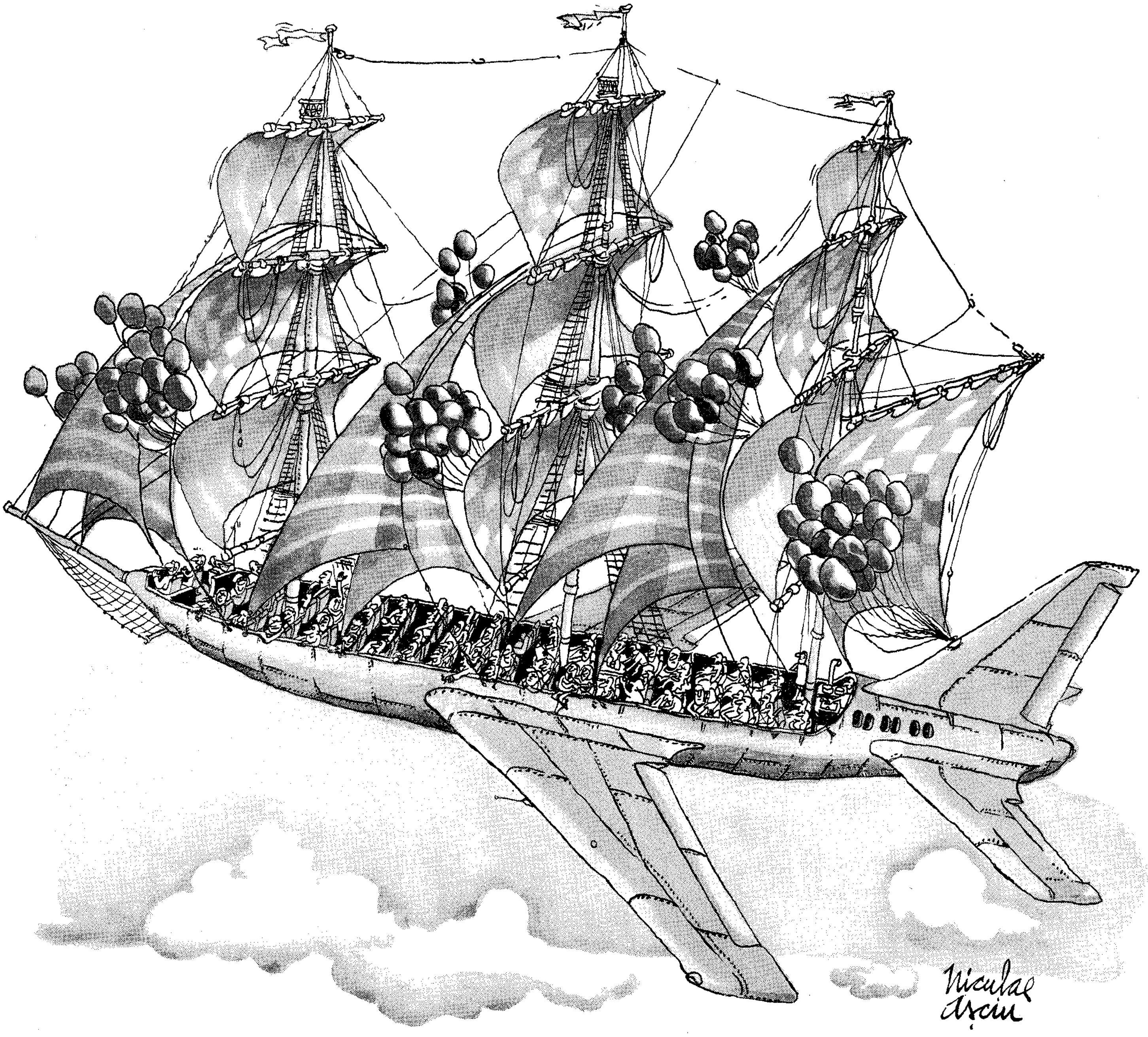
I said it was. But, I asked, what about East Germany, where new history books have been written beginning with the Year Zero—1945?

Brandt sighed. "*That*, I'm afraid, is a matter for the future. At the moment, we would just be happy not to have an *Ost*-Goethe and a *West*-Goethe, but just Goethe."

There is no agreement among Brandt's friends about exactly when it was that he began to formulate his "policy of reconciliation." "The new approach was not conceived on a certain day, after a certain event," says Egon Bahr. "Historical epochs don't begin on a certain day. Exactly when did the Renaissance begin? Brandt's approach—it wasn't yet a policy—was the result of events and experiences, of motivations and reflections. Certainly Nikita Khrushchev's ultimatum late in 1958 demanding that the four-power status of Berlin be abolished and that it become an independent entity was such an event."

State Secretary Dieter Spangenberg, who has been close to Brandt since the Berlin days, says, "I remember occasions after Khrushchev's ultimatum when Brandt, the Governing Mayor, called three or four of us to his office at night, after a hard day's work, and began thinking aloud. Obviously, he told us, one couldn't go from one ultimatum to the next—which might be the last."

Bahr says that the building of the Berlin Wall, in August, 1961, was another factor in Brandt's deciding on his policy of reconciliation. "The Wall



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was like a terrible traffic accident. The victim is taken to the hospital, operated on, wakes up after surgery, and is taken to his room, where friends are waiting. They tell him he is lucky he didn't lose his life. Then the friends go away. Eventually, the patient discovers that one of his legs has been amputated."

The event that made the strongest impact on Brandt during this period, according to Bahr, was the death of eighteen-year-old Peter Fechter, who attempted to escape from East Germany on August 17, 1962. He was shot by East German Vopos while clinging to the Wall, and American soldiers at nearby Checkpoint Charlie looked on helplessly. "From that day on, Brandt's thinking progressed logically," Bahr told me. "Under international law, the Wall was illegal. Quite a few people in West Germany and elsewhere were comforted by their knowledge that right was on their side, but that didn't solve the problem. Brandt never fooled himself, and he never tried to fool others. He saw clearly that we would have to walk the narrow path between legal claim and brute force. Most people, probably, think that right comes before might, but Brandt, I believe, was the first German official to say publicly that peace must come before right. This ran counter to the innermost convictions of millions of righteous-feeling Germans. Brandt knew that his statement might be politically suicidal, but he was not primarily concerned with his personal political fortunes. He had become convinced that an approach had to be tried, no matter what the risks." The approach was first tried publicly by Bahr, in a speech on July 15, 1963, in Tutzing, Bavaria.

The risks are still enormous. Brandt's critics call his *Ostpolitik* "naïve," and say that its benefits have been small, which they have. The Poles have shown the Germans their new history textbooks, but they continue to present obstacles to the repatriation of ethnic Germans from Poland to West Germany. East German border guards are still shooting. The Czechs have zeroed in—certainly with the Kremlin's approval—on the delicate issue of whether the interests of West Berlin's courts, corporations, and institutions may be represented by West German consulates in Prague, Budapest, and Sofia. Brandt is playing it cool. One of his advisers, a boxing fan, says, "Brandt can take terrific punishment and keep coming back." Among Brandt's greatest assets is his unflappability. In this respect, he remains a Berliner. Until 1972, there were no relations between the two Germanys, he says, and now there are bad relations, but someday there may be better relations: "Short steps are better than no steps at all."

THOUGH Brandt's natural tendency is to wait a long time before making a decision, he has made a few of his most fateful ones on the spur of the moment. During the evening of November 5, 1956, after the Hungarian uprising had been crushed by Soviet tanks, tens of thousands of outraged West Berliners assembled in front of the Schöneburg City Hall and called for a march on the Russian sector. Brandt (not yet mayor but president of the city parliament) directed them instead to the Memorial for the Victims of Stalinism, in West Berlin's Steinplatz, where he led the crowd in singing "I Had a Comrade," an old soldier's song. Then, upon hearing that a part of the crowd had broken away to march on the Brandenburg Gate, he jumped into a car and arrived in time to head them off. Some people in the crowd had thrown their torches at the soldiers of the East German Vopos, who had their rifles at the ready. Brandt implored the demonstrators, over a loudspeaker, not to let themselves be provoked. He brought the angry crowd to a halt near the Soviet monument, a few hundred yards from the Gate. He made a short, tough, impassioned speech, and asked the people to sing the national anthem with him. Finally, the crowd dissolved. Everybody agreed that Brandt had prevented a bloodbath.

An even more critical situation arose on August 16, 1961, three days after the East Germans began to build the Wall. The square in front of the City Hall was again filled with a hysterical crowd, which wanted to march toward the Wall and pull it down. There was nothing hopeful that Brandt could tell the people. To his friends he had said angrily, "Kennedy has cooked our goose!" That morning, he had sent off a strong personal message to President Kennedy, who was sailing off Cape Cod. (Earlier, he had told the Allied command, "You let yourselves be kicked in the behind by Ulbricht." They had remained silent, for they had no "instructions" from their governments.) Bitter and depressed, Brandt scribbled down a short speech, but he threw it away as he walked out to face the crowd. "We were literally trembling," Bahr said later. Brandt made a short, magnificent speech. "The morale of the world is worth as much as the morale of Berlin," he said. "We cannot act in such a way that our enemies will rejoice and our countrymen will despair." Later, Brandt insisted that it wasn't what he had said but how he had said it that averted a catastrophe.

Almost ten years later, he had to make another swift decision. He had gone to Erfurt, thus becoming the first West German Chancellor to set foot on the territory of the German Democratic Republic. There had been a moving scene in front of the Erfurt railroad station. When Brandt got to his rooms at the Erfurter Hof, where he was to confer with Willi Stoph, the East German Prime Minister, a crowd in the square below began shouting, "Willy Brandt to the window!" It was, Brandt later said, "triumph and tragedy." He understood the historical impact of the moment, and also its potential danger. He was *the* symbol of freedom to the East Germans. Conrad Ahlers, then his press secretary, said that the Chancellor should show himself. Brandt stood up slowly ("At such moments, he seems taller than his five feet ten and a half inches," a friend says) and told Ahlers, "We don't want to make any trouble here." He walked to the open window and stood there. Down in the square, the people saw his face, and they grew silent. They understood. Brandt did not wave at them. He lifted both hands very slightly. "He stood there for a minute, unsmiling and unhappy," a man who was there remembers. "He knew he must not do anything that might create havoc in the square and break up the talks with Stoph, which hadn't yet started. After a long, last look, he firmly closed the window. Inside, no one spoke. Later, Brandt said, 'All right, a Chancellor may have feelings, but he must know how to control them.' "

Brandt *did* give in to his feelings one morning in December, 1970, when he was in Warsaw to sign the treaty between Poland and West Germany to "normalize relations." In the course of his visit, he was taken to the site of the Warsaw Ghetto to lay a wreath at the memorial there for the victims of Nazism—a customary gesture for a visiting statesman. Spontaneously, the Chancellor dropped to his knees, and for a time remained

"Try as I may, I keep blowing the pronunciation of 'prurient.' "

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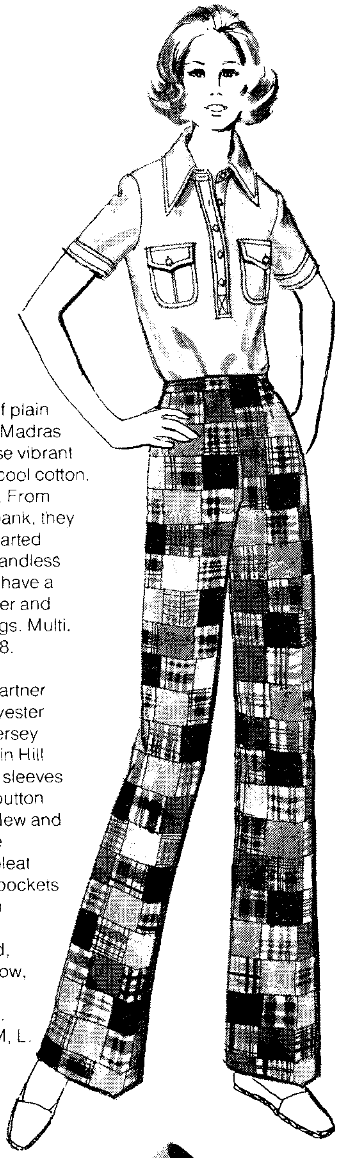

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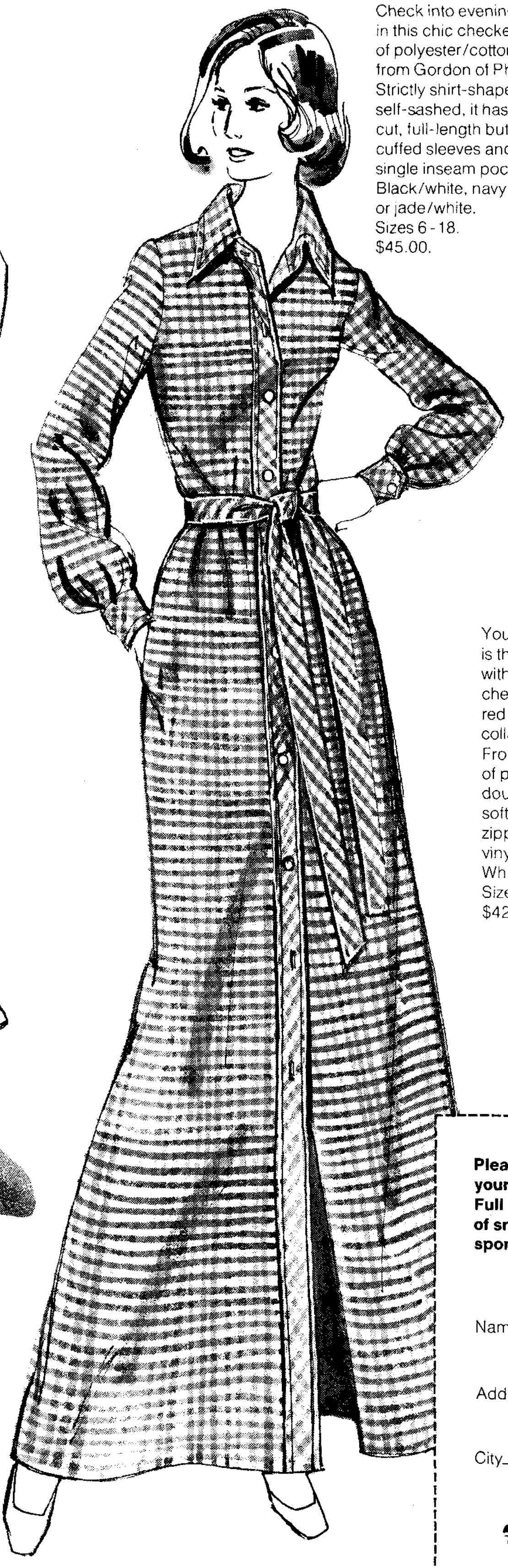

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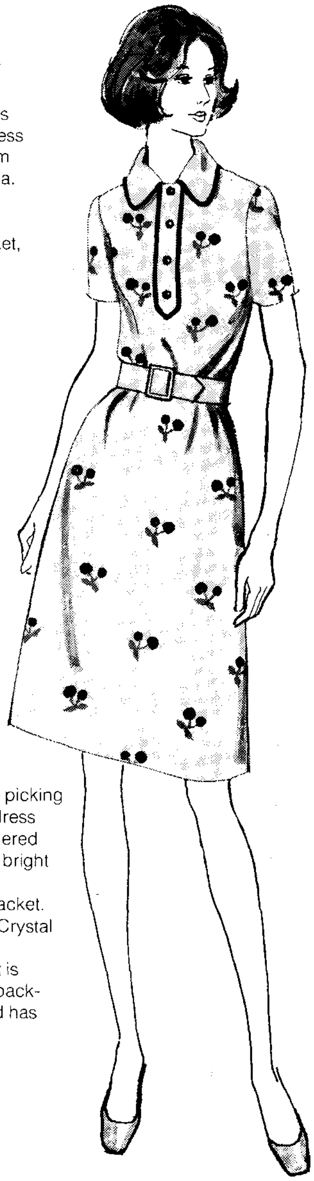

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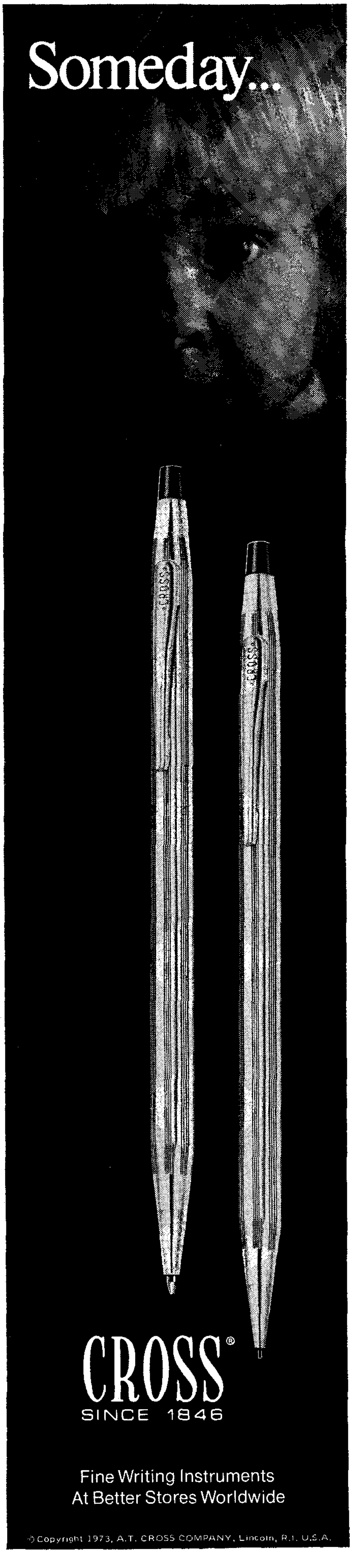
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kneeling on the stone steps. After the incident was reported, millions of his fellow-Germans expressed disapproval, even outrage; a "good" German, they said, does not kneel. This was, of course, one of the best Germans—one who had never, either actively or passively, been involved in any Nazi crimes—and he could afford to kneel. (After he became Chancellor, he said, "Hitler has definitively lost.") The German voters knew all about his background. "That my countrymen voted for me simply proves that they had made an irrevocable break with the past," Brandt told me, almost casually. That was the nearest he came during our conversations to referring to himself as a historical figure.

Brandt's friends are not surprised when he lapses into a meditative silence in the middle of a conversation and completely withdraws. He sits like a statue—and, indeed, he has been called "the bronze Chancellor." His advisers have learned to differentiate among the kinds of silences that Brandt is prone to. "His intense silence can be devastating," a confidant says. "It profoundly disturbs even experienced politicians. Brandt can express *everything* by saying absolutely nothing." Then, there is his glacial silence, which puts his advisers on the *qui vive* even as it immobilizes his opponents. The results of this silence are often astonishing. Brandt suddenly comes to life, sums up the various opinions expressed thus far, and gives his decision. He never fails to explain the decision, and always gives credit to those whose advice he has rejected, because they, too, helped him to make up his mind. "He falls asleep with his eyes open," an adviser says, "especially during long sessions of unproductive talk." Biologically, he remains awake and recharges his batteries, and the moment somebody says something that seems to make sense he becomes alert and listens carefully. Old British Foreign Office hands think it's an even better performance than the one that Sir Winston Churchill used to put on when he would surreptitiously switch off his hearing aid.

Brandt avoids taking a rigid position unless it is absolutely necessary. He has a terrible time firing anyone. Being a man of strong loyalties himself, he expects loyalty from those close to him. The defection of Karl Schiller, the former Economics Minister who resigned his post a few months before the 1972 elections, in protest against the government's monetary policy, was a shock, and, for once, Brandt was heard to express some personal bitterness.

He gets angry but doesn't stay angry. He got angry when President Nixon, misled by erroneous computer projections during the night of the German election on September 28, 1969, telephoned the Christian Democrat Union's candidate, Kurt Kiesinger, to congratulate him. Later, Brandt remarked, "To err is human, especially long-distance." He has a built-in sense of fairness and has learned to accept defeat—a lesson that many Germans have not yet learned. (German soccer fans still complain about "the third goal," referring to a dubious goal scored by the English team during overtime in the world-championship finals in Wembley, England, in 1966; Germans have actually written several books on the subject.) The catalogue of qualities displayed by Brandt, but not often by many of his countrymen, also includes a knack for effective understatement and a wry, dry Anglo-Saxon sort of humor.

It has been said that the two great comeback stories in recent political history are those of Richard Nixon and Willy Brandt. The comparison is both facile and irrelevant. Each man reached the top after surviving two devastating defeats, but there the similarity ends. Brandt became Chancellor when he had ceased to have any personal ambition; he told friends, "Sometimes in this life one becomes somebody when one no longer wants to be anybody." And, again in contrast to Nixon—who was elected in 1968 by an unequivocal margin—Brandt, when he stepped before the television cameras fifteen minutes before midnight on Sunday, September 28, 1969, and said quietly, "I shall form the next Federal Government," was aware only that his Social Democrats, combined with the minority Free Democrats, *might* have a tiny majority, perhaps a mere eight seats. He had no illusions about the opposition of the C.D.U., which had ruled Germany for twenty years and had become accustomed to the thought that it would rule forever. On October 21st, the Bundestag elected him, with two hundred and fifty-one votes—three more than the necessary absolute majority. (Adenauer had been elected for the first time, in 1949, with a majority of only one vote.)

Brandt's election as Chancellor is seen by his followers as a blessed moment in the tortured history of Ger-

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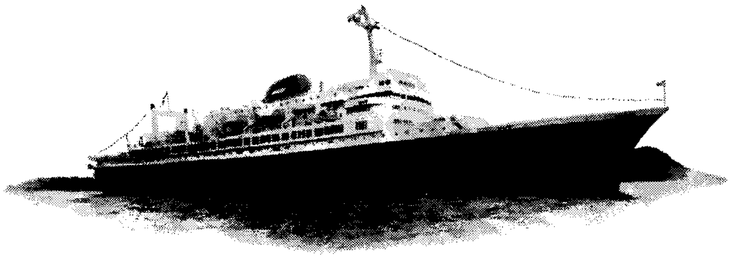

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many and by other Germans as something quite different, but, in any event, it was something of a political miracle: the transformation of a complete outsider into the ultimate insider. In his speech accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, in December, 1971, Brandt said, "When he made his will, Alfred Nobel is supposed to have said that he would leave nothing to a man of action, for this would tempt him into giving up his work. He would 'rather help dreamers who find it hard to succeed in life.'" The description seems to fit Brandt, for he was a young Red (he is still called "*ein Roter*" by many German burghers), who became a full-fledged member of the Social Democratic Party before he was seventeen and an emigrant at nineteen, and thus a traitor in the eyes of many who then considered themselves good Germans. (He spent the war years outside Germany—a circumstance that still makes some people regard him as a dubious outsider.) For a while, it was said that he drank too much—and Brandt admits that he did during the early postwar years in Berlin, when he wasn't certain where he was going. Even his immediate family was criticized, after his oldest son, Peter, denounced his father's political views a few years ago and took part in anti-Establishment demonstrations in Berlin. Brandt says, "I don't always agree with my children's views. Sometimes it's harder to convince them than members of the opposition. How could I ask people to be tolerant if I showed no tolerance toward my own family?" Brandt likes to keep his private life private, which is difficult in Bonn, a small, gossipy place. He married his first wife, Carlota, a Norwegian, in Oslo, in 1940. They had one child—a daughter, Ninja, who became a schoolteacher in Oslo, and who often visits her father. Brandt and Carlota parted in 1944, "without hard feelings." Four years later, Brandt married Rut, also a Norwegian, in Berlin. They have three sons. Brandt dislikes public pomp and diplomatic circumstance, and prefers to spend his evenings at home. After his election as Chancellor, he stayed on in the Foreign Minister's official residence, a pleasant house with spacious grounds. After dinner, Brandt may listen to some music (usually classical or romantic) and then go up to his small library to work; he always carries a briefcase home with him, and a member of his staff says, "When we send something up there in the evening, we usually get a decision in the morning." In Bonn, Brandt is known as a *fleissiger* (hard-working) *Kanzler; Fleiss* (hard work)

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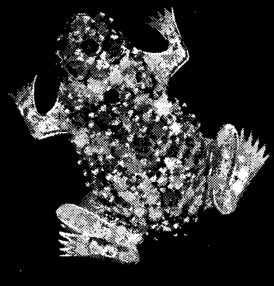

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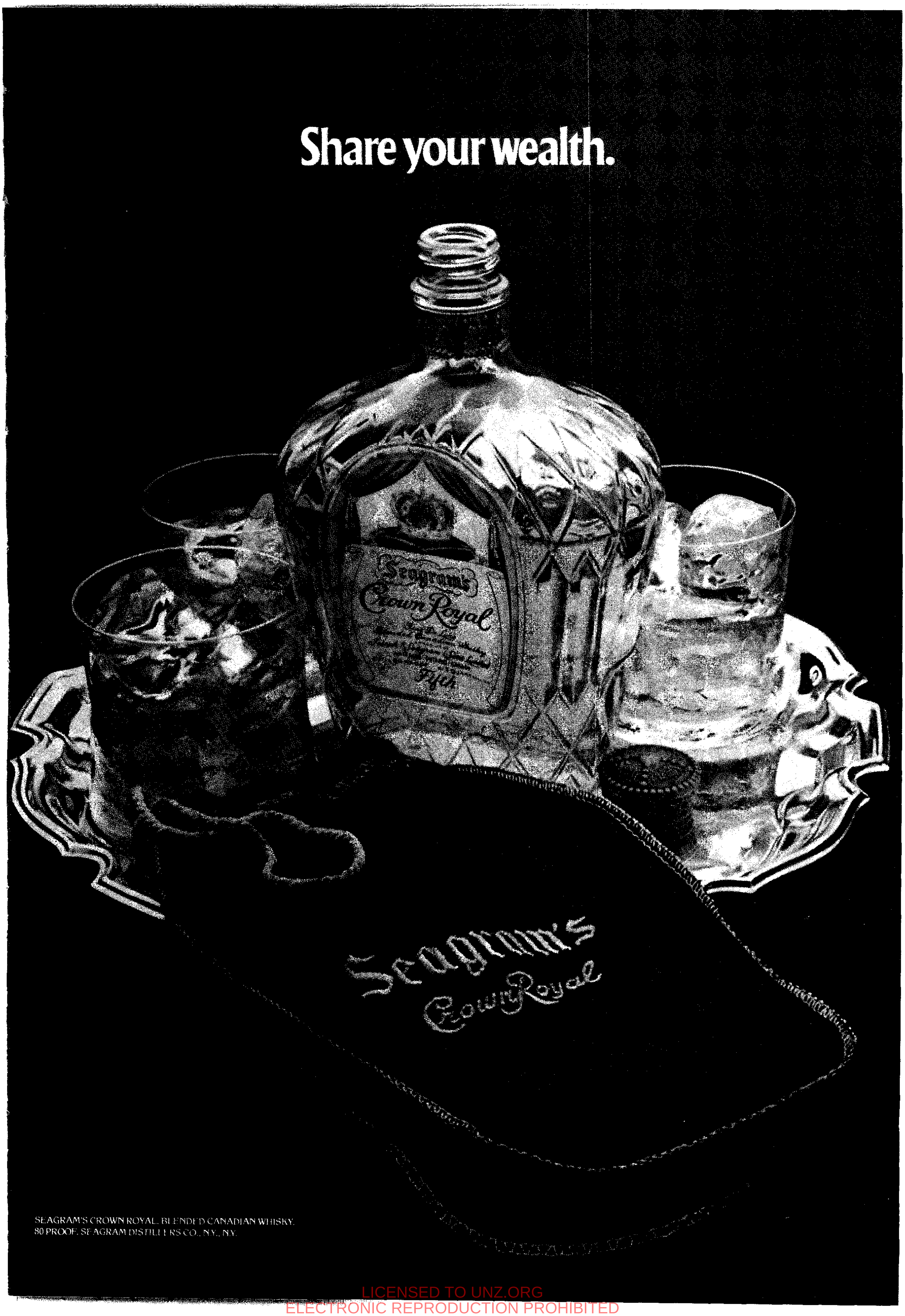
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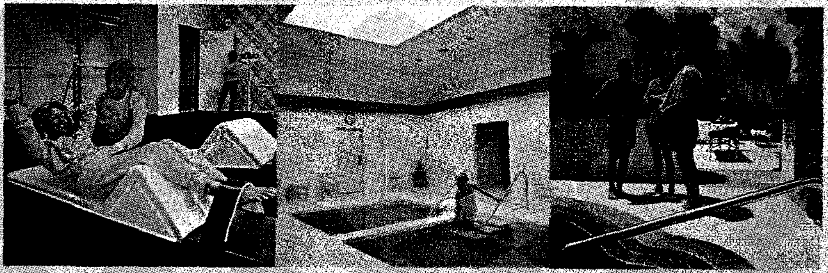

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remains a much respected virtue in Germany, and is one of the reasons the Germans are—as Brandt jokingly said to me—"so indecently well off." Brandt's idea of a nice evening is to have a few friends in to share good, heavy German food—lentils and sausages, pork and cabbage—and good talk, mostly political. Gradually, he may drift into reminiscence. "You can be sure that August Bebel will come up," one friend says. Later, Brandt may tell a few jokes. He loves to tell jokes, and tells them during Cabinet meetings when the atmosphere gets tense; his ambassadors abroad collect jokes for him, usually about prominent foreign statesmen. Unfortunately, he doesn't always tell them well, and he may be the only one who laughs, while his listeners look puzzled.

Brandt is often thought of as a Berliner, but he became a Berliner only after the Second World War. He was born in the Lübeck workers' district of St. Lorenz—a world away from Thomas Mann's Buddenbrooks—on December 18, 1913. An illegitimate child, he was named Herbert Ernst Karl Frahm. In "My Road to Berlin," written with Leo Lania and published in 1960, he says, "Of the boy Herbert Ernst Karl Frahm I have only a vague recollection. The mother was very young, a salesgirl in a coöperative store. . . . He bore the name of his mother; the father was never mentioned at home." In an introduction to "In Exile," a collection of Brandt's writings of the thirties and forties, Terence Prittie writes, "Illegitimacy was probably more of a spur to him than anything else, a spur to make his own way in life, relying completely on himself, forming his own views and philosophy of life. He grew up poor, with a deeply ingrained belief in human freedom and dignity, and social justice."

"Home was a modest worker's flat—one room and a kitchen—but to him it was not a home," Brandt writes. His mother was working, and he was left alone, with "practically no playmates." Later, he lived with his maternal grandfather, to whom he became attached, and his step-grandmother. His grandfather, "a simple, honest man," had been a laborer on an estate in Mecklenburg, where *his* father "had still been treated like a bondsman and had been whipped more than once." The grandfather was a follower of August Bebel, who was then leader of the Socialists. Bebel and Ferdinand Lassalle, another father of German Socialism, are Brandt's great German heroes. "At thirteen, Herbert was granted a scholarship to high school, and the next year he entered the Johanneum," Brandt's memoir continues. "At that time, his mother married. Her husband was a warmhearted bricklayer . . . from Mecklenburg, a Social Democrat, like the grandfather. Herbert called him uncle. . . . An opaque veil hangs over those years, gray as the fog over the port of Lübeck. . . . It is hard for me to believe that the boy Herbert Frahm was—I, myself."

The boy drifted into journalism, writing articles for *Der Volksbote* (*The People's Messenger*), which was the local Social Democratic paper. He won a prize—a copy of James Fenimore Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales"—and joined the Social Democratic Scout movement, the Falcons. In 1930, he became a member of the Party. ("I can almost say that I was born into Social Democracy.") The minimum age was eighteen, but the boy had been recommended by the editor of *Der Volksbote*, Julius Leber, who was also a Reichstag deputy, and whom the boy greatly admired. (That year, Hermann Müller, the last Social Democratic Chancellor of the Weimar Republic, bowed out.)

Brandt often broods over the fateful early nineteen-thirties, when so many teen-agers became easy game for the Nazis. As a "born" Socialist, he could never join the Hitler movement, and neither could he have joined the ranks of the silent majority, who, out of fear that "one might get into trouble," did nothing against the Nazis. Brandt thinks that two Germans out of three were such "conformists." He fought the Nazi hooligans in the streets, he has written, at a time when one still might have stopped them. But as Chancellor he makes a careful distinction between guilt and responsibility. "Guilt is individual," he explained to me. "I never killed a person, and I saved a few from being killed. I don't feel guilty over many other Germans' killing so many people. But all of us must carry, to the end of our days, the responsibility for what happened during the Hitler regime. From this responsibility we can never be absolved. I've never believed in the thesis that the Hitler regime was the 'logical' consequence of the mistakes of Versailles—that it was 'inevitable.' No. The fact is that we anti-Nazis perhaps did not do everything possible to prevent the advent of Hitler."

In 1931, against Leber's urgent advice, the boy left the Social Democrats

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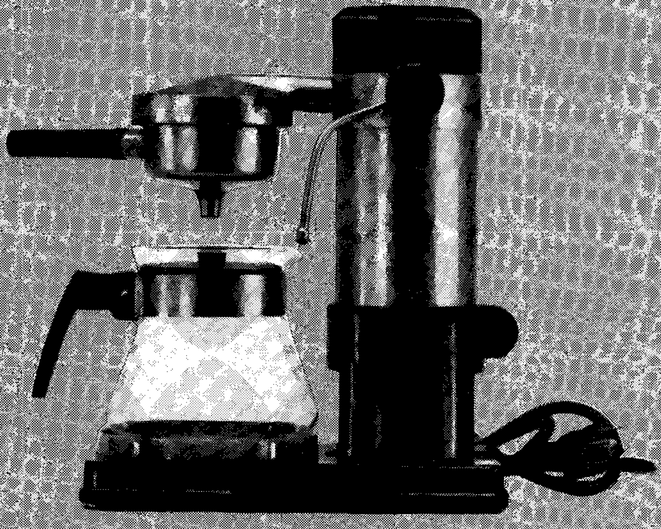

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to join a new left-wing splinter group called the Socialist Workers Party, because he felt the Social Democrats had become too conservative. There was much street-fighting against the Nazis, but it was hopeless. On January 30, 1933, Hitler came to power. Two days later, Leber was arrested. Some weeks after that, Socialist organizations were declared "illegal." Brandt went to Berlin to attend an underground Party congress. He has written, "To escape the police I had to conceal my identity. . . . I travelled under my Party name of Willy Brandt." (Brandt, he explains, is a name common in Lübeck.) The Party advised the boy to leave the country. From Travemünde, on the Bay of Lübeck, a fisherman took him to the Danish island of Lolland. Eventually, he reached Oslo; met Finn Moe, the foreign editor of *Arbeiderbladet*, which was the organ of the Norwegian Labor Party; and was granted a small monthly allowance. After a while, he was drawn back into the mainstream of the Social Democratic Party. He began to read and write Norwegian, wrote for trade-union magazines, and kept in touch with the Socialist underground in Germany.

In the summer of 1936, Brandt got orders to take charge of Organization Métro—the underground Socialist unit in Berlin, which consisted of a couple of hundred members organized into cells of five. Berlin was a sea of swastikas when he arrived; it was the summer of Hitler's Olympic Games. Brandt had some hair-raising experiences. Once, he met a Norwegian Nazi sympathizer who wanted to know all about his Norwegian connections. Another time, he was recognized—but not betrayed—by an old friend from Lübeck. He read Hitler's "Mein Kampf" from beginning to end—"a heroic accomplishment," he says.

Brandt soon found out that willful ignorance of what was happening in Germany was a common reaction: people who did nothing to help the Nazis engaged in what he called an "inner emigration"—just kept away from politics. The following year, Brandt went to Spain as a correspondent for Scandinavian newspapers, reporting on the Loyalist side of the war. He became confused and then disenchanted by the fratricidal squabbling among the various leftist groups. After he had intervened in the kidnapping of a young Socialist by the Communists, he writes, "The Communists denounced me no longer merely as a 'social-fascist' but also as a 'Franco agent,' and a 'spy of the Gestapo.' "

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Brandt was back in Norway in April, 1940, when the Wehrmacht invaded the country. Since he was an expatriate German and not a Norwegian citizen (although he had recently been informed by Trygve Lie, then Norway's Minister of Justice, that he might soon get his naturalization papers), he was in a far from enviable position. His Norwegian friends decided that the safest thing for him to do would be to put on a Norwegian uniform; it had become known that the Gestapo was looking for him. He never carried arms against the German invaders, as some of his detractors in Germany later claimed. (They even went so far as to suggest that he had fired on Germans. Brandt had to go to court in 1965 to quash such libels.) Together with several hundred Norwegian soldiers, he was taken to a prisoner-of-war camp. (The uniform "did not fit too well, but nobody could find fault with my Norwegian pronunciation," Brandt writes, adding, "Those were depressing days.")

In June of 1940, Brandt and the other Norwegians were released. For a while, he lived in a friend's secluded summer house on an island in the Oslo fjord. Then it was decided that he would have to leave Norway for Sweden, to avoid being recognized by the Gestapo and jeopardizing his Norwegian friends. In July, Brandt reached Stockholm, and there he was told that the Norwegian government-in-exile had approved his citizenship. "Now I was a two-fold immigrant: a German who had fled to Norway, and a Norwegian who had escaped to Sweden," he writes. He was not yet thirty. Else Ström, the Swedish journalist, told an American friend a few years ago that she had a vivid recollection of the group of Socialist refugees in Stockholm. "There were two young men among them. Everybody said they would be going places. Their names were Willy Brandt and Bruno Kreisky." (Kreisky is now Federal Chancellor of Austria.)

After the war ended, the Social Democratic Party newspapers in Norway sent Willy Brandt to Nuremberg to report on the trials of the Nazi war criminals. In his autobiography, Brandt continues:

> I was most deeply affected by . . . conversations about the extermination camps and the mass executions behind the front. Some of my friends pretended to know less about it than they actually did. But why? They were above suspicion, they themselves had been victims of the tyranny. Now one could see the fatal psychological effects of the thesis of the collective guilt. Horrified at the charge that "every German was a murderer" and conscious of the fact that they would not

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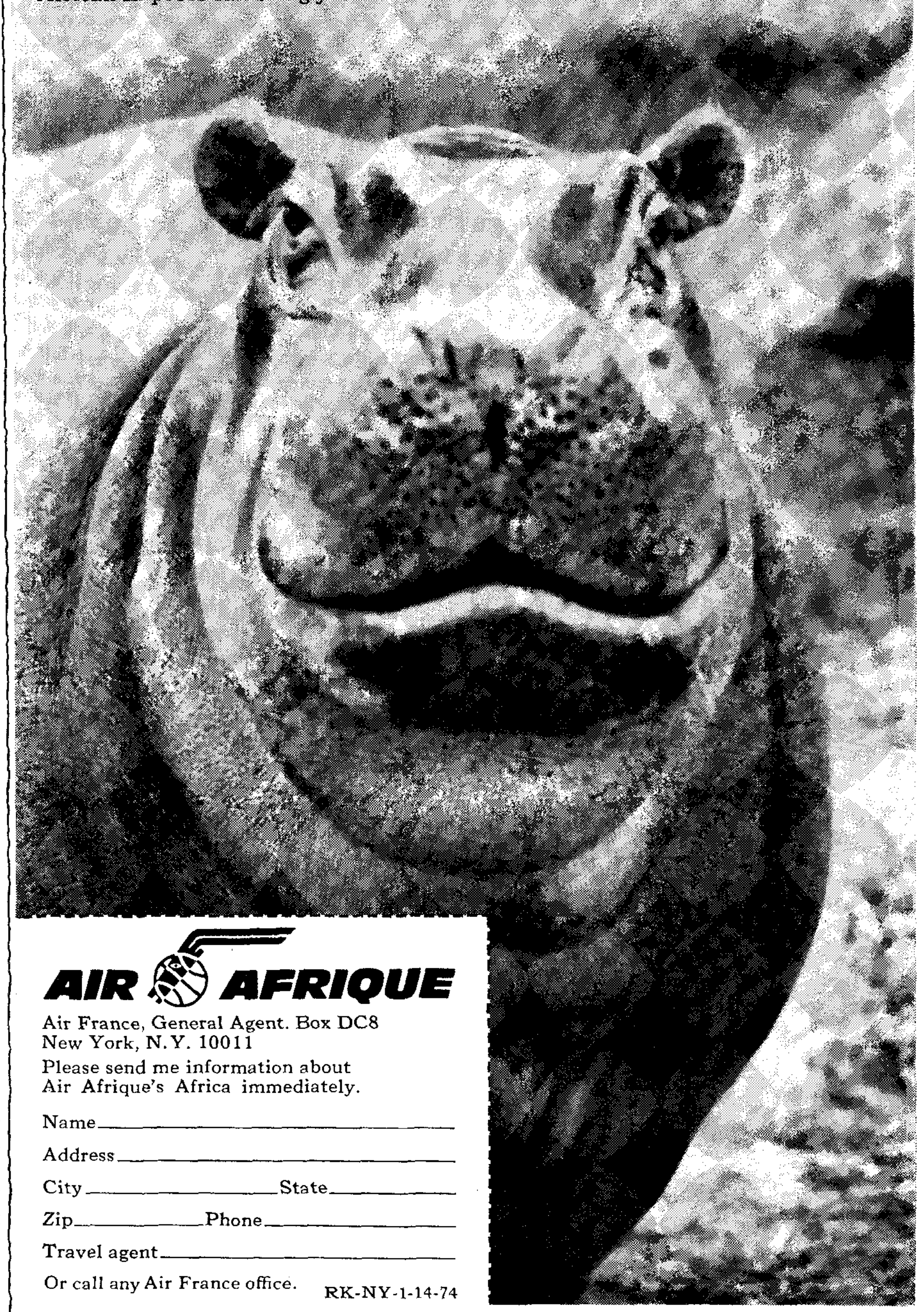

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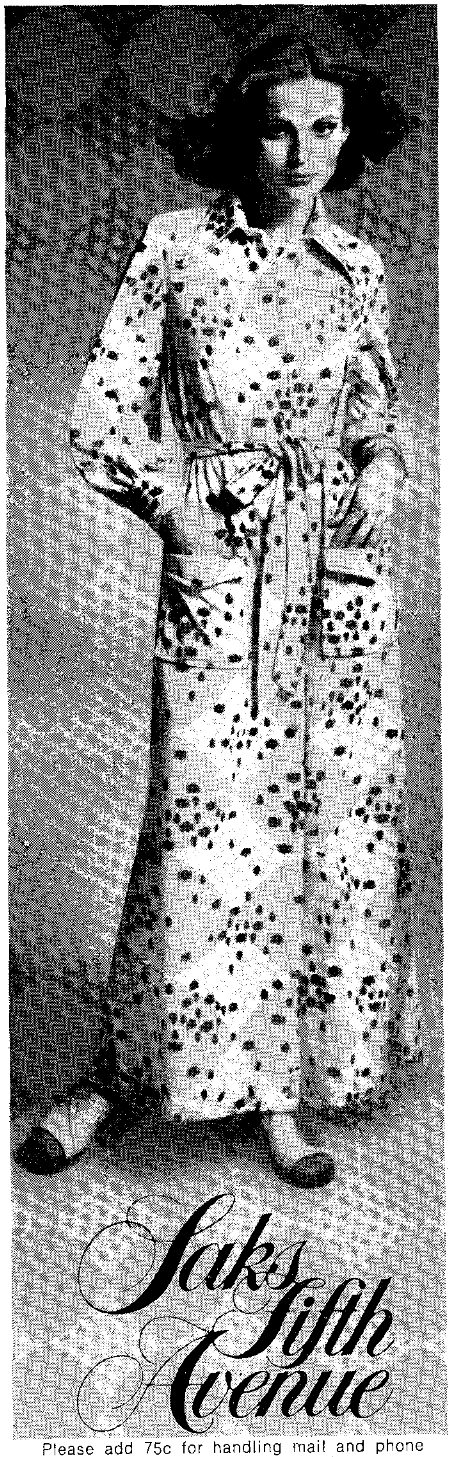

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have been able to prevent these foul deeds even at the risk of their lives, these friends took refuge behind paltry excuses and tried to minimize to themselves the actual extent of the crimes.

IN 1946, Halvard Lange, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, asked Brandt to join the country's diplomatic service, and soon sent him to Berlin as press attaché, with the rank of major and attached to the Norwegian military mission, accredited by the Allied Control Council. He arrived at Christmastime. The things that dominated Berlin that winter were mountains of rubble, deep craters, cold and hunger, shame and bitterness. Probably as a result of the prevalent sense of despair in Germany, Brandt made a momentous decision: Late in 1947, he gave up the personal and material privileges of a Norwegian diplomatic passport, and applied for renaturalization. He told me, "Actually, I didn't brood much before making my decision. There really was no alternative. It was harder on Rut." Trygve Lie wrote to a friend in Sweden, "Brandt serves as an example that blood is thicker than water," and Brandt was hurt. Brandt later wrote, "He said it because during a discussion I had emphasized that one must not condemn the German people collectively for the crimes committed during the Nazi regime."

The philosophical problem of guilt and responsibility has never ceased to bother Brandt. "I'm still trying to understand how so many people of my own generation became involved in these terrible murders," he told me. "After the war, while I was still Norwegian press attaché in Berlin, a group of us diplomats were taken to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. I talked with some of the former guards who were waiting to be tried. Several of them had been my age, nineteen, in 1932, shortly before the *Machtergreifung* [Hitler's seizure of power]. They couldn't know what was going to happen—had no idea that millions of human beings would be exterminated like vermin. They fell for the speeches, the slogans, the flags, the songs. I am sure there was no thought of crime among them at that time. I remember one man, who had been a barber in Spandau. He told me how he'd become involved. It was simply a matter of standing at attention, saying 'Yes, sir,' and obeying orders. In the beginning, the orders were simple and relatively harmless. Then came more speeches, more indoctrination, still more speeches, special security rules, and *very* special orders. Gradually, the man felt himself driven almost inexorably toward the very center of crime. I asked him whether it had ever occurred to him to disobey his orders. He looked at me as though I were mad. He said, 'One of us, just one, refused to join an execution squad. He said he could not kill women and children. The next day, he was executed.' And so the young man went on 'doing the job,' as he called it. I asked him what he told his wife when he came home on leave. 'Good heavens,' he said, 'I told her nothing. She wouldn't have looked at me anymore.' "

Brandt was gazing through the open windows of the Chancellery at the trees down by the Rhine while he talked, but he seemed to be seeing something else. Now he said, sadly, "Apparently, we are able to distinguish clearly the boundaries between man and beast, but we are unable to see the line that goes straight through some men and makes them part man and part beast."

I asked Brandt what he thought his career might have been if he hadn't gone to Berlin at the end of the war.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "A while ago, I was looking at a batch of old letters, from 1946. They brought back a time I'd almost forgotten. A friend from my Scandinavian days named Theodor Steltzer, who had been on the staff of General von Falkenhorst in Oslo, had secretly joined the Kreisauer Circle, a group of influential Germans plotting against the Nazis. Although he and Count Helmuth von Moltke, the head of the group, did not approve of the July, 1944, plot for the assassination of Hitler, after the plot failed Steltzer was arrested and sentenced to death. Some Scandinavian friends saved him from being executed. He was a founder of the Christian Democratic Union in Berlin, the first postwar Prime Minister of Schleswig-Holstein. He asked me to be a candidate for mayor of Lübeck. Then I got letters from my home town. The comrades in Lübeck asked me to continue the heritage of Julius Leber, who had been involved in the bomb plot against Hitler and had been tortured and executed early in 1945. I thought it all over and decided to stay in Berlin. Berlin was already a microcosm of the East-West problem. It has been said that the Governing Mayor's job in Berlin, later, gave me a lot of 'exposure.' That was true. But if I hadn't stayed in Berlin, I might have been elected to the eleven-man Social Democratic Party presidium

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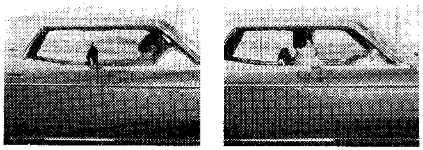

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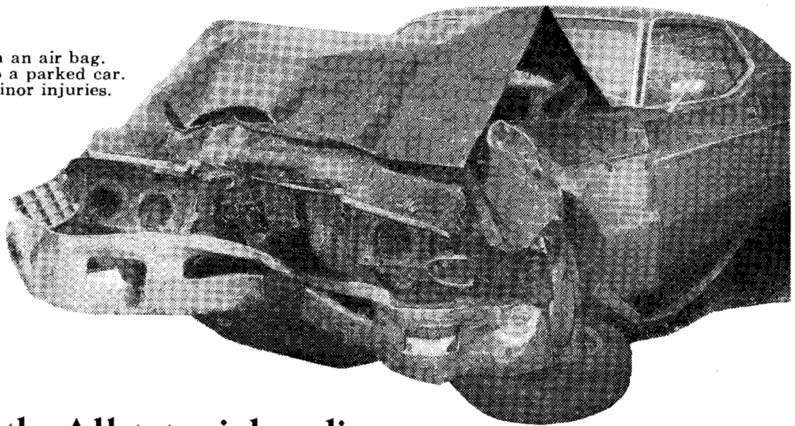

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as early as 1948. Actually, that happened ten years later. But Berlin became *the* Cold War symbol. Its mayor would deal as an equal with the Western statesmen. He was removed from party squabbles and the political infighting in Bonn."

It was no secret in Germany that Adenauer had little love for Berlin and avoided going there. In 1950, Brandt was elected to the Berlin city parliament, in which the Social Democrats were the strongest party. Brandt was a pupil and friend of Ernst Reuter, the Social Democratic veteran who had become Governing Mayor during the Blockade, in 1948-49. Many people in Berlin identified Reuter with the city's defiant attitude. His admirers called him the most remarkable man in Germany; his detractors, both Communists and right-wing Germans, hated him because he had once been a protégé of Lenin. The leftists called him a "traitor," and the rightists a "revolutionary." Reuter had been in concentration camps, had managed to secure his release with the help of some British Quaker friends, had spent the war years in Ankara, and had returned to Berlin in 1946, at about the same time as Brandt. Both Reuter and Brandt had become Europeans the hard way. Both knew that the dogmatically run Social Democratic Party would have to change its philosophy, which had been substantially unchanged since the Party's formation in 1866. (Brandt later wrote, with Richard Löwenthal, a book about Reuter.)

The early nineteen-fifties were often politically painful for Brandt, since he was not always *persona grata* with the Party chairman, Kurt Schumacher, a doctrinaire ideologist who had lost his right arm in the First World War, and his left leg as a result of injuries inflicted by concentration-camp guards. During the Hitler regime, he had spent years totally isolated in concentration camps; when he came out, crippled in body and inflexible in mind, he led his party in traditional class warfare and bitterly attacked Adenauer, who wanted to integrate West Germany, with West Berlin, into the European and Atlantic Community.

Brandt was a faithful Social Democrat, but his Scandinavian years had made him an enlightened internationalist and a deep believer in Europe. He very soon realized that there was no real hope for the swift unification of Germany. After Schumacher's death, in 1952, the Party remained firmly controlled by old-line dogmatists, and Brandt was still considered an outsider.

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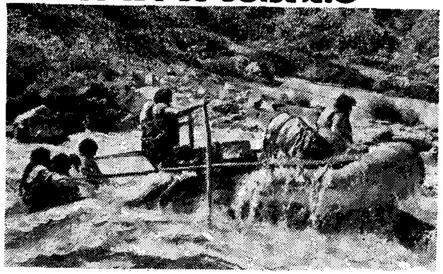

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But his abilities could not be overlooked. In 1955, he was elected president of the city parliament. After his dramatic action following the Hungarian uprising, even opponents in his own party couldn't hold him back. Reuter had died in 1953; he had been succeeded first by Walther Schreiber, who served for two years, and then by Otto Suhr, who died in 1957. In that year, Brandt became Governing Mayor of West Berlin.

Brandt's contribution to the survival of West Berlin is now part of German history. "I soon learned that the Berliners were at their best in a real crisis," he has said. So was he. Khrushchev's ultimatum expired at the end of May, 1959, on a day that was, Brandt now says, "like any other." By that time, Brandt felt strong enough to start the long-overdue reforms inside his party. The Godesberg Program, the result of a Party congress in Bad Godesberg in November, 1959, brought the Social Democrats out of their doctrinaire isolation. Brandt, defending the heritage of Julius Leber and Ernst Reuter, maintained that the Social Democrats would have no chance of ever governing Germany unless the Party changed direction and divested itself of old red-flag symbols and Marxist slogans identified with Soviet Communism. Social Democracy, or "democratic Socialism," would have to concern all the people of West Germany, or as many as possible. Brandt argued that the Party would never win control in Bonn unless it gave up its traditional hostility toward religion and accepted the principles of a free-market economy and private ownership of the means of production. Finally, the Godesberg Program emphasized that the Party must become anathema to the Communists. Brandt modestly calls himself only one of the architects of the Godesberg Program, saying that others also contributed a great deal: the late Fritz Erler, Gustav Heinemann, and Herbert Wehner, the last of whom had also spent the war years outside Germany—first in Moscow, where he learned something about the Stalinist terror ("the terrible nights in the Hotel Luxor when one heard footsteps between 2 and 4 A.M."), and later in Sweden. Wehner had been in jail in Russia, and had forsworn Communism as only a man can who has known all its horrors.

The Godesberg Program ultimately proved to be the blueprint for the Social Democratic Party's electoral success, but it remained heresy to Socialist old-timers. Furthermore, Brandt's success in Berlin, paradoxically, seemed to con-

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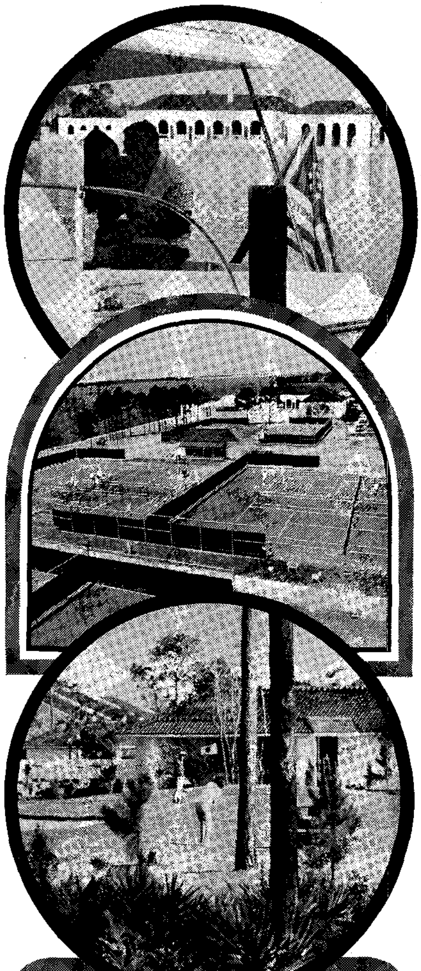

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vince a majority of Social Democratic voters that he would not be the right man for the job of Chancellor. In 1961, as the Social Democratic candidate for Chancellor, he lost to Adenauer, but his party won 36.3 per cent of the vote, a gain of five per cent over its showing in the previous national election. However, he still had his critics, and they were particularly numerous and outspoken among the university-educated, who called him a "*Filmheld*" (movie hero) and "a symbolic figure for the Berliners." He was not considered "serious" enough for the Palais Schaumburg—he didn't have enough "substance." Some solemn West German burghers had come to think of Berlin as some Americans think about southern California. At that time, Brandt was more highly regarded in the United States than in Germany. He lost the election of September 19, 1965, to Ludwig Erhard. Many people still thought of him as a *Roter*, or simply as a maverick—his fate seemed to be that of a nonconformist in a country dedicated to conformism. During the campaign, one opposition group put up posters reading "We Shall Not Vote for a Traitor."

AFTER his second defeat, Brandt announced that he would not be a candidate for the Chancellorship in 1969. He felt deeply depressed about having let down his party twice; he admitted that, personally, he had not "come out of the campaign unscathed," and said that apparently he was a born loser. Worse, he was convinced that the majority of his fellow-Germans would never believe the "emigrant" Brandt to be a "good" German. He resigned his seat in the Bundestag, for he did not want to lead the opposition. An editor of *Der Spiegel*, Günter Gaus (who is now West Germany's first emissary in the German Democratic Republic), wrote angrily, "Brandt hasn't worn out the mantle of candidate—he has merely declared that it is now a jacket for hire." Many people said that Brandt's political career was over. He said he was going back to Berlin, and how could he lead the Party from Berlin? No, poor Brandt would become "the Hindenburg of the Social Democrats," honored but powerless.

Brandt says now that the worst part of it all was that he himself believed he was finished. But gradually he came to feel that it was not the end but the beginning. "I withdrew within myself. I made a balance sheet of the past. I began to realize how much I had done wrong." He had listened to the image-makers and the public-relations people. They had told him he must not talk about his early childhood or his years in exile, though he had wanted to. They had said it would murder his image. They had told him to smile for photographers. They had written speeches for him promising, among other things, "a blue sky over the Ruhrgebiet"—then one of Germany's most heavily polluted regions, where the sky was always gray and filled with odious fumes—if he was elected. They had said he must not make statements like "A good German cannot be a nationalist." He was right, of course, but imagine what the opposition would make of it.

In Berlin, Brandt spent much time alone, taking long walks and reflecting on the past. Meanwhile, Günter Struve, a Party friend, began editing Brandt's writings, with Brandt's help, and Brandt was forced to retrace his career. The experience turned out to be one that helped build up his self-confidence. "I deliberately chose the title 'Draussen' ['Outside'] for the German edition of this collection of writings from the dark years between 1933 and 1947," Brandt later wrote in the foreword to the English edition, itself titled "In Exile":

> The aim has been to show, without sentimentality or empty words, that during my time "outside" I did not for one moment cease to regard myself as a German, despite my Norwegian passport, despite the happy circumstance that I found in Scandinavia a second home, to which I shall be bound by ties of loyalty and gratitude to the end of my days.

Brandt's self-analysis had changed him greatly. He told his friends, "One need not hesitate to show everything if one really has nothing to hide." At the Party congress in Dortmund in the summer of 1966 he tried to give "clear and honorably appropriate answers to the open questions of our age." He said:

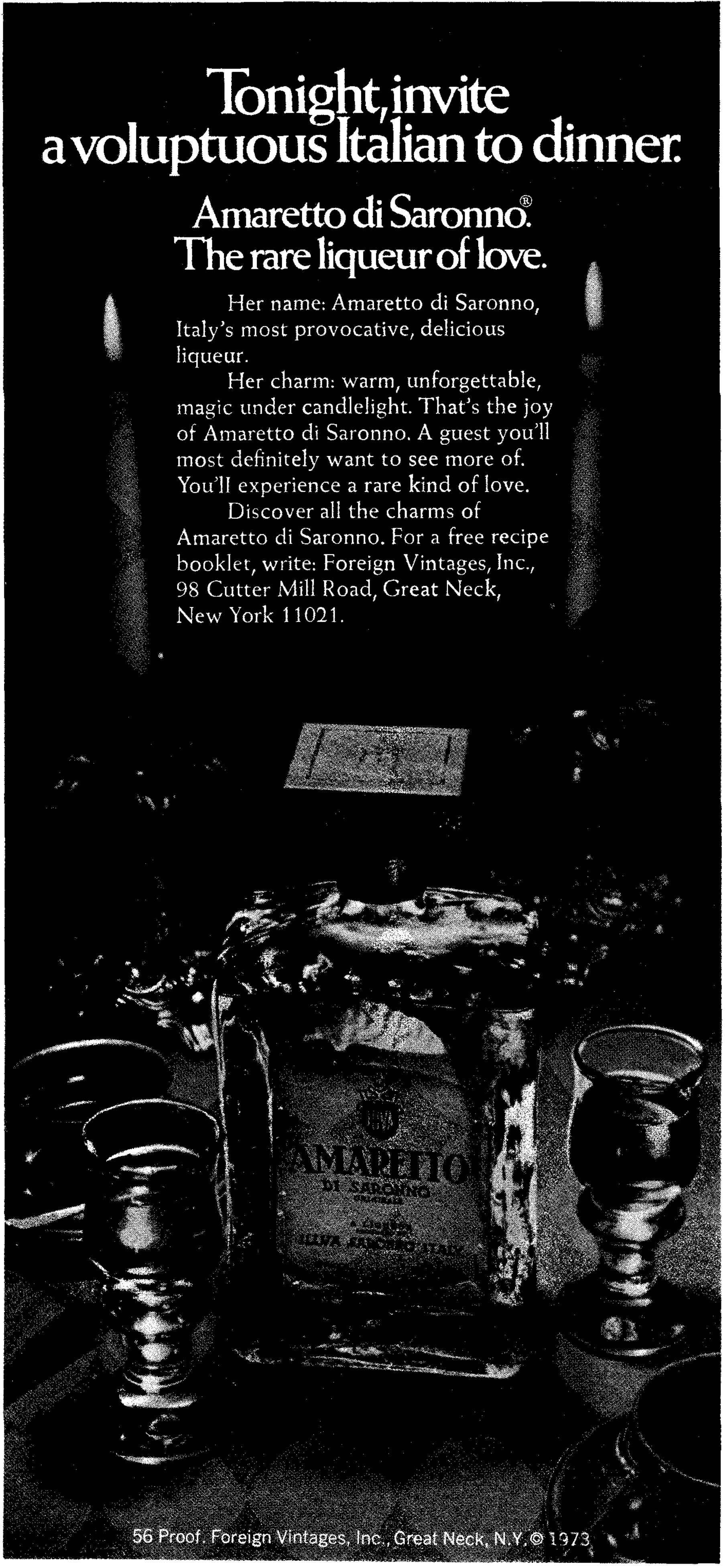
> Twenty years ago . . . most people did not think it likely that Germany would still be split in two, armed in its divided state against itself and with no practical prospect of a peace treaty. At that time . . . everyone knew that Germany had lost the war. Today, many people would rather forget the fact. . . . At that time, despite many inhibitions, there was considerable awareness of the common good, moral values, and qualities of the spirit. Since then economic success has become the yardstick of success pure and simple. . . . We need have no fear of Communism as an ideology. We need no Chinese wall policies. Even in the Communist-ruled part of the world, things are not standing still. We answer the decisive political questions in diametrically opposed ways.

> Whether we like it or not, the Communists are a big political force on German soil. But a fundamental as well as a practical political gulf divides us, one of which we are very much conscious. . . . Relations between politics and the national spirit have been disturbed in the Federal Republic. In German territories, there is widespread hypocrisy. Adult citizens should not be treated as if they were educationally subnormal. . . . The forces of the spirit have been stifled by material prosperity. Smugness, selfishness, lack of sense of responsibility have become widespread. But the nation as a whole is full of strength and healthy at heart.

The Party delegates were deeply impressed by the "new" Brandt, and they made it absolutely clear that he was still their choice as leader. He was reëlected Party chairman by a vote of 324 to 2. Brandt now says that his reëlection did not abolish his doubts about his ability to lead the nation but that he now knew he was going to lead his party in his own way.

In October of that year, Brandt suffered a slight cardiac attack. He told me, "Such an experience changes a man. Afterward, one takes a new approach to the problems of life. One learns the true values, the real priorities. One sees the world through different eyes. And that was the turning point." Brandt no longer felt that he had to vindicate himself. In spite of everything, his party and his people would have to accept him for what he was—the outsider. He was now "rather relaxed," feeling free and trying to understand how the others felt. "My decisions were based not on what I wanted to become but on what I wanted to have happen," he said.

In Bonn, on November 24th, while Brandt was in Berlin, the Social Democratic leadership, under the deputy Party chairman, Herbert Wehner, discussed a possible coalition with the C.D.U. in the aftermath of the collapse of Erhard's coalition with the Free Democrats. When Brandt heard about it, he declared himself opposed to the project, but by the time he arrived in Bonn, delayed because planes were grounded and he had to go by car, the deal had been made. "All right," he said, with a shrug. "But without me." The comrades reminded him of his duty, and at length Brandt, as Party chairman, reluctantly agreed to go along. Thus, he became Vice-Chancellor and Foreign Minister in Kiesinger's coalition government. Ironically, his status as a former emigrant, which had hurt him so much during the campaign, helped him a great deal in his new post. The Foreign Ministers of other nations considered him the ideal



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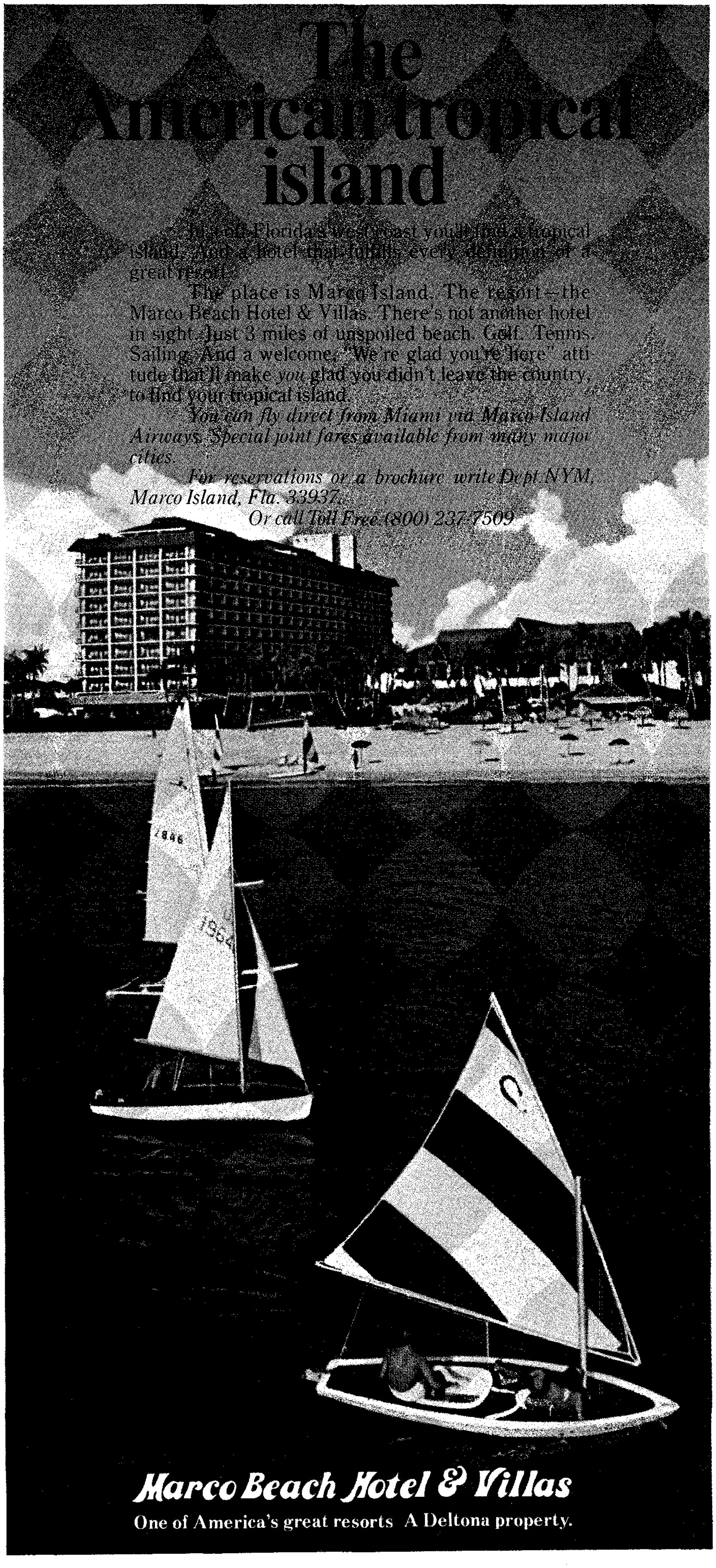
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After some time, it was recognized that Foreign Minister Brandt was trying to go beyond Germany's established relationship with the West and attempting, without illusions, to achieve understanding with its Eastern neighbors. Eight weeks after he became Foreign Minister, the Federal Republic and Rumania exchanged ambassadors. The next year, diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia, broken off after Tito had recognized the East German government, were resumed. Foreign Minister Brandt soon discovered that he "could talk to people on the other side." He spent six hours in Bucharest with Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu. After a press conference with Eastern European reporters in Belgrade, he got a standing ovation. That had happened before with Western journalists, but never to a prominent West German in an Eastern country.

When the Russians invaded Alexander Dubček's Czechoslovakia, in August, 1968, Brandt condemned the action. Though he felt it was a tragedy in two ways—his heart was with the people of Czechoslovakia, and the invasion was a setback for his policy—he determined to continue his efforts toward reconciliation.

In December of 1969, only six weeks after being elected Chancellor, Brandt established himself as a European statesman. It happened at a meeting of the heads of state of the Common Market countries in The Hague. In the aftermath of de Gaulle's strict refusal to admit Britain, the Common Market was stagnating, and its survival was in doubt, but Brandt's vision of Europe and his power of persuasion forced Pompidou to reverse de Gaulle's policy. (Nowadays, Pompidou is not pleased by Brandt's undeniable position as Western Europe's leading statesman.) In The Hague, Brandt alone was responsible for reviving the lagging spirit of Europe and creating the rare spectacle of political unity. He has not changed his ideas since, and remains a European statesman rather than a German one. At a meeting of the leaders of the Common Market nations in Copenhagen last month, for instance, Brandt proposed that all nine member nations share in any restrictions on energy consumption in answer to the Arab oil cutback.

Brandt can boast of an impressive array of enemies both in the East and in the West. Among them, presumably, is E. Howard Hunt, the convicted Watergate conspirator, who, in a thriller titled "The Berlin Ending," has a character named Klaus Werber—resembling Willy Brandt—who is West Germany's Foreign Minister and an agent of the U.S.S.R. (He is also on the point of receiving the Nobel Peace Prize.) Today, the Chancellor is best known internationally for his *Ostpolitik*, but in the history of Germany he may one day be known even better for courageously changing his country's oldest party from a negative, disruptive force into a positive, constructive one. "If you lose the center, you become incapable of governing," he told the recent Party congress in Hanover. And in a postscript to "In Exile" he wrote:

> Today, I no longer see things in terms of black and white, not even when it is a matter of explaining the victory of National Socialism in 1933. Today, I should judge an event like the war in Spain with more discrimination and careful thought. Today, I have long since overcome my anticlerical prejudices and have admitted that the churches in a free society . . . can count upon a secure place in our picture of society and on our support.

For some of the doctrinaire old comrades, and also for some of the revolutionary young ones, these are strong words. But Brandt is prepared to meet challenges from all quarters with patience and the subtle use of power. Some of his close friends claim that he uses power "reluctantly, almost too little," but they also admit that he often surprises them. "Brandt is certain that he will ultimately convince the extremists," Bahr says. When Brandt was asked recently about his relationship to power, he said, "You'll have to talk to my wife about that. In the early fifties, before I became mayor of Berlin, she looked at me in horror when I said I wanted power. She considered it something quite evil and had a hard time accepting it. Now she understands what I really meant. One seeks influence in a democratic state in order to accomplish something reasonable. That alone counts."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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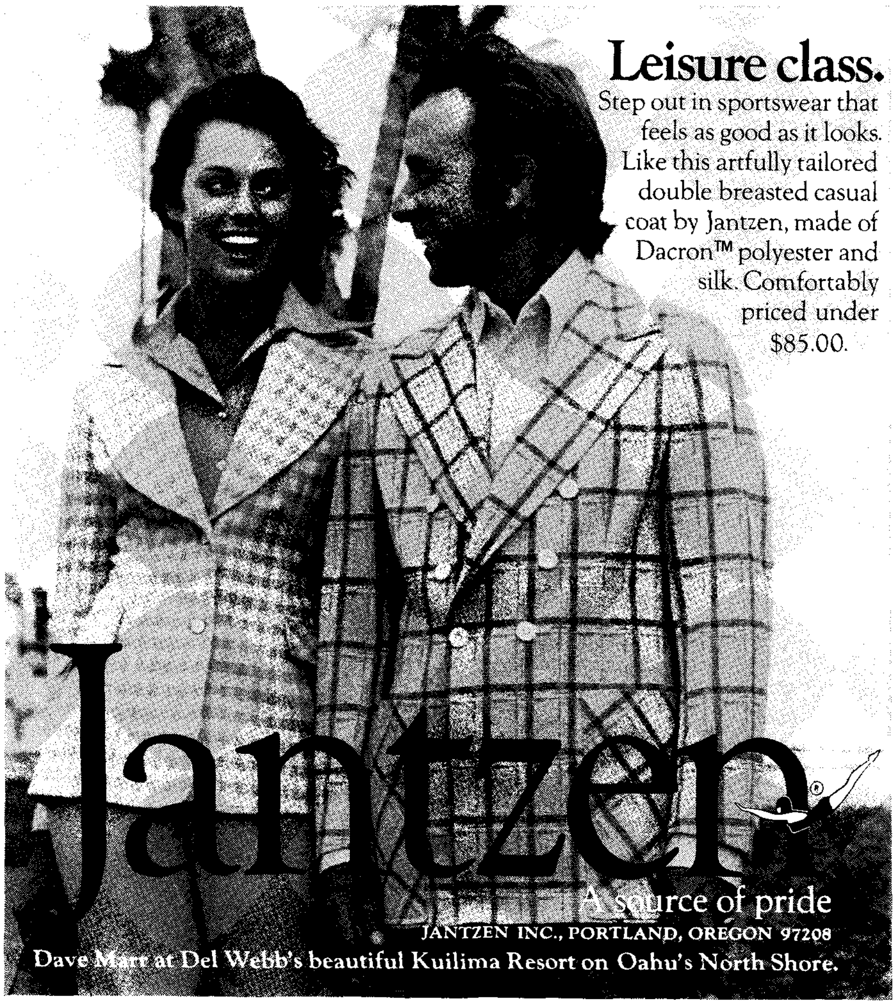

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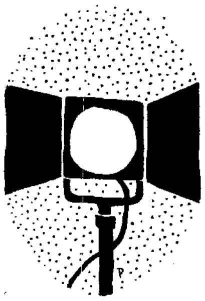
VIEWS OF HOME

JOHN HOPKINS' "Find Your Way Home," at the Brooks Atkinson, is a good play—indeed, for the first two of its three acts it is a *very* good play, and only in the last half hour or so does it begin to falter and break up, not because the playwright lacks invention or stagecraft but because he cannot bear to stultify himself in order to provide a tidy ending. He is an artist and not an actuary, and the lulling serenities of double-entry bookkeeping are not to be applied to the messy hodgepodge of heartbreak. Having pitched his characters headlong into an entanglement from which there can be no quick and orderly withdrawal, Mr. Hopkins must bring his curtain down upon an ambiguity; it is an ambiguity "just like real life," as some kindly soul is bound to say in these circumstances, but real life and a work of art have very little to do with each other, and we are right to feel that the playwright has failed us, however honorably. Impertinent and schoolmasterly though it may sound, I wish Mr. Hopkins to continue working on his play.



The plot of "Find Your Way Home" can be summarized as a triangle with trapezoidal tendencies. A middle-aged businessman has been having an affair with a good-looking young hustler named Julian (Julie, for short); the businessman has broken off the affair in order to return to his wife and adolescent children. Usually, he assuages the boredom he feels toward his wife by pursuing girls, who offer, at no risk to him, the meagre, conventional thrill of conquest; for Julie he feels passion, and perhaps even love. In the first act, he unexpectedly drops in on Julie (the setting is "a small flat in a large town in the South of England"), who has been passing the night with a shiftless and undislodgeable boor even lower down on the social ladder than he is. In the second act, the businessman's wife enters the flat and confronts the lovers. Having been under the misapprehension that Julie was a girl, with commendable speed the wife accommodates herself to the notion of her husband as bisexual; for her, as for most heterosexual women, bisexuality may be an occasion for momentary astonishment but not for lasting disapproval. A splendid three-cornered row ensues, after which the wife departs, not necessarily in defeat. In the third act, the shiftless boor insists upon displaying to the businessman the notebooks in which Julie has secretly recorded the sordid variety of his actual and fantasy life; Julie gets rid of the boor by threatening to castrate him, and the two lovers sit down to contemplate their future, such as it is. The title of the play hints that at some point in its composition Mr. Hopkins may have intended the husband to return to his family; given the character as now written, this would be not only implausible but a ludicrous repetition of an action that has already taken place before the play begins. Myself, I believe the play can end well only with the death of one or the other of the lovers; maybe it is just as well that it is Mr. Hopkins' play and not mine.

The acting in "Find Your Way Home" deserves the highest praise. Michael Moriarty is faultless as the young hustler; equally faultless are Jane Alexander as the wife who, assuming that she has done her best, discovers too late that she has done her worst, and Lee Richardson as the weak, greedy, and indecisive husband. I also admired John Ramsey as the boor, at once humorous and menacing. The play has been very ably directed by Edwin Sherin. The suitably oppressive setting is by William Ritman, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, and the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge.

AT the Morosco, we are being treated to a superb revival of O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten." Only a couple of weeks ago, I was saying, in respect to "The Iceman Cometh," that we face in O'Neill the mystery of the means by which a clumsy, verbose, and often downright dull-witted playwright convinces us that he is in fact a great one. This mystery manifests itself more vividly in "Moon" than in "Iceman," because "Moon" has even less content for its extreme length than "Iceman" has. It amounts to an extended anecdote, in which a hulking Irish-American farm girl, a virgin who sedulously pretends otherwise, cradles in her arms for a single night the drunken ne'er-do-well she loves and cannot hope to have, because he is, in his own eyes as well as in hers, already a dead man. Fierce, virtuous, foul-talking Josie Hogan will spend her life as the companion and slave of her sly and miserly father on an impoverished pig farm in Connecticut. As for the ne'er-do-well, we learn curiously little about him except that he is an alcoholic, that he frequents whores, and that he has an infantile fixation on his dead mother. He changes by not so much as the flicker of an eyelash from the start of the play to its finish, and neither does Josie or her father; yet how we listen, how we consent to that relentless torrent of talk, talk, talk! O'Neill wrote "Moon" as a coda to "Long Day's Journey Into Night;" it is not in the same class, but it thrusts itself upon us with something like the same mighty intention.

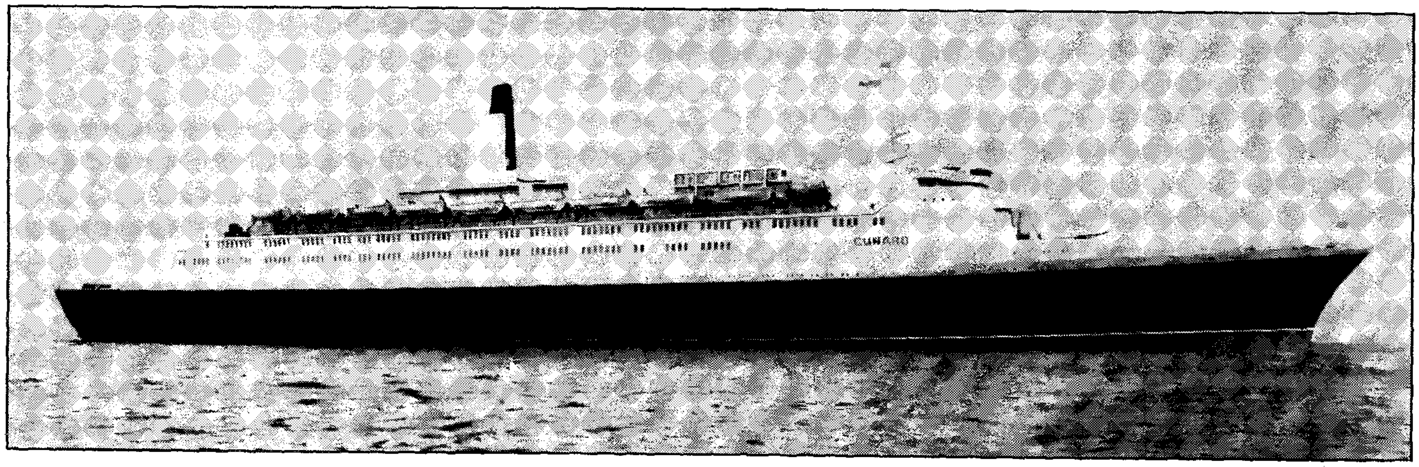
Colleen Dewhurst gives the performance of her life as Josie; in my mind, the part is hers forever. Ed Flanders, as her father, escapes by the skin of his teeth the hazard of seeming a mere funny stage-Irishman. Little by little, he lets us see that his humor is but a mask for the parsimony of his emotions; any sacrifice that Josie makes for him will be in vain. Jason Robards plays the ne'er-do-well; there is less in the role than meets the eye, and I felt that Mr. Robards was always uneasily aware of this and was in hopes that his skill would keep us from becoming aware of it as well. Instead, his uneasiness infected me and led me to feel irritation when I ought to have felt sympathy. The production, which has scenery and lighting by Ben Edwards and costumes by Jane Greenwood, is under the direction of José Quintero, to whom O'Neill is evidently less of a mystery than he is to the rest of us.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Just Deserts

BEST first on "More Than You Deserve," a new musical at the Public: The score, by Jim Steinman; the lyrics, by Michael Weller and Mr. Steinman; the entire production, under Kim Friedman's direction; and the individual performances, by a company whose leading members constitute an honor roll of Off Broadway (and



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Broadway) actors and are, variously, musical and clever and spirited and funny and proficient. As a matter of fact, when everything is going well, one can almost ignore the flaws in Mr. Weller's book, but not quite. "More Than You Deserve" (what a forgettable title) is a musical about the Vietnam war that along the way refers to and tweaks and puts on "South Pacific" without ever really parodying it. Many of Mr. Weller's characters are playable and a lot of his comedy works. It is his seriousness that is so awful; his stabs at satire, his gleeful, assumed-Brechtian smirk at pain and death, and his contemptuous equating of sexual impotence with military leadership or capability (to pick three examples) are superficial and childish and secondhand. In fact, sexual impotence is one of the principal themes of the plot: a ringleader of the G.I.s is stabbed to death and bequeaths his name and personality, along with his impotence, to a G.I. who is shy and ill at ease. The script is filled with obscenity and brutality, which are sometimes funny when they are meant to be funny and, again, offensive or footling or just showoff when they are used to comment seriously upon the hell of war.

Still, the show's the thing, not the play, and the numbers are effective. Among the most memorable are a rock song for a chorus, "Mama You Better Watch Out for Your Daughter;" a duet, "What Became of the People We Were?;" a wistful boogie-woogie quartet about the Second World War, "O, What a War!;" and, best of all, the title song, "More Than You Deserve," as sung by that wonderful singer who calls himself Meat Loaf. Mr. Steinman's professional début as a composer is the most important aspect of the evening, but not the only important aspect; there are also the actors. Marybeth Hurt (the queen of all Celias, in the Park production of "As You Like It") gives a sly, comic performance as a procuress and black marketeer. Seth Allen is fine as the stabbed G.I., and so is Terry Kiser as the buddy who inherits his bold, cheery disposition and sexual difficulties. Kimberly Farr looks pretty and sings well as a young woman war correspondent (who is gang-raped by the soldiers and becomes a delighted nymphomaniac—there's a sample idea of Weller's!), and Fred Gwynne is just right as a love-struck, vacant-headed major. Scott Salmon is responsible for the choreography, Miguel Romero for the settings, and Steve Margoshes for the musical arrangements, all of which are admirable.

—Edith Oliver

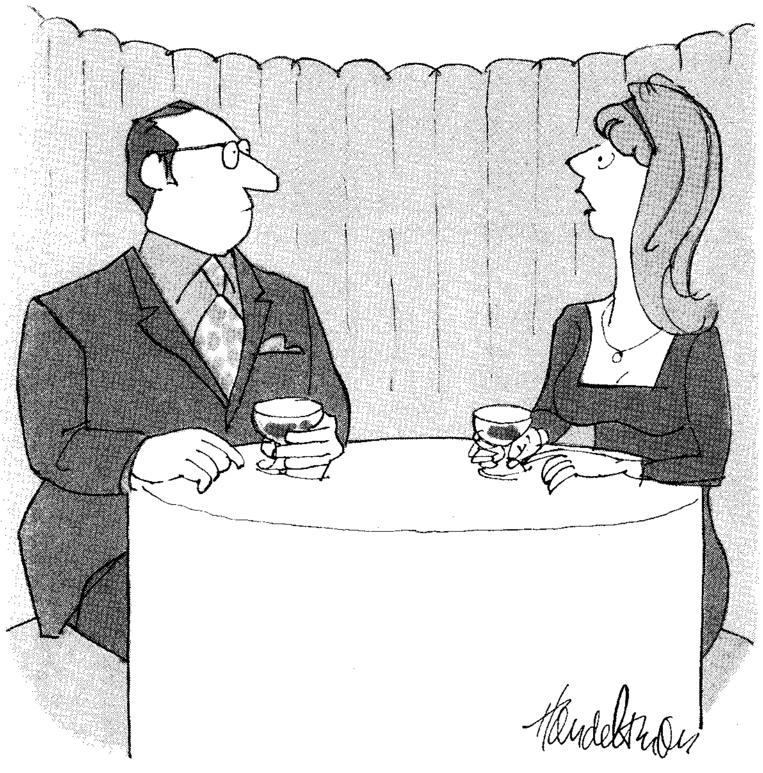
AROUND CITY HALL

AULD LANG SYNE

AFTER the hustle and fever of the holidays, January is traditionally letdown time, and this month those New Yorkers who have got used to blaming one man in Albany ("What do you expect with a bum like Rockefeller for governor?") or one man in City Hall ("That Lindsay!") for just about everything that has gone wrong with the city in recent years had reason to feel especially subdued—even a little bereft. It was on December 18th that Nelson Rockefeller resigned after fifteen years as governor (his cry of "I'm free!" as he signed his formal retirement papers was, of course, generally interpreted to mean that he was now free to pursue his perennial dream of the Presidency without the nuisance of having to engage in further combat with some of the scruffier state legislators), and at midnight New Year's Eve John Lindsay left office after eight years as mayor. Even their severest critics, before calling the long roll of the two men's alleged derelictions, would probably agree that a multimillionaire who has been able to buy everything in life he wanted except (so far) the right to live in the White House is an especially inviting political target, and that there might also be some truth to the proposition posed by Lindsay, another sometime chaser after the Presidency, during a farewell talk with reporters: in this fiercely ethnocentric city, he asked, "who could love a six-foot-four Wasp?" It didn't help much, of course, that over the years, when their various critics seemed to be running out of ammunition, the two political gladiators often stirred things up by having at each other in some public arena. In the months to come, Rockefeller will still be in and out of town to take his potshots from the citizenry for his national ambitions (a writer of a letter to the *Times* wondered the other day whether if Rockefeller was elected President he would be required "to divest himself of Venezuela"), but it will be hard to blame him automatically for the delinquencies of a state government that he's no longer officially in charge of. There are those, of course, who are convinced that by controlling the purse for his successor's race for a full term as governor next fall he will, for most purposes, still be running the governor's office. Lindsay, however, will be well out of the line of fire. After a month of living on a forty-foot sailboat in the Caribbean, he plans to spend six or seven months travelling in Europe.

It is not clear what will now happen to the deep stores of resentment that, before a controversial welfare bill even passed, would send long lines of pickets to Rockefeller's New York office shouting, "Hey, Nelson! Hey! Hey! How many kids did you starve today?" or what will happen to the rage many New Yorkers have felt for Lindsay. (Someone commented a year or two ago that in certain neighborhoods of the city the dislike for the mayor seemed to be so strong and concentrated that if bottled it would bite through steel.) An effigy of Rockefeller was once hoisted by a tenants' group that objected to his sponsorship of the vacancy-decontrol law, but for a while, a few years back, it seemed that Lindsay was being hanged in effigy every few weeks—by some members of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, for example, during the police strike; by construction workers protesting his support of the anti-war movement; and, only three days after he was sworn in, in 1966, by members of the Transport Workers Union, then on strike against the city. (Inside City Hall on that first occasion, Lindsay picked up the phone and called his twin brother, David. "I don't know what's going on, Dave," he said, "but there's somebody being hanged in effigy in front of City Hall, and it looks like you.") Symbolic Lindsay-hanging eventually seemed to go out of style, but no one knows what will now become of the anti-Lindsay anger that, for example, has continued to spill over into the *News* letters column every few days. ("If someone were stoned to death, Mayor Lindsay would probably dodge the issue by saying the problem was rocks," and "The two greatest catastrophes ever to befall New York City were the abolition of capital punishment and the birth of Mayor Lindsay.") It's no fun lavishing paragraphs of insult on a man who is not only out of office but also miles from a *News* distribution point. New Yorkers will have to look for new villains, and it is not at all clear that the bill will be filled by former City Comptroller Abraham Beame and former Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, the two mild-mannered, comparatively unobtrusive men who, on two recent Tuesdays two weeks apart, succeeded Lindsay and Rockefeller as the city's first Jewish mayor and the second Irish Catholic to be elected governor. (Al Smith was the first.) Certainly neither is a gladiator. Both, in fact, have been described as caretaker types, and it must be quite a long time since a caretaker type was hanged in effigy for any reason.

IN the new regimes both in Albany and in City Hall a number of changes are expected, and some have already taken place. In both places, sober blue suits have replaced many of last month's bright-colored shirts and sports jackets. Wilson's ties are nineteen-fifties narrow, and when asked about the



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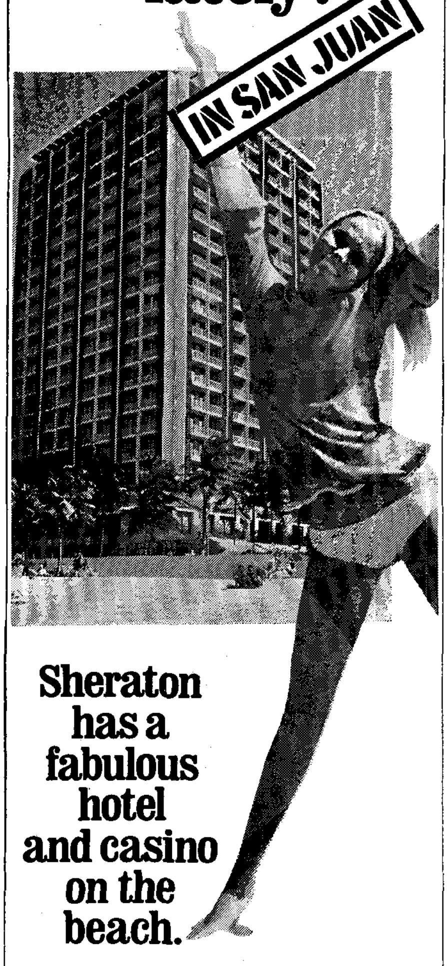

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problems of transition from one governor to another a Rockefeller staff member who plans to stay on said, "Well, the first thing we're all doing is cutting our ties in half." At City Hall, scissors have been applied to beards and long hair by many of those eager to be considered for reappointment. The new staff members there tend to be not only shorter but older than those they replaced. The sixty-seven-year-old Beame's five-man transition committee included only one man under sixty—James A. Cavanagh, who is fifty-nine. On his last day in office, Lindsay gave out the trophies for the softball tournament between his staff and the City Hall police. Thirty-three-year-old Steven Isenberg, special assistant to the mayor and a member of the softball team, announced with youthful cheek that the rumors that the City Hall sports program was being phased out under the new regime were entirely false—regular mah-jongg and parcheesi tournaments would begin in June. Both in Albany and downtown, there will also be certain changes in décor. Preparations are being made to remove Rockefeller's large modern-art collection from the governor's mansion. Mrs. Wilson said she couldn't live with some of the paintings, and Rockefeller kindly bought a large collection of Currier & Ives reproductions and presented them to the mansion. The paintings on loan to Lindsay's office from the Museum of Modern Art were returned during December, since they were understood to be not the kind of thing that Mayor Beame would want to live with. Public entertainments sponsored by the office of the new governor or the new mayor may also have to meet certain standards in the future: Mrs. Wilson has expressed disapproval of the language often heard in the theatre nowadays, and the Beames walked out after the first act of "That Championship Season" because of the unseemly dialogue. The new mayor will never announce, as Lindsay once did, that his favorite recent picture was "Carnal Knowledge," nor, certainly, in the unlikely event that he is voted Sexiest Man in the World—a title awarded to Lindsay by the London *Daily Sketch* a while back—will his public response be "Who talked?" Beame is capable of an occasional mot of his own, however. On the morning after the election, asked about the "difference in style" between himself and his predecessor, the five-foot-two Beame answered, "About a foot." He has borne with perfect equanimity the annual musical-comedy spoof of City Hall affairs put on by the Inner Circle, the fraternity of City Hall reporters, which tends to portray him as the world's smallest man. (One New Yorker admitted that he had voted against Beame because he didn't think he could stand four years of Mickey Rooney jokes.) No one, though, expects the new mayor to take over the stage after the Inner Circle show this spring with a song-and-soft-shoe rebuttal, complete with dancing girls and special music and lyrics provided by his Broadway friends, as Lindsay did each year. The New York mayor's office may have seen its last song-and-dance man—and, in the view of many of Lindsay's fellow-citizens, of course, not a moment too soon.

Although it doesn't always work out that way, politicians traditionally look better the longer they are out of office, and by announcing his impending retirement early last March Lindsay gave himself nearly nine months to tidy up the inventory of his administration, polish its historical record, and perhaps speed up the nostalgia machine. His two favorite adjectives during those last months in office were "do-able" and "visible." In possibly a hundred separate ceremonies, Mayor Lindsay, charging about town in his familiar battered trenchcoat, dedicated finished buildings, broke ground for future ones, and in one case exuberantly wielded an axe to strike the first blow toward the demolition of the old Women's House of Detention—an event long sought by the prison's Greenwich Village neighbors. At least a dozen official city medals were handed out to distinguished local citizens and visitors, usually to the accompaniment of graceful, quotable remarks. ("Of course, he deserves this," Lindsay said of Pablo Casals at an award ceremony last spring in Central Park. "The question is whether we deserve *him*.") Among the official celebrations that Lindsay presided over in 1973 were the seventy-fifth anniversary of the consolidation of the boroughs into Greater New York, the thirtieth anniversary of the New York City Center, the twenty-fifth birthday of the State of Israel, and the ninetieth anniversary of the Brooklyn Bridge, in honor of which he led across that famous span in pouring rain a vast parade of politicians, antiquarians, marching bands, and a camel. Of the bridge's eightieth birthday, in 1963, presumably of similar significance, less opportunistic politicians had taken no notice whatever. Not all—perhaps not even very many—of his dedicated critics were won over, of course ("Watching the Brooklyn Bridge anniversary celebration with our Mayor Lindsay leading the parade across it, I thought why can't he keep walking and never return," a Bronx resident wrote the *News*), but his bravura effort to spread the impression that New York under John Lindsay was an upbeat, prospering, and even reasonably jolly place rather than a disaster area was hardly a bad thing for the city, no matter how helpful it also might be to future Lindsay résumés.

The most elaborate of Lindsay's farewell parties was a one-hundred-to-five-hundred-dollar-a-ticket affair at Lincoln Center to pay off the last hundred thousand dollars of the debt incurred during his campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination. It was by no means an entirely Democratic gathering; indeed, it was hard to find a prominent Democratic political figure. Among those present, however, were David Rockefeller, John Hay Whitney, John McCloy, and Herbert Brownell. A long string of union leaders had invested in the evening, including the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, Robert McKiernan, whose men had just signed a new contract and haven't hanged anybody in effigy for some time. The chief entertainment was provided by Lindsay, swinging straw hat and cane and joined by various Broadway figures as he offered a medley of his old soft-shoe numbers from Inner Circle evenings, including "Should I, Shouldn't I?," which had him speculating last year about the joys of not running for the mayoralty again and being "free, free, free," and "Where Has All the Charisma Gone (Long Lost, I Know)?" Several of his other farewell parties were far cheaper for the participants. Beame, with his vote as comptroller on the Board of Estimate, had helped kill Lindsay's treasured Madison Avenue Mall experiment last July, after it was vigorously opposed by members of the Independent Taxi Owners Council (who offer Beame special problems, since they were reportedly helpful to his Brooklyn Democratic machine in the primary and they share a public-relations adviser with him). Lindsay needed no legislation, however, to declare Fifth Avenue from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-seventh Streets closed to traffic on the four Sundays in December. The first two Sundays were cancelled because of bad weather, but the last two were sunny, and two hundred thousand

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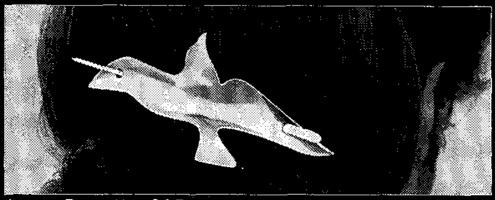

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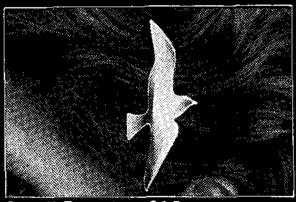

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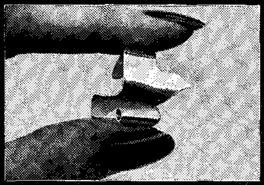

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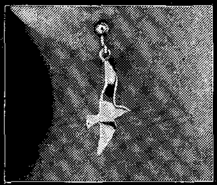

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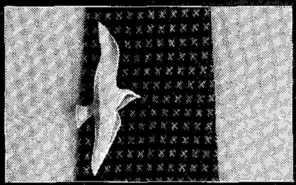

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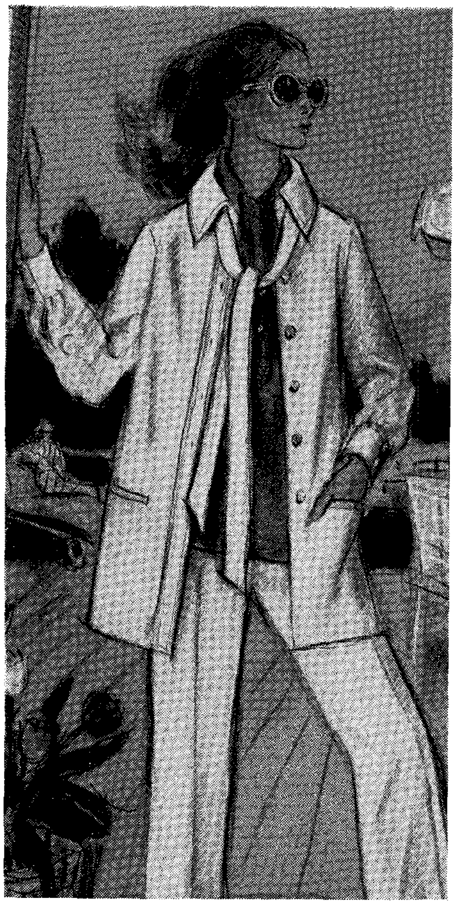

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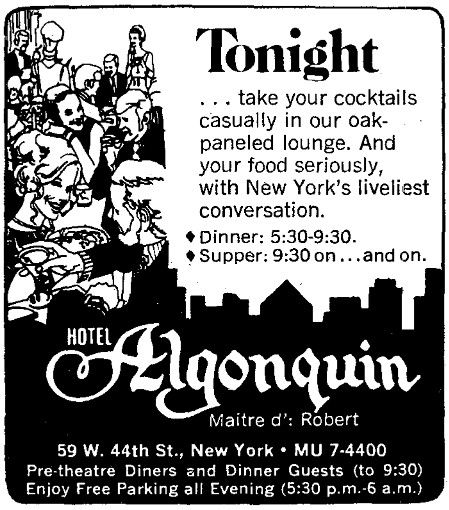

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people turned out each time to roller-skate on a portable skating rink, ride bicycles, folk dance, watch puppet shows, and, like the outgoing mayor, just stride about. Unsurprisingly, the thousands who had gone to the trouble of turning out for the mall thought it was a great idea, and crowded around to clasp his hand, thank him ("Lindsay never stops pushing malls, does he?" said one Staten Island woman. "Well, God bless him!"), wish him well generally, or, in some cases, urge him to run for the Presidency, to which his resolutely cheerful response was "I tried that!"

In his last week in office, Lindsay went back to say goodbye to many of the neighborhoods where his daily campaigning in the streets had helped elect him mayor in 1965. Things were more serious now. In June of 1965, when he saw a pretty Puerto Rican girl leaning out of a Brooklyn window he had shouted, "I'll be right up!" and got a big hand for it. Now, as his days as mayor dwindled down, his destination in the Puerto Rican section of the South Bronx was SERA, a drug-addiction treatment center, whose board chairman told him, "You made a difference to blacks and Puerto Ricans in this city. You made us part of this city as never before. We are grateful." ("Lindsay, not an especially emotional man, had tears in his eyes," reported the *News*.) In Harlem, Clarence Jones, the publisher of the *Amsterdam News*, hailed him as "an abiding symbol for all in urban America." A large crowd in the Orthodox Jewish Chassidic community of Brooklyn's Williamsburg presented him with a silver tray and cheered as one of their leaders saluted him as the first New York mayor who had appointed Chassidim to his staff and who "understood our community's special needs." When he moved along to Williamsburg's Ninetieth Precinct police station, however, although the captain was friendly the men ignored a call to come to attention and listened impassively as he explained that he had chosen the Ninetieth as a symbolic place to express his "admiration, gratitude, and affection" for the men and women in the New York Police Department because of its record of reducing crime in what he called a uniquely New York precinct (its population of a hundred and eighty thousand includes eighty-two thousand Hispanics, thirty-four thousand Chassidic Jews, thirty-five thousand blacks, and twenty-seven thousand "other whites"), and because of the "superb professionalism" of precinct police during a confrontation with Black Muslim militants in January of 1973. "Let's get out of here," said one round-faced young policeman to another when Lindsay's speech ended. "I feel nauseated." The following day, however, he got a pleasant surprise in Forest Hills and at the edge of Corona—both areas of Queens where the name Lindsay has long been spat out as a hate word, because of his administration's attempt to introduce low-income housing projects and schools into middle-class Jewish and Italian neighborhoods. "You've got a lot of guts to come here," said one Forest Hills man, shaking his hand, and a number of others followed suit. In an Italian-American senior citizens' center, many of the women danced a tarantella in his honor, and a woman leader of the long fight against him announced, "I forgive you," and kissed him.

"HE shot across the sky at a psychological moment, hung blazing for a brief period of almost unparalleled adulation, and then, unable to fulfill the exaggerated hopes which his personality and his own declarations aroused, faded from the public firmament," the novelist and onetime assistant district attorney Arthur Train wrote long ago of William Travers Jerome, who in 1901 was elected district attorney of New York County on a Fusion ticket and four years later, "running wildcat," as he called it, won a second term unsupported by either major party. Only a very few wildcatters, including Lindsay, have been elected in the city in the years since. Jerome, who was said to have had "one eye on the governorship and at least one on the White House," was a swashbuckling man full of big, persuasive ideas, and at the time of his election—so the *Times* recalled at his death, in 1934—a "sort of thrill . . . ran through the city." Eight years later, however, having made some mistakes and a number of political enemies, he slipped quietly out of office and never again was a political candidate. He had a long, pleasant life, got rather rich, and in his later years, one interviewer reported, seemed "a little bored" with his long-ago political exploits. It is possible, of course, that once Lindsay has tried being free he may make the same decision. It is also possible that once the warm farewell-party emotions have cooled down the decision will be made for him. But it didn't escape those who expect him to try to run for one office or another before long that, in his final television

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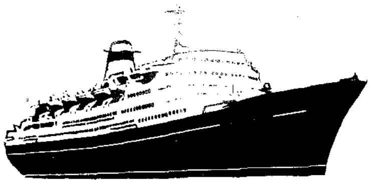

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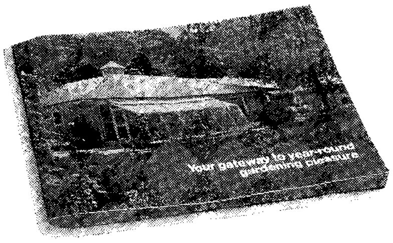

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interview, on the morning of his last day in office, even while he was insisting that he had no particular plans he dropped admiring references not only to State Democratic Chairman Joseph Crangle but also to National Democratic Chairman Robert Strauss.

On that morning of Lindsay's last day as mayor, the City Council met for thirty-five minutes and overwhelmingly overrode his veto of the bill increasing the salaries of the eight members of the Board of Estimate. Downstairs, in the mayor's quarters, members of his staff were wandering about carrying cardboard boxes full of papers. Lindsay's final Certificate of Distinguished Service went to Carey McWilliams, the editor of *The Nation*, for having "consistently sounded in his editorials, articles, and books the voice of reason and conscience." The award was reported in Lindsay's seven-hundred-and-eighty-seventh news release of the year. The seven-hundred-and-eighty-eighth, and last, announced the creation of a new Upper Manhattan Community Planning and Development Office. The outgoing and incoming mayors had lunch together (tuna salad) in the mayor's bare-walled office, and Abe Beame joked about how as comptroller he had been paying the mayor's bills (and looking over his accounts) all these years. Neither of them mentioned that thirty-seven-year-old State Senator Harrison Jay Goldin, who was to be sworn in the next day as the new comptroller, was said to be planning to run for mayor in four years, so that in the meantime Mayor Beame would have a probable political rival looking over *his* accounts, and, in a sense, a long, bitter mayoral campaign much like the one that had finally been settled scarcely two months before might be starting all over again. Someone in the *News* letters column that morning had taken one last swipe at a favorite target: "There is one happy thought for the new year. John Lindsay won't have New York City to kick around anymore." And down the hall in Room 9, the press office, Sam Roberts, the head of the *News* desk, was trying to decide whether to use some version of the line "Ring out the new, ring in the old!" in his story about the change of administrations. Eventually, he did.

Soon after two o'clock, there began to arrive at City Hall the first of a thousand guests whom Lindsay had invited to join him for a final drink of eggnog to mark the end of what he had called "the best eight years of my life." They were soon surging about tables that had been set up in the

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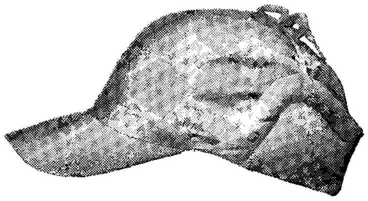

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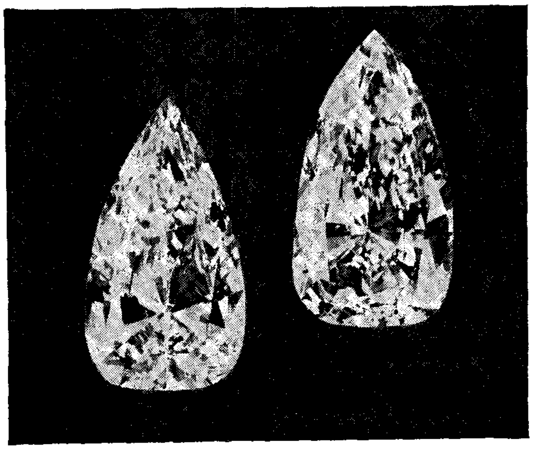

Pair of superb pear-shaped diamonds, 44.93 and 42.50 cts. Sold at auction by Christie's on 21st November 1973 for $1,536,000.

Rotunda; in the Blue Room, across from his office; and at the head of the great, curving central staircase. "They were those in the high and the low places of his administration," John Darnton wrote in the *Times* the next day. There were chief administrators and clerk-typists and former commissioners and poverty workers. Perhaps a third of them, like a third of the city, were black and Puerto Rican. Many of them, from both the high and the low places, had brought their children and their wives or husbands, and there were also quite a few people who had just come in off the streets. Somebody wondered if it was anything like the time after Andrew Jackson's inauguration when the common people poured into the White House. It was not. (The following day, a prominent local politician remarked approvingly that Mayor Beame's inaugural reception at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was attended by four thousand people, reminded him of the Jackson reception, apparently not realizing that he was comparing the sedate, well-dressed Beame crowd, which had been admitted by ticket only, with a bunch of rowdies who had left the White House a shambles and been so generally unruly that the new Chief Executive fled to a nearby saloon.) The City Hall guests behaved with decorum, even when the crush was greatest. In the Rotunda, a lively three-man combo played almost continuously, repeating "The Sidewalks of New York" and "Manhattan" at frequent intervals. From time to time, Mayor Lindsay came out of his office and moved about through the throng. In the early afternoon, he merely shook hands with people he didn't know well, but later he leaned down and kissed a great many of the women, while the crowd watched, smiling a lot, although there were a few tears. Shortly after six o'clock, when the party was over, he came out the front door, wearing the familiar trenchcoat. He went down the line shaking hands with the City Hall policemen ranged by the door, and toward the end of the line embraced several of them. Then he walked down the long front steps to his car, moving carefully around the platform already set up for the next day's inaugural ceremony. By the following afternoon, he had left the city. —ANDY LOGAN

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[*Headline in the Christian Science Monitor*]

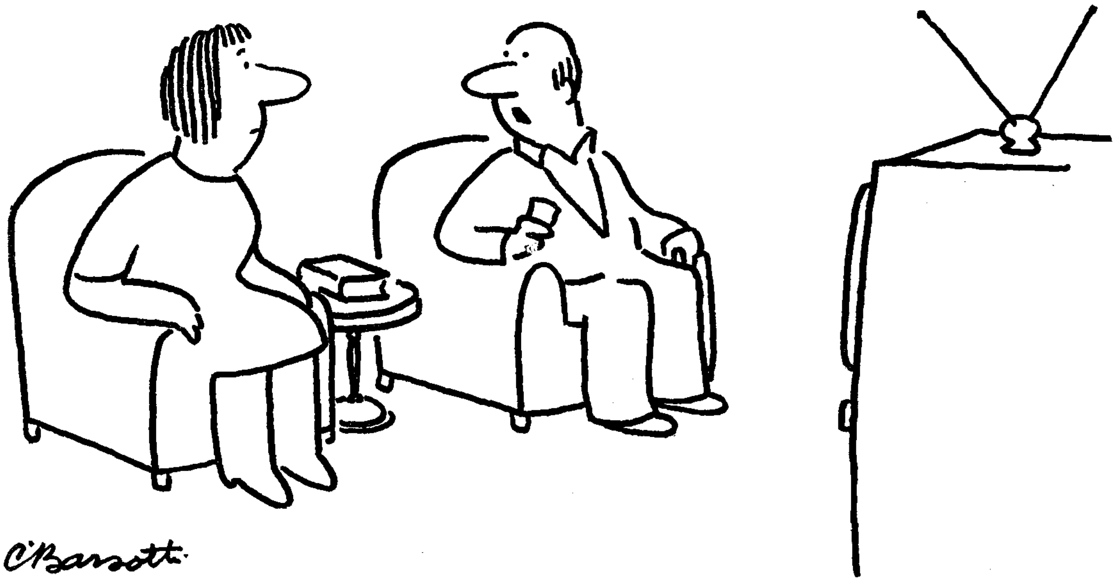
ARMY ANXIOUS TO TEST
'SAFE' POISON GAS

LETTER FROM THAILAND

THE astonishing upheaval that took place in Thailand in mid-October, when a spontaneous surge of student power exceeded the modest expectations of its leaders and ended in the overthrow of the country's military dictatorship, surprised not only the forty million Thais but also Thailand's Asian neighbors and the major powers, especially the United States, the proprietor of an elaborate complex of military bases in this country. Although the six American bases, with a complement of thirty-eight thousand men, were a minor issue in the uprising, there are indications that when a new government comes into power following elections six months from now, it will seek a faster reduction in their number and strength than the Americans were anticipating. Beyond this, the Thai revolt—in which more than sixty students were killed—is bound to affect not only the continuing wars in South Vietnam and Cambodia but Thailand's foreign relations throughout Asia, ranging from those with Japan, which last year were strained particularly by friction with Japanese businessmen, to those with Indonesia, which has looked to Thailand as its staunchest ally in regional coöperation. Now that a diminished American presence in the country appears likely, the Thais intend to engage in new diplomatic maneuvers with both China and North Vietnam, even though these two nations support a small but growing insurgency movement in various parts of Thailand—primarily in the north and northeast. By reverting to their traditional policy of flexibility, the Thais could hasten the process, already begun by most Southeast Asian nations, of coming to terms with Peking and Hanoi, in the hope of being better able to contain internal insurrections and of ultimately maintaining polite relations with all four major Pacific powers—China, Japan, the Soviet Union, and the United States.

Assuming the Thais succeed in establishing something like a democratic government this time, after numerous failures earlier in the century—a new constitution, which is now being completed and will be debated in the Cabinet and then in a newly chosen National Legislative Assembly, is the eleventh in forty-one years—the achievement will be exceptional in the current Southeast Asian context. In virtually every other country in the area, the trend has been toward enhanced authoritarianism, benevolent or otherwise. Political-party development in such nations as South Vietnam, the Philippines, and Indonesia either has failed on its own or has been prevented or subverted by the regimes in power. Whatever lip service the Americans have paid to political freedom in Southeast Asia has not kept the United States from giving tangible support to these autocratic regimes, as a means of opposing Communism and safeguarding American investments. Thus, the sudden revolution in Thailand—so unexpected, even accidental, were its climactic effects that there has been some hesitation in calling it a revolution—is against the grain of what has been happening elsewhere. This alone would be reason enough to withhold judgment on the political significance of the October events until a permanent new government, replacing the present caretaker government appointed by King Bhumibol Adulyadej, can point to some solid achievements. In the wake of the victory of the students—only a small minority of whom had thought it at all possible to oust the two ruling field marshals, Thanom Kittikachorn, Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces and Minister of Defense and Foreign Affairs, and Prapass Charusathiara, the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior—came bewilderment about how to proceed next. The interim government—headed by Professor Sanya Dhammasak, until October the highly respected rector of Thammasat University, who is a devout Buddhist and a close adviser of King Bhumibol—reflected this bewilderment as it slowly began responding to the manifold problems confronting it: inflation, labor unrest, an inequitable tax system, a recently unfavorable trade balance, and, most important, the need to fill the sudden political vacuum without creating fresh chaos.

As advice poured in from various student elements, from the newspapers, and from assorted pressure groups, the new government, whose members are mostly in their sixties (Professor Sanya is sixty-six), took preliminary steps toward freezing and investigating the vast assets—ten million dollars' worth of bank deposits and company shares in Thailand, with unknown amounts of secret holdings there and elsewhere—of the two deposed dictators and of their top henchman, Colonel Narong Kittikachorn, Thanom's son and Prapass's son-in-law, who had fled overseas with them. Narong is said to have been the chief manipulator behind the flagrant corruption that pervaded every phase of economic life, from banking, shipping, mining, real estate, rice exporting, trade in cattle, rubber, and tobacco, and entertainment to narcotics smuggling. There was some lingering fear, even a week or two afterward, that the three men—especially Narong, who sought refuge in Taiwan with Prapass, while Thanom and his entourage headed for Boston—might secretly return and attempt a counter-coup. Though this remains possible, it seems unlikely in view of the opposition of



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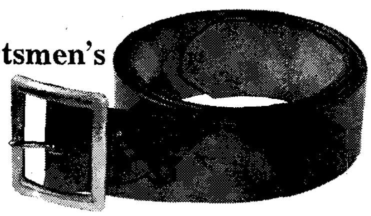

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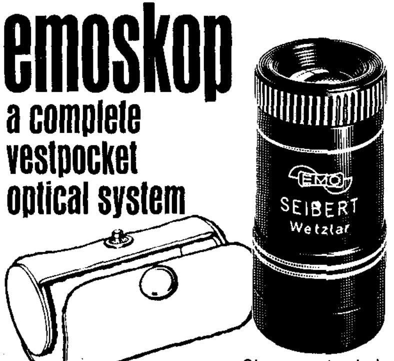

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General Kris Sivara, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Thai Army and a strong rival of Narong's, and the position taken by the King, whose support of the students was probably the single most important factor in their stunning success, and who, through emissaries, ultimately advised the three military men to leave the country.

THE exercise of power by the students was all the more remarkable because, except on a few rare occasions during the decades of revolving dictatorships, they have been the most passive such group in Southeast Asia. In the past few years, however, there were certain signs of awakening—attributable largely, I have been told, to examples set for them around the world, particularly by French students in 1968 and by student anti-Vietnam-war actions in America. A lot of young Thais studying abroad witnessed these events, and when they came back, some of them as instructors, encouraged their youthful countrymen to adopt a more militant stand. It was only in the past year, however, that these tendencies began to be systematically channelled, principally by an organization called the National Student Center of Thailand, which, with the leadership of an aggressive young organizer named Thirayuth Boonmee, gathered under its banner some fifty thousand students from eleven universities, each of which had one representative on the N.S.C.T.'s ruling council. In December, 1972, between twenty thousand and thirty thousand members of the N.S.C.T. demonstrated at the Pramane Ground, a park area next door to Thammasat University, against a government decree putting the nation's judiciary under the direct control of the executive branch, and so depriving it of its independence. The decree was lifted when the King made it known that he agreed with the students, and this was their first major victory against the regime. Last February, the students, turning their attention to national and world issues as well as to local ones, started a form of "popular theatre" at Thammasat; for instance, they organized a mock war-crimes trial aimed at embarrassing Thanom and Prapass for allowing the bombing of Vietnam from American bases. In May, the students publicized an incident that had occurred at the Thung Yai Reserve, in western Thailand: a helicopter crash there brought to light the fact that some government, police, and Army officials had been out

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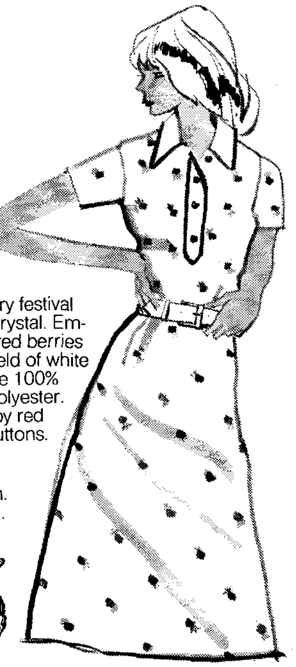

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on an illegal hunting trip in a game preserve at public expense. After trying to suppress news of the incident, the government appointed a special commission to investigate it. A month later, a rally of ten thousand students, organized by the N.S.C.T., took place at Democracy Monument, in northern Bangkok—which was to be the site of some of the most bitter fighting in October—for student freedom at Ramkamhaeng University, an institution of the second rank, for students who have failed to pass entrance examinations to Thammasat or to Chulalongkorn, the other leading university. In this case, too, the students won out, for nine of their comrades—who had been dismissed from Ramkamhaeng for publishing anti-government material in a student magazine, performing anti-government skits, and demanding the right to run their own panel discussions—were reinstated, and the rector of the university resigned.

Despite the gathering momentum of the student protests, the N.S.C.T. was still on a moderate course when the final crisis came. A radical faction had by then formed in its ranks, though, and separate or loosely affiliated groups of militant vocational, engineering, commerce, and finance students not in the N.S.C.T. were getting together; it was these latter elements that, by refusing to accept a compromise between the N.S.C.T. and the government on student grievances, set the stage for the violence. Also, although some students had been asking for a new constitution for quite a while, the issue was now dramatically pushed by a non-student group known as the Early Constitution Movement, which over a period of several weeks had been holding meetings and circulating a petition calling for the drafting of a new constitution within months rather than within three years—a period that Prapass had vaguely mentioned. Largely as a result of the Movement's actions, police agents of the government's Special Branch, on Saturday, October 6th, arrested Thirayuth Boonmee (although he had graduated from the university and for this reason was no longer secretary-general of the N.S.C.T.) and ten other persons for distributing leaflets in support of the rapid drawing up of a new constitution. The eleven, who included writers, instructors, a politician, and five students, were held under a decree that forbade the gathering of more than five persons for political purposes. These arrests started the revolt.

The detainees—plus a twelfth man, who was arrested the next day—were

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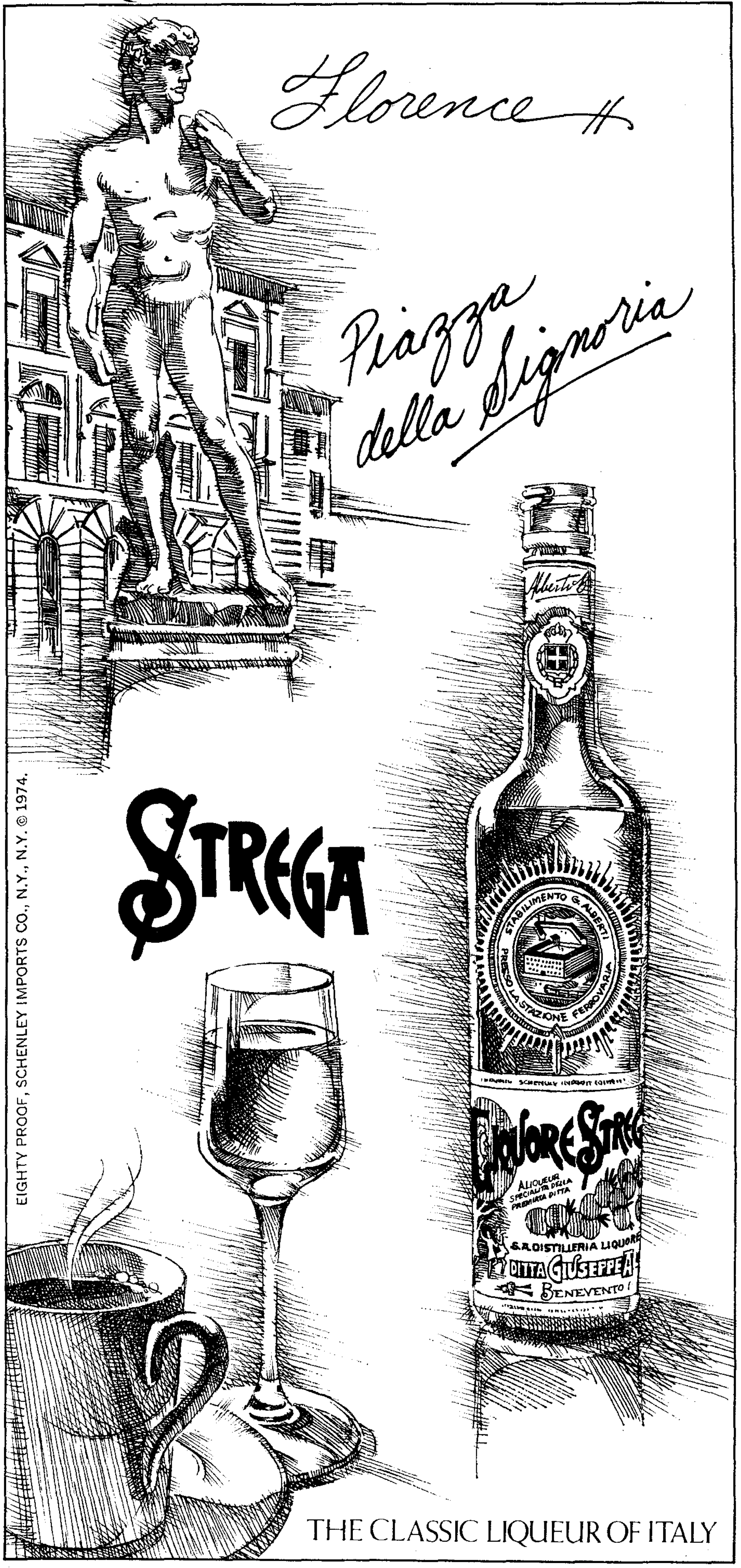

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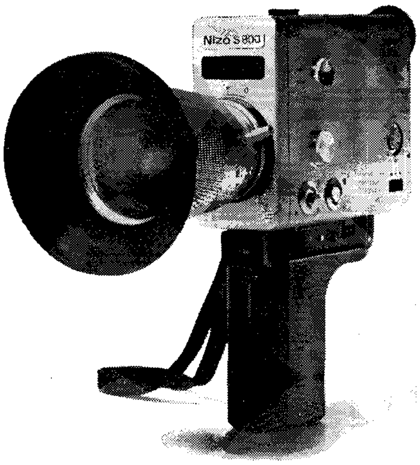

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held at Special Branch headquarters, and their homes and rooms were searched for what the police described as "more evidence." The following day, the N.S.C.T.—which had been planning its own demonstrations for November, after the usual examination period was over—became involved. Some of the more militant organizations, including a group of young women, bought chains and padlocks and started locking up Thammasat classrooms, where examinations were scheduled to start on Tuesday, October 9th.

On Monday, the eighth, students were further aroused when Prapass announced that the police had discovered evidence of a plot by the arrested twelve to overthrow the government, and that documents having to do with Communism had been found in their possession. On Tuesday, rallies were held on the Thammasat campus, anti-government posters were widely displayed, and some students began collecting food and constructing portable toilets in preparation for prolonged demonstrations. By Wednesday, the other major universities and teacher-training colleges had joined the rallies at Thammasat, which were becoming larger. That day, the King saw Prapass and Thanom at the palace and urged them to take a more lenient stand. Probably as a result of this, Prapass invited a ten-man delegation of the N.S.C.T. to meet with him on Thursday morning. The delegation, led by Sombat Thamrongthanyawong, the N.S.C.T.'s new secretary-general, demanded the unconditional release of the arrested group of twelve and of a thirteenth man—a leftist ex-member of the National Assembly, who had been placed in custody on Tuesday. Prapass refused the demand, saying that the detainees would be given "full justice and mercy." He also pledged to introduce a new constitution in twenty months. The dissatisfied student delegation left, and Sombat reported Prapass's stand to a rally of fifty thousand at the Thammasat football stadium. As a result, it was announced that all schools would be boycotted indefinitely. A few hours later, Prapass and Thanom again went to see the King. By that time, the Army and the police had been placed on full alert.

The tension grew on Friday, the twelfth, as thousands more students from the nation's schools and universities converged on Thammasat. As they marched toward the university, *they frequently were given cash donations* by spectators. The N.S.C.T. leaders, who had been meeting all night, announced at noon on Friday that they would give the government until noon on Saturday to meet their demands for the unconditional release of the thirteen detainees. The Cabinet later met for two hours to consider the ultimatum. At eight that evening, Radio Thailand announced that the detainees would be released on bail. After further meetings, the students rejected this solution and repeated their demand for unconditional release. That Friday night, with the campus rallies still growing larger, plans were made to move off campus. Special units were designated for various tasks. A "protection unit" was to march in front of the demonstrators, carrying portraits of the King and Queen, and national and Buddhist flags. Other units were assigned to protect vehicles and to construct wooden traps that would keep fire engines from functioning, and there was even an anti-dog unit, equipped with large sacks to throw over the heads of police dogs (which never appeared). Emergency food and health groups were set up, and hospitals were alerted.

The stage for confrontation was thus set, and at noon on Saturday, when the deadline expired, about a hundred thousand demonstrators began moving out of Thammasat toward their main objective, the Democracy Monument, their numbers growing as they were joined by non-students. By now, the detainees had been released from their cells, but, in protest against paying bail, they refused to leave the prison grounds for a time. Shortly after noon, a nine-man delegation of the N.S.C.T. met with Prapass once more, and this time he gave in, saying he would release the detainees unconditionally. He also promised a new constitution in thirteen months. Although the N.S.C.T. accepted these terms, the government radio did not make any announcement about the compromise until 4:30 P.M., by which time between a hundred thousand and two hundred thousand demonstrators were swarming through the streets. When the belated radio announcement came, it stressed the prisoners' release but made no specific mention of a new constitution; it also said that the accord was predicated on the students' disbanding and dropping all further demands, which was regarded as a breach of trust by the student leaders, who by now had begun to lose control of the demonstrators anyway. A group of the moderate leaders met with the King late in the afternoon, and he advised them to "return to normality so that there will be peace and order for the people," now that their demands had been met. Satisfied, these students decided it was time to call off the demonstrations. Unfortunately, they lacked any effective means of communicating with the crowd, such as megaphones or bullhorns. In any case, the militant students were dissatisfied with the new date set for a constitution, and wanted it moved up to six months, or even to three. Most of the demonstrators remained in the streets, and shortly before midnight a large number of them converged upon the palace to obtain clarification of the agreement.

The most visible leader of this group of militants, many of whom were so-called shock troops—younger vocational and engineering students unaffiliated with the N.S.C.T.—was Saeksan Prasertkul, a twenty-five-year-old fourth-year political-science major at Thammasat and an N.S.C.T. member. He said later that he had lost contact with the other N.S.C.T. leaders amid rumors that the police were about to attack the crowd. "I was trying very hard to keep things under control and to keep the demonstration from becoming violent," Saeksan claimed. There are some who doubt that he really tried that hard, but he did get into the palace, where an aide of the King told him that agreement with the government had indeed been reached and that the King had asked the demonstrators to disband. Saeksan said later that when he came out of the palace he tried to address the crowd but nobody would listen to him. In any event, he failed to quiet the mob. The revolt now gathered full force, partly, or even largely, because of the lack of effective communications. No one yet knows exactly how the violence started, but the most complete accounts cite an incident that occurred about 6 A.M. on Sunday, the fourteenth, when, as a group that was apparently beginning to disperse ran into a blocked street, the police refused to let them through. One of the students threw a plastic bag full of ice, which hit a policeman on the head, whereupon the police started throwing tear-gas bombs and flailing the mob with sticks. Moments later, gunshots were reportedly heard. The students scattered, some of them jumping into the palace moat. The first person killed was a girl who was shot in the back as she tried to climb the palace wall. Others sought safety in the adjacent zoo and the nearby Royal Plaza. A small group managed to get into the palace, where

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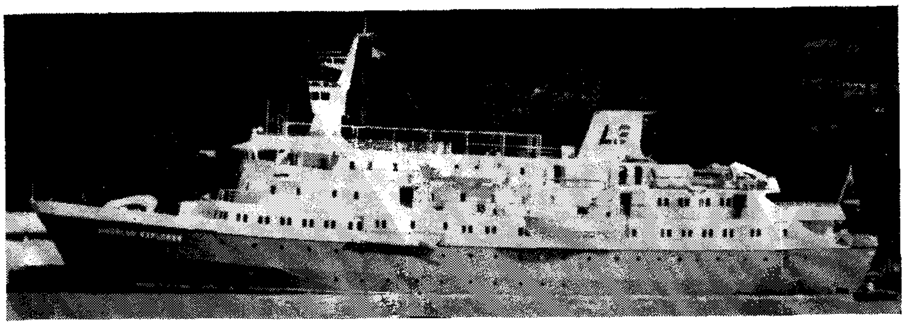

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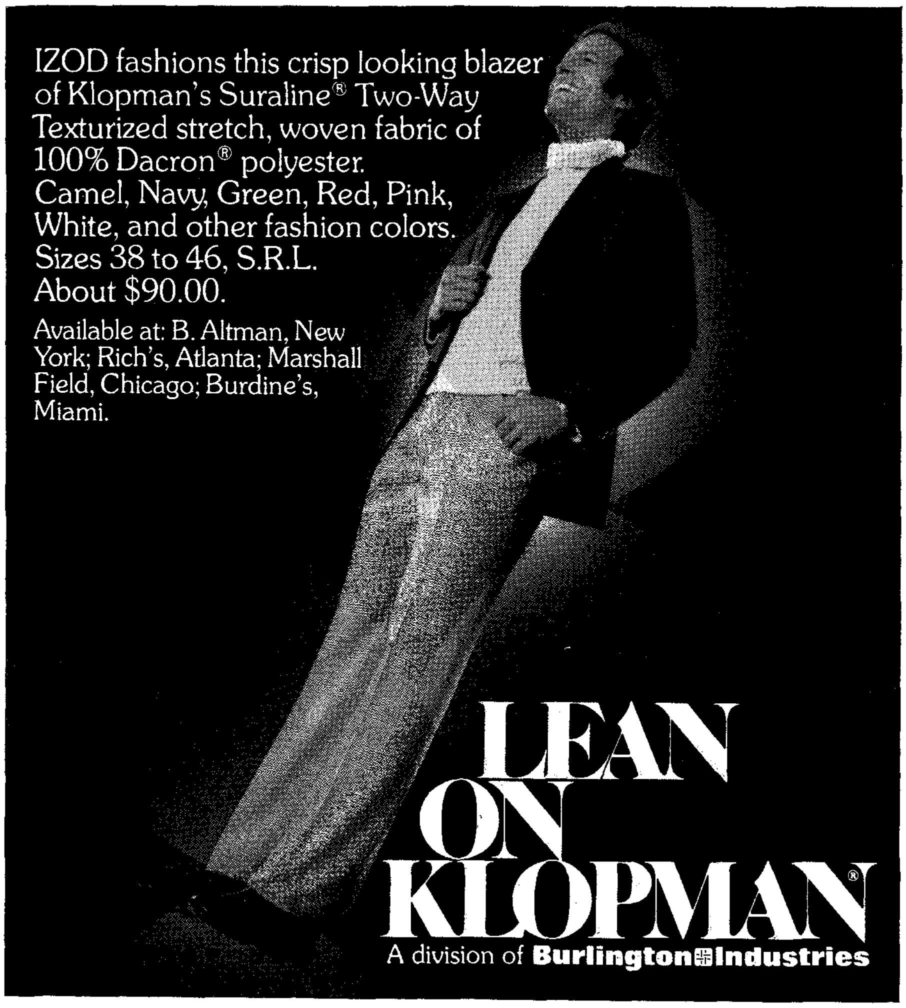

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the King calmed them down, gave them a meal, and sent them home.

The situation outside, however, was now beyond control. Between the early morning and the late afternoon of the fourteenth, sixty-six students and demonstrators were killed and about eight hundred and fifty others injured, and several government buildings were burned by the students. About half a dozen policemen were also reported killed. As the fighting progressed, the looting of gun shops provided a number of students with weapons of their own. Most of the fighting took place in a mile-square area in the vicinity of the palace, and there would undoubtedly have been more deaths if ambulances with nurses and doctors sympathetic to the students had not continually rushed through the streets collecting the wounded. Once the issue was joined, a hard core of government troops, including Colonel Narong's 11th Infantry Regiment, together with some of the police, determined to carry on the fight. Narong claimed he had uncovered a "Communist plot," and thereby persuaded Prapass and Thanom to use military force. At one point, Prapass and Narong ordered out tanks, which shot down a good number of the students. Narong had two helicopters bearing officers to supervise the troops and police and, according to some accounts, to spray the mob with machine-gun fire. If General Kris Sivara had not refused to call out the troops of the First Army, based around Bangkok, and if his close friend Lieutenant General Prachuab Suntrangkul, the deputy police chief, had not also made restraining efforts, the killings would undoubtedly have turned into a massacre and the government would not have been overthrown. (One subsequent, unverified report claimed that Prapass had said he would be willing to kill as many as two thousand demonstrators "to save the country.")

Amazingly, although most of Bangkok must have been aware of what was going on, much of the city's life continued to move normally. Within a mile or so of the area where the students were being killed, for example, the usual horse races continued despite the nearby gunfire, and the outdoor-market area on the Pramane Ground and along the adjacent canals, within a few hundred yards of the major street battles, was crowded on Sunday until midmorning, when the regular venders there, who sell everything from tropical fish and turtles to flowers, food, cloth, and pots and pans, were persuaded to leave. The fighting died down late in the afternoon, and no one knew what to expect next. Then, at 6 P.M., came the startling announcement over the radio that the government had tendered its resignation to the King. It was later learned that Thanom had previously sent word to the student leaders to come and see him at the headquarters of the Communist Suppression Operations Command—which ordinarily runs the counterinsurgency program—where all the government leaders had been gathered throughout the night and day, and that when the students failed to show up, Thanom had gone to see the King. It was soon afterward that the resignation announcement was made. At 11:15 P.M., Professor Sanya, who by then had been appointed by the King to head the new government, announced over radio and television that he hoped there would be a new constitution in six months. Despite this, and radio pleas from the King and his mother for a return to peace and order, the student militants, or Yellow Commandos, as they called themselves now (they wore yellow arm- and headbands), continued fighting, partly out of an urge for vengeance against the police and partly because they refused to believe that the government had really surrendered. As it turned out, their skepticism was justified. At 12:45 A.M. on Monday, the fifteenth, Thanom suddenly came back on the radio and—as Supreme Commander, a post he had carefully not relinquished—ordered Army units to take "decisive action" against the rioters. But General Kris Sivara again refused to carry out orders.

On Monday, the city wasn't functioning. There were almost no buses to take people to work, because the students had commandeered many of them. Traffic was chaotic, because the students had destroyed most of the traffic lights and stanchions—even under ordinary conditions, Bangkok's traffic congestion is the worst in Southeast Asia—and there were no police on the streets, though later in the day teen-age Boy Scouts summoned by the students and the new government took over the direction of traffic, and they did a splendid job for the rest of the week. Throughout the day, fighting continued sporadically in various sections—especially around the police-headquarters building, which the commandos captured and set fire to in the early afternoon, thereby obtaining more guns for themselves.

In midafternoon, the leaders of the N.S.C.T. finally persuaded the commandos to stop fighting and go home, and by dusk the city had quieted down. Late in the afternoon, General Kris and Lieutenant General Prachuab, having successfully fended off fresh demands from Thanom, Prapass, and Narong that more troops be called out, had gone to see the King. They left the palace with Lieutenant General Champen Charusathiara, Prapass's half brother, who was serving as aide-de-camp to the King, and went to Thanom's and Prapass's headquarters, where Champen relayed to the two men the King's message pleading for an end to the disturbances and suggesting that they and Narong leave the country. After conferring for more than an hour, Thanom and Prapass agreed that an announcement could be made over the radio at 7 P.M. to the effect that they had already left—which wasn't true but served to end the crisis. Actually, Prapass and Narong and their families did not leave until shortly before ten o'clock, when they boarded a chartered Thai International Airways plane for Taipei, and Thanom and his family, after staying at a guesthouse at the airport for at least twenty-four hours longer—some reports say forty-eight—took a T.W.A. flight to the United States.

The exodus of the three rulers produced a spirit of wild euphoria among the students and the sizable proportion of the public that had sympathized with them or helped them gain their victory. They rode through the city in buses and other vehicles waving flags and cheering, and over the next few days the mood of joy and relaxation was reflected in the press, which had been heavily censored under the dictatorship; now it indulged in a virtual orgy of revelations of the old regime's sins and happily recapitulated the heroic struggle for freedom. Many people, however, still found it hard to believe that the three men had really left, and rumors of their impending return were being constantly circulated—and just as steadily denied by the new government, which was soon to be widely criticized for moving too slowly to freeze the assets of the departed dictators. Both the Thai- and the English-language newspapers, the latter led by the militant *Nation*, praised the personality of Professor Sanya and of most of his new Cabinet but pointed out that fifteen of the twenty-eight members had held jobs under the former regime, and raised questions about this situation and about the government's insistence that it was only "transitional." The *Nation* wrote, in an "Open Letter" to Sanya, "Positive action by your government is the

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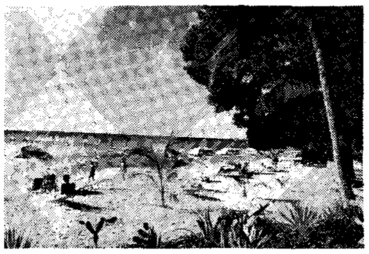
one thing that will justify the hope which the people have vouched in you." The letter went on to catalogue the wrongs that had to be righted, with emphasis on corruption and the "fossilized" state of the bureaucracy, including "the alienation of the provincial authorities from the people." Professor Sanya immediately wrote a reply, which the *Nation* published on its front page, thanking the paper for its "earnest thoughts and suggestions to cure the ills of our country."

The desire and demand for quick reforms, however understandable, ran counter to the traditional Thai way of doing things by slow consensus and to the country's easygoing Buddhist nature. One of my American friends, who has lived many years in Thailand, asked, "Where else would you see students who have just overthrown a government enter a Buddhist monastery for a week or two?"

THE principal problem facing the Sanya caretaker regime has been a rash of wildcat labor strikes, averaging seven or eight a day, which lasted throughout November and through the first part of December, when they began to diminish. The strikes, prohibited under the country's legal code, although the new government did nothing to stop them, reflected the increasing discontent of urban workers over low wages and rising prices. While most of the walkouts were peaceful, there were several instances of violence, most notably during a dock strike in mid-December. In almost all cases, the disputes were settled in favor of the workers in a day or two, as management, with the quiet encouragement of the government, gave in to the demands for more money and better working conditions, but just prior to the mid-December dock strike Premier Sanya himself, on a newly introduced "Meet the People" radio and television program, warned that he might have to use "force" to deal with any further violence, especially concerning strikes against public utilities and enterprises that affected the public interest. Most of the stoppages involved small business and industrial concerns, but some had already affected the state railway system and the buses and airlines as well as shipping, and threats against the Bangkok Municipal Electric Authority and the city's telephone and water systems were narrowly averted when management backed down at the last minute. (Bangkok's zoo officials gave in when workers threatened to let tigers and lions loose in the streets.) Somewhat belatedly, the government took action in the sec-



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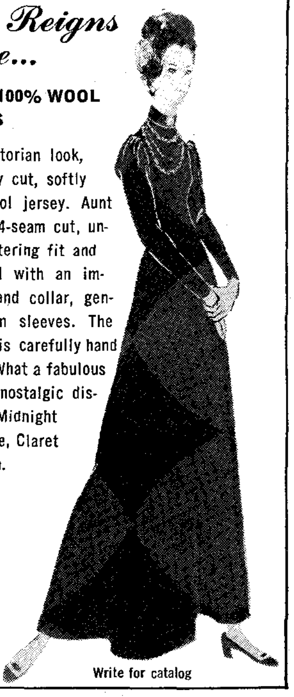

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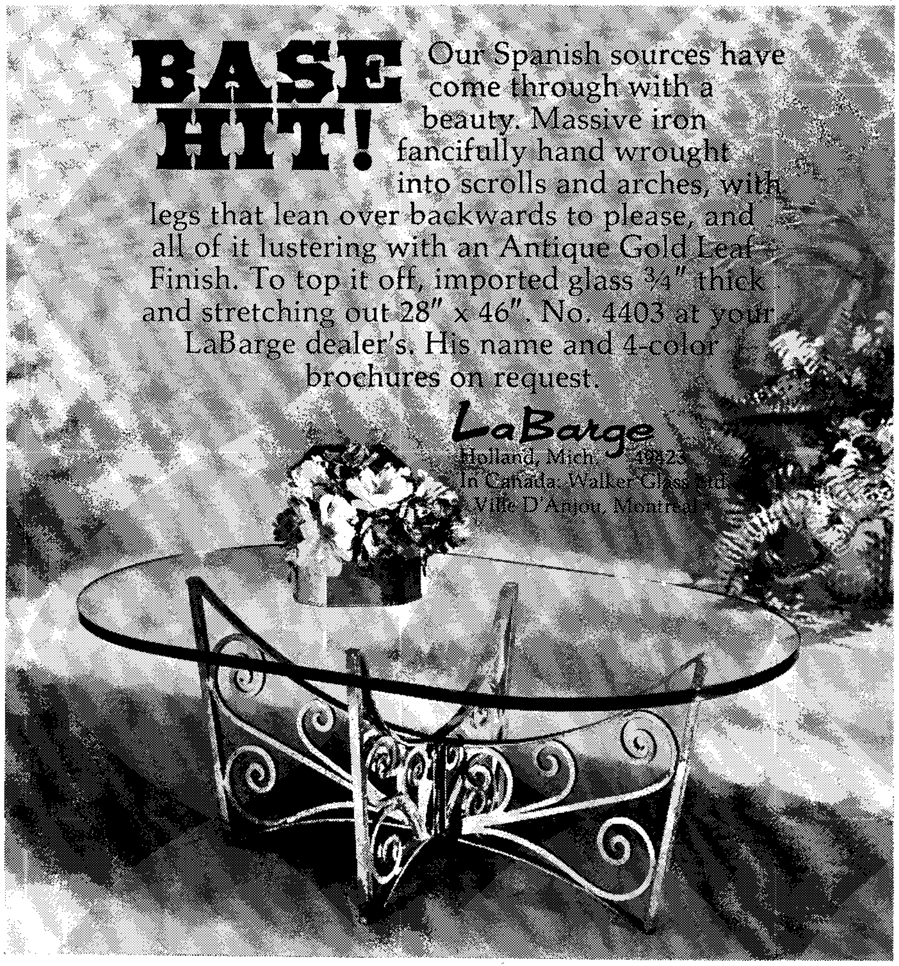
ond week of December to levy higher taxes on such luxury items as automobiles and household appliances, including television sets and washing machines, as well as on gasoline and liquor. The new taxes, it was hoped, would defray some of the costs of an increase in the pay of government workers from twenty to twenty-four *baht* (or from a dollar to a dollar-twenty) a day; a further increase for soldiers was being planned. At the same time, the minimum wage for all workers in the Bangkok area was increased.

Despite these labor troubles, the continuing inflation, and the threat of reduced foreign investments caused by both, the euphoria resulting from the overthrow of the former dictatorship did not abate. Aside from the fact that widely respected men such as Professor Sanya were leading the new regime and making every effort to discuss the current problems frankly with the people, its greatest hope and strength lay in the fact that the forty-six-year-old King had placed his personal prestige and that of the crown behind it. A constitutional monarch who has always befriended the students and who has played a significant but extremely careful and guarded political role in the past, the King, during the week-long period of the student rebellion and immediately afterward, came out into the open as he never had before. He then stepped behind the scenes briefly, but on December 10th he reëmerged to make a dramatic announcement of the appointment of a new National Convention of 2,346 people from all walks of life, which met eight days later and chose a new two-hundred-and-ninety-nine-member National Legislative Assembly, replacing the old one, which was disbanded. The new Assembly will debate and vote on the new constitution during February and March, after which elections are to be held, probably on a political-party basis in mid-July, and a new government will be formed by the winning party or, if necessary, by a coalition of parties.

Those who know the King speak of him as a fascinating personality, whose sporadic public utterances, unlike those of many royal personages elsewhere, often convey very cogent messages to his subjects. A modern-minded man who wears Western suits and is a devotee of jazz (he plays the saxophone well), he is at the same time a fairly traditional Thai monarch, a grandson of the great reformist King Chulalongkorn, of the Chakri Dynasty, who, for all his admiration of Western ways, had a hundred consorts. King Bhumibol has only one—the beautiful



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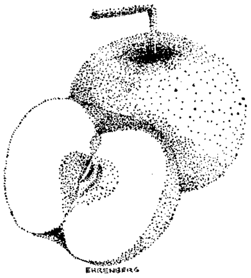
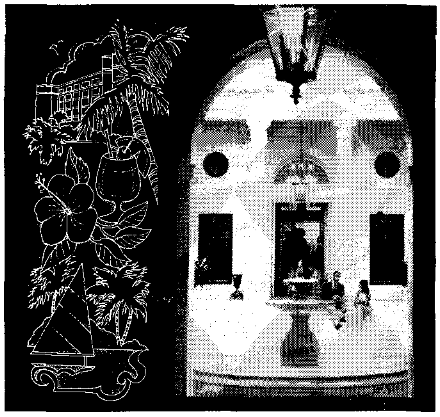
Queen Sirikit—and four children. The King was born on December 5, 1927, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where his father, Prince Mahidol, was studying at the Harvard School of Public Health. Bhumibol was deeply influenced in his thinking by the work of his father and his mother, both of whom in their early maturity dedicated themselves to medicine and public health. (The Princess Mother, as she is known, still flies around Thailand in a helicopter visiting remote villages where she has sponsored public-health programs.) Prince Mahidol died when Bhumibol was only two years old, and Bhumibol went with most of his family to Switzerland, where, after attending secondary school, he decided to enter the University of Lausanne to study science, as his father had before him. However, in 1946, during one of his sojourns in Bangkok, when he was nineteen, his older brother, King Ananda Mahidol, was found shot to death in bed at the palace, and this tragedy placed Bhumibol on the throne. The mystery of the death of Ananda Mahidol, who had ruled for only six months, has never been solved, and though it may well have been the result of an accident, theories of suicide and murder are still widely held in Thailand. In any event, his brother's death profoundly affected the young new King. He did return to Switzerland for four years, but he studied law and political science to prepare himself for his new role, which he formally assumed in May, 1950. After another year and a half of study abroad, he returned to Bangkok to take up his royal functions permanently.



He did so at a time of extraordinary instability, even for Thailand. A series of coups had taken place in the previous four years, having started when a liberal Prime Minister, Pridi Phanomyong, was forced out of office as a result of charges that ranged from corruption to complicity in the former king's death. Eventually, Field Marshal Pibul Songkram took over the country, and, after a number of democratic reforms had been effected, with the help of edicts from the young King, elections—preceded by noisy, free-style campaigning—were held in February of 1957. Following this brief democratic flurry, charges of election irregularities—accompanied by fresh power struggles among Army leaders—led to a coup in September, 1957, in which Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat ousted Pibul as Prime Minister. The ascendancy of Sarit marked the real start of the careers of the two men who have just been overthrown, Thanom and Prapass. They had held middle-level Army posts under Pibul, but when Sarit took over they became Defense Minister and Interior Minister, respectively, and, following elections in December, 1957, Thanom was named Prime Minister and Prapass a vice-premier. Sarit, who was still the main source of patronage and power, shortly after that had to spend several months in Walter Reed General Hospital, in Washington, but he returned to Thailand in the fall of 1958, and that October staged what he called a "friendly coup," whereby he soon became Prime Minister, with Thanom as a deputy and Prapass once more the Interior Minister. When Sarit died, in December, 1963, Thanom and Prapass took over on their own, thereafter sharing both power and wealth. Elections were held again in February, 1969, and Thanom's United Thai People's Party won handily, though the opposition Democrat Party swept the Bangkok area.

On November 17, 1971, irked by critics in the ineffectual National Assembly, Thanom and Prapass staged another coup, abolishing the constitution then in force as well as the Assembly, and setting up a National Executive Council to run the country by decree. On December 16, 1972, the two dictators replaced this with a Cabinet, and appointed a National Legislative Assembly more or less of their own choosing. Thanom and Prapass had reached the statutory retirement age of sixty, but they simply kept themselves in power by administrative hocus-pocus; while apparently grooming Colonel Narong to succeed them, they operated for the most part under yet another interim constitution, one article of which gave them, in effect, the right to do anything they wished and to determine as they saw fit what was "subverting peace and order, morality, or the economy of the state." The King, who had a certain respect for Thanom but little, if any, for Prapass or Narong, was said to have been particularly disturbed by their use of this article, and by their maintaining themselves in office after they became sixty (Thanom is now sixty-two and Prapass sixty-one).

One of the most perceptive comments on the three men came a week



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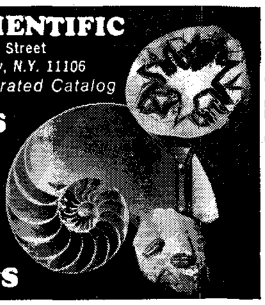

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after they had left the country, from the English-language *Bangkok Post,* which wrote:

> The trio viewed life from a military fortress built high on the flattery of aides and ministers who knew they'd be dismissed if they reported anything which shook the fortress foundation. Unwilling to handle reality, the regime succumbed to its own lies.

Prapass, in particular, the editorial added, had an abysmal view of "Thai humankind":

> His view was simple: Most people would believe anything. He firmly supported the idea that people deserve the government they have, and, since he was the government, it was he the people deserved. He allowed them no outlet for dissent and mistook their silence for approval.

PRIME MINISTER SANYA, in a policy statement to the National Legislative Assembly in late October, pledged coöperation with the students, "promotion of a democratic form of government in which the King is Head of the Nation," economic stability, more stress on agricultural production and marketing, a revised tax structure, a more equitable legal system, "increased coöperation between officials who are in charge of maintenance of peace and order and the people," and improved health and educational programs. During a luncheon interview I had with the amiable Deputy Prime Minister, Sukich Nimmanhaemmindra, who is a lifelong friend of Sanya's (he is two years older than the Prime Minister), I was unable to elicit more than the same sort of generalizations concerning the new government's intentions.

Ever since the 1932 revolution against the absolute monarchy, which first brought the military to power, Thailand's periodic experiments in constitutions and democracy have been short-lived, and have failed partly because of the impatience and ambitions of the generals, partly because of the inability of civilian leaders to lead and so create a functioning political consensus. Despite the new opportunity today, and a pledge by General Kris that the Army will be kept out of politics from now on, there remains considerable skepticism that the divided and bickering political parties will be able to govern the country effectively. Much will depend on the sort of elections that are held and on the degree of representation—heretofore virtually nil—that the common people obtain. This is particularly true of the twelve million people who live in the poor northeast area, where the per-capita income is ninety-five dollars a year, as

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compared to a national average of a hundred and eighty dollars and an average of five hundred dollars in the Bangkok area. Under the 1949 constitution, which most observers believe was the best the country ever had, and which is being used as a model for the new one, there was an elected Lower House and an appointed Upper House, the King having considerable voice, at least on paper, in selecting the latter. Depending on how good the preparations are for a really fair election, such an Assembly conceivably could provide far broader representation than there has been in the past. Some small parties representing the farmers and workers have previously existed, but they have never succeeded in getting more than a handful of candidates elected. Whether there will be time enough now for them to reorganize themselves and conduct effective campaigns remains to be seen.

One hope lies in the emergence of a new group of younger political leaders to replace the present group of men in their sixties. The Democrat Party, for instance, which was the second-largest in the last Assembly, is still nominally led by Seni Pramoj, a former Prime Minister, who told me that, though he would not shrink from being asked to form a new government even at the age of sixty-eight, the future of his party depends on younger men and women, including students. However, at the moment the Party is badly split into two factions. Another possibility that has been mentioned is the return from exile of former Prime Minister Pridi Phanomyong, who left the country when he was forced out of office a quarter of a century ago. After living in China for twenty-one years, Pridi, who is now in his seventies, has recently lived in Paris, and there he has reportedly taken part in negotiations over the repatriation of some forty thousand Vietnamese refugees from northeast Thailand to North Vietnam. As a left-wing figure of prominence and an able politician who once had a large following in Thailand, Pridi could undoubtedly be the standard-bearer of a new Socialist party that would appeal to the militant members of the younger generation. There is some question, however, whether the King would want him to return, inasmuch as Pridi was one of those suspected of complicity in the death of King Ananda.

A more likely prospect is the entry into the political arena of Dr. Puey Ungphakorn, former governor of the Bank of Thailand and a Thammasat University dean, who will return late

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this month from his post as visiting Professor of Economics at Cambridge University, in England. Dr. Puey, a highly regarded technocrat who has a wide following among intellectuals and students, was in Thailand on a brief visit in December and ostensibly shunned a political role for himself, although he acknowledged that he might run for the National Legislative Assembly as an independent (which may prove to be impossible since the new constitution is said to permit only party-affiliated candidates). Dr. Puey's friends, both in banking and in intellectual circles, are already speaking of drafting him to head a new People's Moral Party, and, despite his disclaimers, he is writing articles and issuing statements stressing the need for Thai unity and commenting on the importance of sustaining the momentum of the new democratic revolution. One way or another, Dr. Puey seems destined to play an important role. The exact shape of the political future will also depend on the men who have been in the United Thai People's Party, which, as the government party, was largely controlled by Thanom and Prapass. The Party could be reorganized under new auspices, though undoubtedly many of its former members would seek to retain their positions and patronage.

The Thais, handicapped as they are by scant experience with representative government, are poor parliamentarians; the last Assembly was little more than a noisy debating society. Despite the Army's promise to stay out of politics, nobody knows just how much patience the military will demonstrate. Although General Kris and the Minister of Defense, Air Chief Marshal Dawee Chullasapya, who is the most important holdover from the previous regime, have said there will no longer be any Supreme Command or any field marshals but, rather, possibly Joint Chiefs of Staff, on the American model, it will be no easy task to restrain the ambition and greed of officers who have long been accustomed to receiving payoffs and other "courtesies" from Prapass and their area commanders. If a newly elected government does not rule effectively and strongly, another Army takeover, led this time, perhaps, by colonels and majors, is likely to occur, regardless of the King's feelings. General Kris, who may himself enter politics when he retires this year, declared in December that the Army would interfere with politics "only on orders of His Majesty the King or the Prime Minister." But he admitted, "I am watching politics carefully," and, referring to a remark by Prime Minister Sanya that "surgery" might be required if the present situation of labor unrest and other troubles got out of hand, added cryptically, "I am not a surgeon; it's not for me to decide on major surgery. His Majesty the King or the Prime Minister is the surgeon. I am just the scalpel."

Judith Shahn

A highly important factor in the functioning of the new government will be the role of the students. They have shown their intention of remaining active, but they have also become divided among themselves. The activist leader Saeksan Prasertkul, who played such an important part in the October revolt, left the National Student Center early in November and formed a new, small activist group, the Federation of Independent Students of Thailand (F.I.S.T.), which he said would "support and protect the hard-earned democracy." Saeksan, who describes himself as a Social Buddhist, broke with the N.S.C.T. because he felt that it was "very naïve" and too moderate. "Basically, it is unquestionable that everyone wants to protect the nation, the religion, and the monarch," he said. "But the [sources of] deterioration are still there. It was wrong to think that the eviction of the trio was enough. The existing social and political systems will continue to produce evil persons at a high rate." In a newspaper interview, Saeksan, who is now helping the vocational and engineering students to organize themselves permanently, pointed out, "People want the constitution, want real democracy, so much that if they are not patient and politicians do not aim our new democratic system at solving the nation's problems, the most dangerous thing will happen. That is, those who fought for democracy will abandon the ideals they fought for and turn instead toward one of two extremes: left-wing dictatorship or right-wing dictatorship." He spoke, further, of the need for a reevaluation of the country's social system and a reappraisal of its moral and spiritual values to reduce the present stress on material consumption, and referred specifically to the deleterious impact not only of the American military bases but of the American way of life in general. "For practical military reasons, perhaps our government cannot tell the Americans to leave," he said. "But it can restrict the inflow of Western influence coming through government information services, private com-

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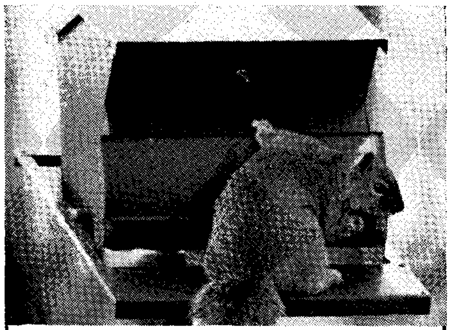

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panies, or other cultural channels, like music and movies." While Saeksan was on a three-week visit to the United States, student leaders from Australia, Cambodia, Laos, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Thailand met in Bangkok, and on December 3rd fifty of them appeared at the American Embassy, where they handed a petition to the new American Ambassador, William Kintner, which declared that "the crucial reason for our impoverishment is the domination and exploitation of our peoples by foreign powers," adding, "We believe that the United States is the primary enemy in this regard." The petition went on to condemn "American commercial investors who continue to ravish our people by exploiting the cheap price of labor," and the "massive [American] military presence in our region."

The militant students of F.I.S.T. and some other groups, while smaller in numbers, are bound to have a growing influence in the months ahead, especially if Saeksan continues to play a leading role among both the university and vocational students, whose adviser he continues to be. In a discussion I had with Sombat Thamrongthanyawong, the new N.S.C.T. leader, and four other students from the Center—two young men and two young women—Sombat, who did most of the talking, stressed the more moderate approach that the Center represents but left no doubt that the students intended henceforth to play a more active political role. He said they would take it upon themselves "to educate the people to understand better what democracy means," and that they would begin a nationwide campaign, through chapters of the Center, to teach the people the importance of voting in the forthcoming elections for the candidates who would do them the most good. Himself an agronomy student, Sombat said there was a special need to bring home to the farmers the benefits of diversified crops and modern farming methods. The N.S.C.T., he said, was not planning to start a party of its own or to back any one party but would support individual candidates it liked and would make its choices known through a student-speaker program and a newspaper of its own.

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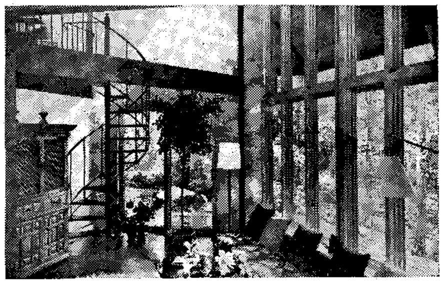

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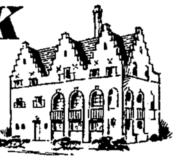

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ward regions of the north and northeast, where the insurgents are strongest, that the government is serving their best interests and that local officials, especially policemen, are honest will determine how much appeal the insurgents will continue to have. Even though there is a move to improve relations with China and North Vietnam, it is unlikely that those countries will stop supporting the insurgency movement. In recent months, the Chinese have officially told the Thais that support for the insurgents is "a Party matter," and not one that the Peking government as such can control—a convenient subterfuge.

The fact that the chief propaganda targets—always referred to in the past as "the Thanom-Prapass clique"—are no longer around has little bearing on the situation. Both Peking and Hanoi made cautiously approving initial comments on the overthrow of the Thai dictators, but a statement purportedly emanating from the Communist Party of Thailand which was sent to the leading Thai-language newspaper in Bangkok three weeks after the revolt condemned the new Sanya government as still representative of imperialism, feudalism, and capitalism. The same day, in one of the biggest ambushes in eight years, thirty government soldiers were killed by the insurgents in the northeast.

On December 1st, the thirty-first anniversary of the founding of the Communist Party of Thailand, the clandestine Voice of the People of Thailand broadcast a lengthy statement, in which it said, "So long as the influences of imperialism, feudalism, and capitalism exist, no matter what political parties or personnel, military or civilian, take power, the destiny of the nation cannot be resolved." The proclamation called for building up "national and democratic fronts extensively both in the towns and in the countryside." It added, "We must consolidate the strength of the workers, farmers, poor people in the towns, schoolchildren, university students, petty bourgeois, national bourgeois, and the broad nation- and democracy-loving people and unite them in waging a common struggle." The December 1st statement, which was almost certainly made with the approbation of Peking, thus broadened the scope of the Thai revolutionary movement, however limited it may be at present, to embrace the workers' and students' movements, which are being given their head by the new regime. It seemed a clear indication that the Communists will seek to infiltrate the ranks of the labor unions, which are ex-

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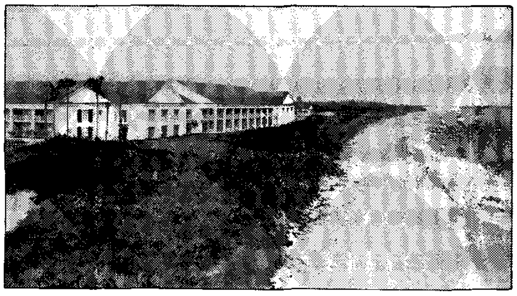

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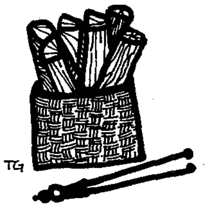
pected to be revived for the first time since the nineteen-fifties, as well as those of the various student movements, and that they will also seek to take advantage of the forthcoming free elections to influence both rural and urban voters to support militant or radical candidates. Undoubtedly, too, the issue of the remaining American bases will be emphasized, as it is bound to be anyway, even by moderates. It is at this point, during the summer, that Thailand may face major unrest, which conceivably could lead to fresh intervention by the military.

Intelligence sources in Bangkok estimate that there are between seven thousand and seventy-five hundred Communist Terrorists, as Bangkok calls the insurgents, in north and northeast Thailand, plus two thousand additional members in the far south, near the Malaysian border, who simply use Thailand as a sanctuary and base for operations in Malaysia. The guerrillas' over-all strength, as estimated by Thai Intelligence, has been growing by about ten per cent a year for several years, though the recent growth in the north and northeast has been slightly greater. An analysis of their strength shows that there are approximately twenty-five hundred of them in the northeast; as many as three thousand in the northern provinces dominated by the Meo and other tribes, among whom the Communists have been conducting successful recruiting drives for several years; about three hundred in the western provinces bordering on Burma, and an equal number in the eastern provinces bordering on Cambodia; a hundred not far west of Bangkok; nine hundred in the dangling southern peninsula, plus perhaps three hundred Muslim separatists, who seek to join several of the southern Thai provinces to Malaysia or to form an autonomous Muslim state; and two thousand Malaysian-oriented guerrillas organized into three regiments. These groups are still said to be led by the legendary Chin Peng, who headed the Communist revolt in Malaya twenty years ago, during what the British called "the Emergency."



The gradually growing insurgency movement in the northeast has been supported by some five thousand unarmed but organized villagers who—much as in South Vietnam—supply food, information, and messengers. The main groups of Terrorists are armed with Chinese AK-47 rifles, B-40 rockets, and modern mortars as well as with American M-16s. Most of the fighters and the leading cadremen are still being trained in secret camps in Laos, China, and North Vietnam. The insurgency in the northeast, though ambushes and assassinations are frequent, is regarded by the government as primarily political, with both sides trying to win the support of the villagers. The government has a Volunteer Defense Corps, a militia of some twelve thousand, to cope with the sympathizers of the Thai People's Liberation Army, which is what the Communists call themselves. Over the past few years, the government has stepped up a program of building roads, providing new agricultural facilities, and improving the calibre of governors and civil servants in the northeast. There have been a number of desertions from the Communist ranks, but the Terrorists keep on recruiting fresh cadremen, even though the Thais, more passive than the Vietnamese, don't relish the insurgent life and tend to drift back to their villages if they regard them as safe. A relative handful of old-time members of the Communist Party of Thailand who were trained at the Marxist-Leninist Institute in Peking are highly militant, but the younger insurgents, many of whom are mixed-blood Sino-Thais, are less so. A special effort is now being made to politicize the insurgent movement among the Meo in the north by sending some of the northeast's more experienced cadremen there, but the strength of the northern movement is thought to be primarily military, and both there and in some other mountainous parts of the country the government has suffered quite a few casualties over the last two years while conducting large-unit sweep operations against well-armed and well-trained Terrorists.

In general, the insurgency movement throughout the country is considered by Thai and American experts to have, in the words of one American, "quality and depth even though it is small." Most of these experts agree that if it had been stronger and larger at the time of the Bangkok students' revolt, the Communists would have established "liberated zones," as they have done in South Vietnam. Thai counterinsurgency officials believe that the ouster of Thanom and Prapass has given them a psychological advantage, and they are hoping to press it, with the help of student volunteers. The Communists, in turn, seem likely to step up their activity, particularly if the Khmer Rouge continues to make gains in Cambodia and if there is increasing Communist harassment in South Vietnam. The future of the new Thai government is thus likely to be determined in the areas of insurgency as much as in Bangkok.

The overwhelming majority of Thais are anti-Communist, and without external links the insurgency would remain a minor threat. On the other hand, the Thais, like most of their Southeast Asian neighbors, have come to realize that the Nixon Doctrine, promising continuing aid to those nations that help themselves, has little validity in the face of congressional reluctance—except in emergencies and special situations—to give more than minimal assistance to any foreign country, including former allies in the Vietnam war. The American bases here, which bring Thailand an income of a hundred and sixty million dollars a year—not really very much in proportion to the country's gross national product, which amounts to between seven and eight billion dollars—are increasingly regarded as an encroachment on Thai society and as a hangover from our huge past commitment to South Vietnam, rather than as a protection for Thailand itself. Should Cambodia go Communist, and should the North Vietnamese launch another major offensive in South Vietnam in 1974 or 1975, which is more than likely and which could threaten Thailand directly, Thai opinion could swing back, and the government could allow several American bases to be reactivated—something that could be easily done, although it would almost certainly meet with opposition in the United States.

For the moment, the American inclination seems to be to mothball all but the two or three major bases and reduce the number of American men—now down to about thirty-five thousand—and planes in the country by as much as two-thirds over the next year or two. There is a larger diplomatic strategy involved in all this. While the original shock that resulted from Washington's policy of détente has given way to some skepticism about its effectiveness, the smaller nations of Asia are being persuaded to mend their own fences and build their own alliances in their own way, and thereby to create a new balance of power in the region. While this may be precarious, it will at least be based less on close dependence on any one big nation.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hemme and Wayne and Curtis were Thursday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meyers. The Myerses are still not feeling well.—*Buffalo (Okla.) Harper County Journal.*

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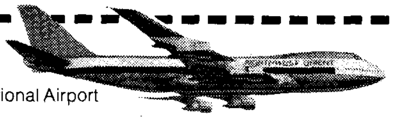

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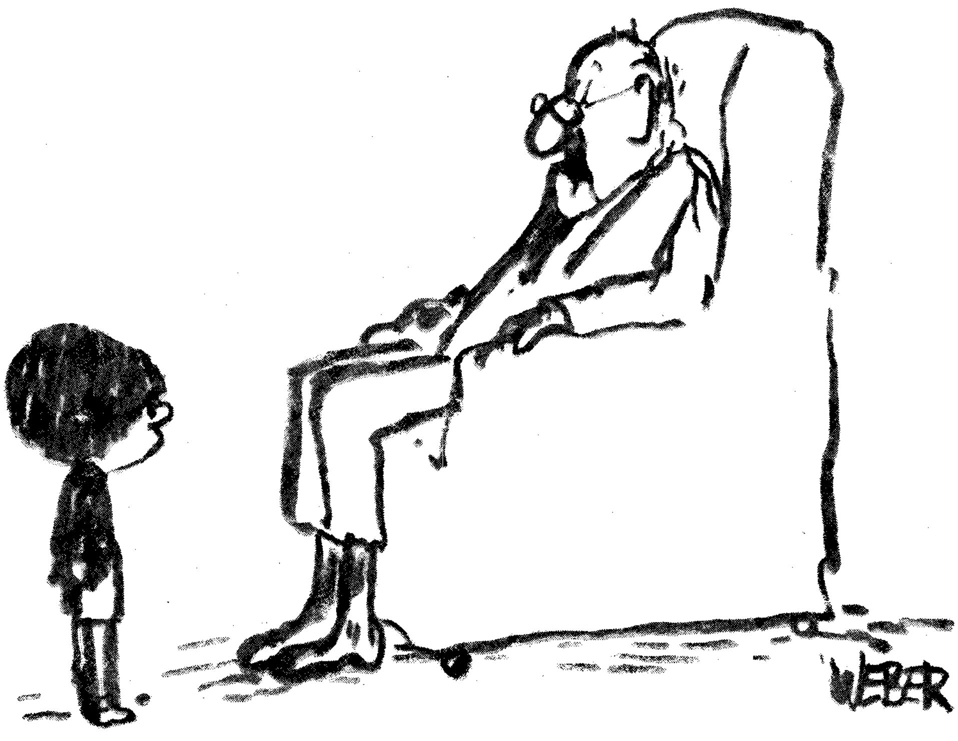
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Killing Time

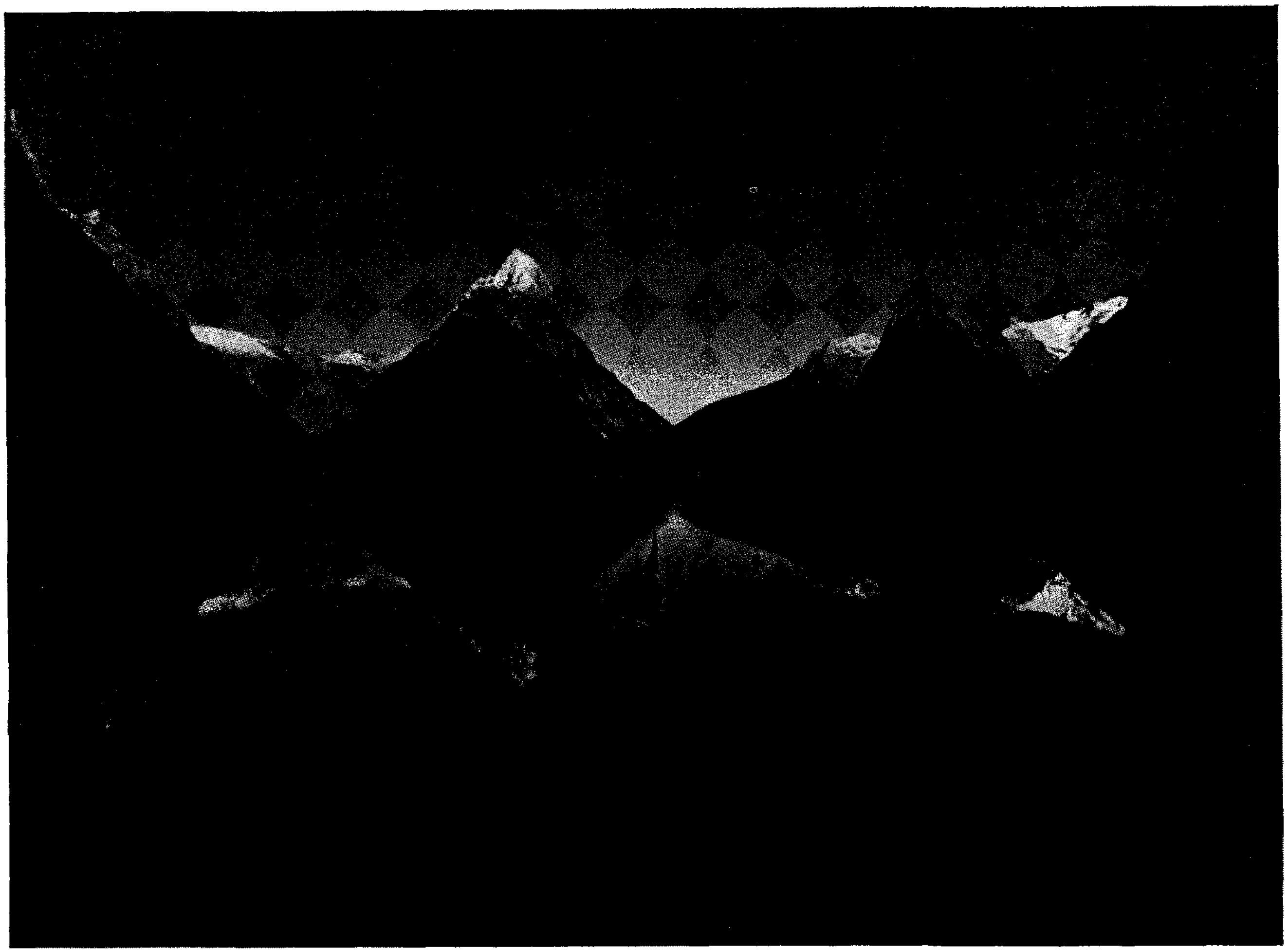
Clint Eastwood isn't offensive; he isn't an actor, so one could hardly call him a bad actor. He'd have to *do* something before we could consider him bad at it. And acting isn't required of him in "Magnum Force," which takes its name from the giant's phallus—the long-barrelled Magnum 44—that Eastwood flourishes. Acting might even get in the way of what the movie is about—what a big man and a big gun can do. Eastwood's wooden impassivity makes it possible for the brutality in his pictures to be *ordinary*, a matter of routine. He may try to save a buddy from getting killed, but when the buddy gets hit no time is wasted on grief; Eastwood couldn't express grief any more than he could express tenderness. With a Clint Eastwood, the action film can—indeed, must—drop the pretense that human life has any value. At the same time, Eastwood's lack of reaction makes the whole show of killing seem so unreal that the viewer takes it on a different level from a movie in which the hero responds to suffering. In "Magnum Force," killing is dissociated from pain; it's even dissociated from life. The killing is totally realistic—hideously, graphically so—yet since it's without emotion it has no impact on us. We feel nothing toward the victims; we have no empathy when they get it, and no memory of them afterward. As soon as one person gets it, we're ready for the next. The scenes of carnage are big blowouts—parties for the audience to gasp at in surprise and pleasure.

At an action film now, it just doesn't make much difference whether it's a good guy or a bad guy who dies, or a radiant young girl or a double-dealing chippie. Although the plots still draw this distinction, the writers and the directors no longer create different emotional tones for the deaths of good and bad characters. The fundamental mechanism of melodrama has broken down, I think: the audience at action pictures reacts to the killing scenes simply as spectacle. A tall, cold cod like Eastwood removes the last pretensions to humane feelings from the action melodrama, making it an impersonal, almost abstract exercise in brutalization. Eastwood isn't very different from many of the traditional inexpressive, stalwart heroes of Westerns and cops-and-robbers films—actors notoriously devoid of personality—but the change in action films can be seen in its purest form in him. He walks right through the mayhem without being affected by it—and we are not cued to be affected, either. The difference is a matter of degree, but it's possible that this difference of degree has changed the nature of the beast—or, to put it more accurately, the beast can now run wild. The audiences used to go mainly for the action but also to hate the ruthless villains, sympathize with the helpless victims, and cheer on the protector-of-the-weak heroes. It was the spaghetti Westerns (which made Clint Eastwood a star) that first eliminated the morality-play dimension and turned the Western into pure violent reverie. Apart from their aesthetic qualities (and they did have some), what made these Italian-produced Westerns popular was that they stripped the Western form of its cultural burden of morality. They discarded its civility along with its hypocrisy. In a sense, they liberated the form: what the Western hero stood for was left out, and what he embodied (strength and gun power) was retained. Abroad, that was probably what he had represented all along. In the figure of Clint Eastwood, the Western morality play and the myth of the Westerner were split. Now American movies treat even the American city the way the Italians treated the Old West; our cops-and-robbers pictures are like urban spaghetti Westerns. With our ethical fabric torn to shreds in this last decade, American action films such as "Magnum Force" and "The Laughing Policeman" are becoming daydream-nightmares of indiscriminate mayhem and slaughter.



"That statement is absurd."

The John Wayne figure—the man who stood for the right (in both senses, I fear, and in both senses within the movies themselves)—has been replaced by a man who essentially stands for nothing but violence. Eastwood has to deliver death, because he has no other appeal. He can barely speak a line of dialogue without making an American audience smile in disbelief, but his big gun speaks for him. The concept of the good guy has collapsed simultaneously in our society and in our movies. Eastwood isn't *really* a good guy; you don't *like* him, the way you liked Wayne. You don't even enjoy him in the way you could enjoy a scoundrel. He's simply *there*, with his Magnum force. For a hero who can't express himself in words or by showing emotion, shooting first and asking questions later has got to be the ultimate salvation. In "Dirty Harry," Eastwood said to the hippie psychotic, "This is the most powerful handgun in the world, punk. It can blow your head off." The strong, quiet man of the action film has been replaced by the emotionally indifferent man. He's the opposite of Bogart, who knew pain. Perhaps the top box-office star in the movie business, Eastwood is also the first truly stoned hero in the history of movies. There's an odd disparity between his deliberate, rather graceful physical movements and his practically timbreless voice. Only his



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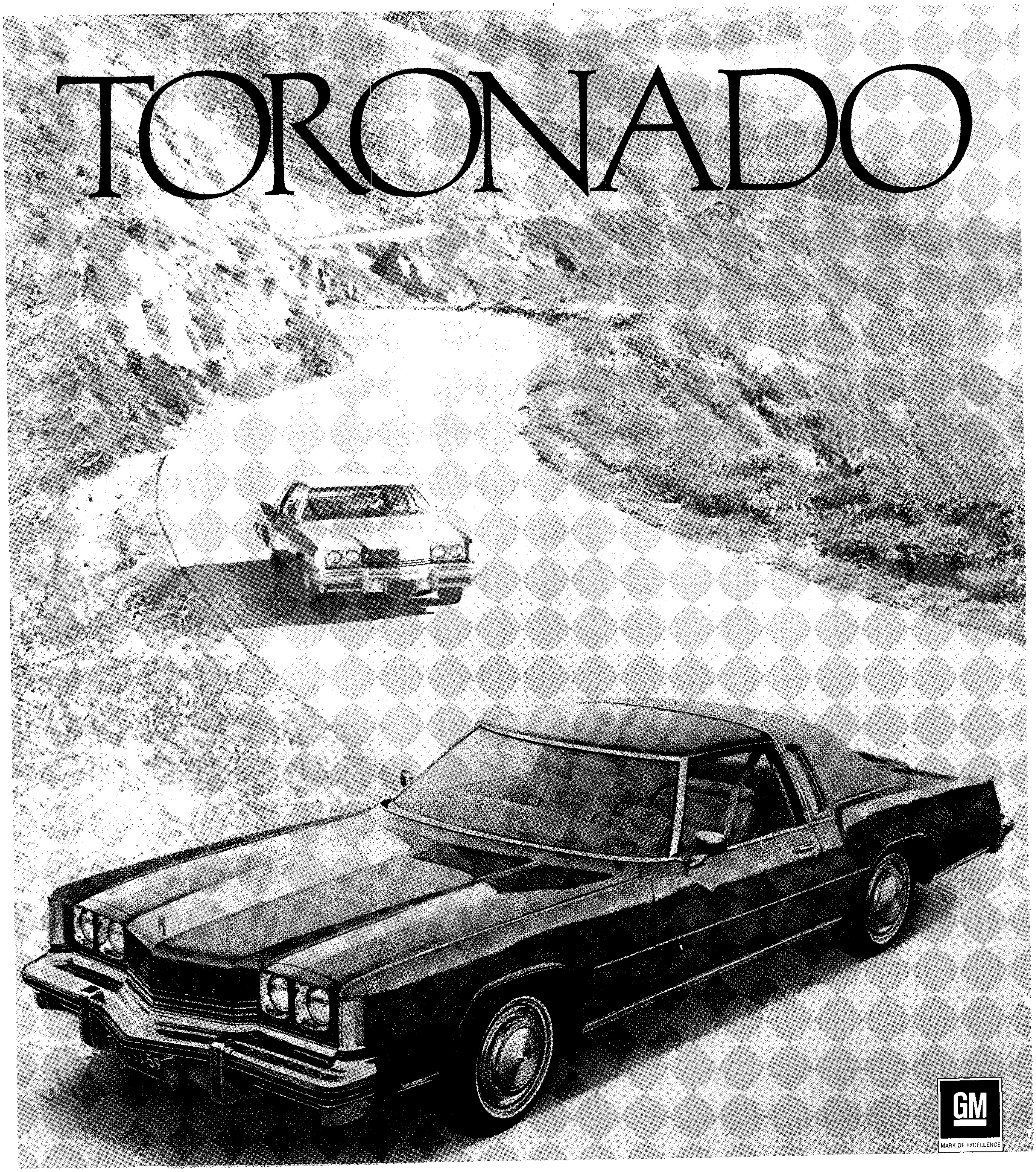

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hands seem fully alive. In Italian movies, the character he played was known as the Man with No Name, and he speaks in a small, dead, non-actor's voice that drops off to nowhere at the end of a line and that doesn't tell us a thing about him. While actors who are expressive may have far more appeal to educated people, Eastwood's inexpressiveness travels preposterously well. What he does is unmistakable in any culture. He's utterly unbelievable in his movies—inhumanly tranquil, controlled, and assured—and yet he seems to represent something that isn't so unbelievable. He once said of his first Italian Western, "A Fistful of Dollars," that it "established the pattern," that it was "the first film in which the protagonist initiated the action—he shot first." Eastwood stands melodrama on its head: in his world nice guys finish last. This is no longer the romantic world in which the hero is, fortunately, the best shot; instead, the best shot is the hero. And that could be what the American audience for action films, grown derisive about the triumph of the good, was waiting for. Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world.

HOLLYWOOD'S flirtation with the ideology of the law-and-order advocates reached its peak two years ago with the release of "Dirty Harry," a Warner Brothers picture directed by Don Siegel and starring Eastwood as the saintly tough cop Harry Callahan. A right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group, emasculated by the liberals, the picture propagandized for para-legal police power and vigilante justice. The only way Harry could protect the city against the mad hippie killer who was terrorizing women and children was by taking the law into his own hands; the laws on the books were the object of his contempt, because he knew what justice was and how to carry it out. The political climate of the country has changed, of course, and, besides, Hollywood is, in its own cheaply Machiavellian way, responsive to criticism. In "Magnum Force," the sequel to "Dirty Harry," and also from Warner Brothers, Clint Eastwood, again playing Harry Callahan, is just as contemptuous of the laws on the books, but he believes in enforcing them. John Milius, who had an uncredited paw in "Dirty Harry," and who gets the screenwriting credit here, along with Michael Cimino, twists the criticism of the earlier film to his own purposes: he takes his plot gimmick from those of us who attacked "Dirty Harry" for its fascist medievalism. The villains now are a Nazi-style élite cadre of clean-cut, dedicated cops who have taken the law into their own hands and are cleaning out the scum of the city—assassinating the labor racketeers, the drug dealers, the gangsters and their groupies. They are explicit versions of what we accused Harry of being; they might be the earlier Harry's disciples, and the new Harry wipes them all out. "I hate the goddam system," he says, "but I'll stick with it until something better comes along." "Magnum Force" disarms political criticism and still delivers the thrills of brutality. Harry doesn't bring anyone to court; the audience understands that Harry *is* the court. The picture is so sure it can get away with its political switch that before it allows Harry to spout his new defender-of-the-system line it actually tweaks the audience (and the movie press) by implying that he is the assassin who's mowing down the gangsters. But the movie—and this is what is distinctively new about it—uses the same tone for the Storm Troopers' assassination orgies that is used for Harry's killing of the Storm Troopers. At no point are we asked to be appalled by homicide. We get the shocks without any fears for the characters' safety or any sadness or horror at their gory deaths. The characters aren't characters in any traditional sense; they're not meant to be cared about.

Studio-machine-made action pictures have the speedy, superficial adaptability of journalism. One can measure some of the past two years' changes in the society by comparing the two films. In "Dirty Harry," the sniper villain (wearing a peace symbol on his belt) idly picked off an innocent girl in a bikini while she was swimming, and the pool filled with her blood. In "Magnum Force," one of the young Storm Troopers machine-guns everyone at a gangland swimming-pool party, and you get the impression that the girls prove their corruption and earn their deaths by being bra-less. Generally speaking, the victims now are all guilty of something, even if only of taking drugs, so you're exonerated—you don't have to feel anything. You can walk out and pretend you didn't see what went on. If the élite cadre and their prim Führer (Hal Holbrook) represent what Harry the hero represented the first time around, and if it's now right for Harry the hero to kill them,

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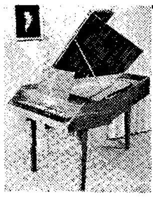

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what of the writers who confect one position and then the next? Do they believe in anything? I think they do. Despite the superficial obeisance to the rule of law, the underlying content of "Magnum Force"—the buildup of excitement and pleasure in brutality—is the same as that of "Dirty Harry," and the strong man is still the dispenser of justice, which comes out of his gun. Harry says it: "Nothing's wrong with shooting as long as the right people get shot." He's basically Paul Newman's Judge Roy Bean—another Milius concoction—all over again. Although Ted Post's direction of "Magnum Force" is mediocre, the picture isn't as numbing as "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean," because it stays on its own coarse, formula-entertainment level, trying to turn on the audience to the garish killings and sustaining a certain amount of suspense about what's coming next. It sticks to its rationale. In "Magnum Force," Dirty Harry is still the urban garbage man, cleaning up after us. His implicit justification is "You in the audience don't have the guts to do what I do, so don't criticize me." He says he does our dirty work for us, and so he invokes our guilt, and we in the audience don't raise the question "Who asked you to?" If Milius were a real writer instead of a hero-idolater, he might begin to raise questions about whether Harry unconsciously manipulates himself into these situations because he likes to kill, and about whether he keeps his face stony so as not to reveal this. But "Magnum Force," the new city Western, has no mind and no class; the moviemakers seem unaware that their hero lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality.

"A man's got to know his limitations," Harry keeps saying, and it's a comment not on himself but on his enemies' failure to recognize that he's the better man. Harry is tougher than the élite cadre, just as he was tougher than the mad hippie killer. The Nazis look like a troupe of juveniles in training for stardom in the old studio days, and are suspected by other cops of being homosexual, so Harry's weathered face and stud reputation (which is all hearsay as far as the audience goes) are like additional equipment for destroying them. But Eastwood is not a lover: women flock to him, but he makes no moves toward them. From what we see, they have to do all the work; he accepts one as dispassionately as he declines another. In one sequence, a woman bares her feelings and tells Harry of her desire for him while he just sits there, as un-

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concerned as ever; he's not going to get involved. Like the Western loner, he's almost surreally proper—lunatically so, considering what he does with his gun and fists. The only real sex scene in "Magnum Force" is a black pimp's murder of a black whore, which is staged for a turn-on erotic effect that I found genuinely shocking and disgusting. But the movie is full of what in a moral landscape would be sickening scenes of death: a huge metal girder smashes right into a man's face, and the audience is meant not to empathize and to hide from the sight but to say "Wow!"

The right-wing ideology functioned in "Dirty Harry;" here the liberalized ideology is just window dressing. What makes Harry the sharpshooter a great cop is that he knows the guilty from the innocent, and in this action world there's only one thing to be done with the guilty—kill them. Alternatives to violence are automatically excluded. If we talk to Harry, if after he dispatches his thirty-fifth or eightieth criminal one of us says "Harry, could you maybe ask the guy's name before you shoot, to make sure you've got the right man?" Harry's answer *has* to be "All criminals are liars anyway," as he pulls the trigger. Because that's what he wants to do: pull the trigger. What keeps the audience watching is one round of killings after another. "Magnum Force" is a far less skillful fantasy than "Dirty Harry," and so is less involving, and it isn't likely to be as big a hit, yet my hunch is that the audience, after these last couple of years, rather likes its fantasies to be uninvolving.

IT'S the emotionlessness of so many violent movies that I'm becoming anxious about, not the rare violent movies ("Bonnie and Clyde," "The Godfather," "Mean Streets") that make us care about the characters and what happens to them. A violent movie that intensifies our experience of violence is very different from a movie in which acts of violence are perfunctory. I'm only guessing, and maybe this emotionlessness means little, but, if I can trust my instincts at all, there's something deeply wrong about anyone's taking for granted the dissociation that this carnage without emotion represents. Sitting in the theatre, you feel you're being drawn into a spreading nervous breakdown. It's as if pain and pleasure, belief and disbelief had got all smudged together, and the movies had become some schizzy form of put-on.

—PAULINE KAEL

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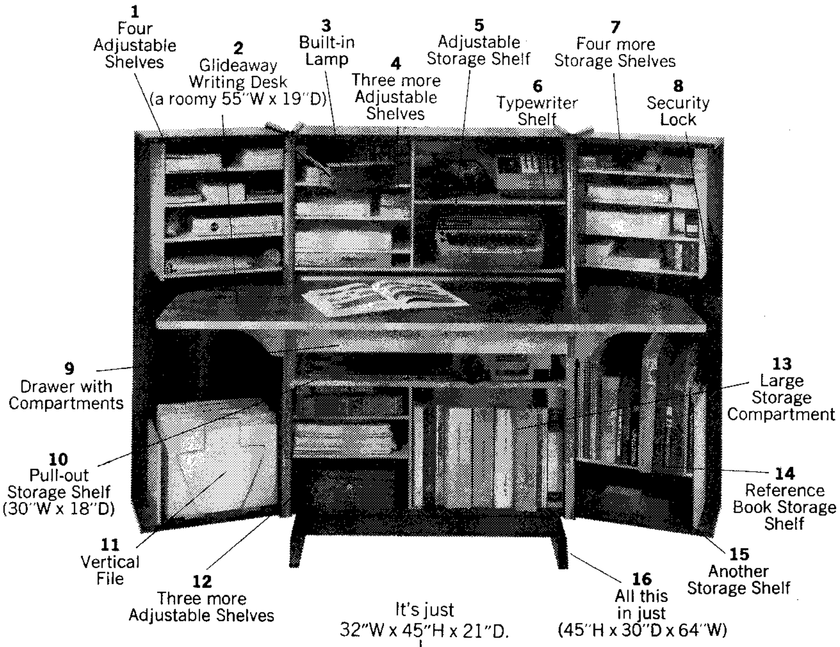
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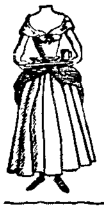

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Outsize

MARATHONS are in vogue this season. After the welcome staging of "Les Troyens" at the Metropolitan Opera, and Robert Wilson's all-night "Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," which turned out to be an opera only in name, the old year ended with two further jumbo events: one at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and one at Carnegie Hall.

The Brooklyn show, called "Festival of Modern Combos," was deliberately amorphous. Planned by Lukas Foss and the Brooklyn Philharmonia, it sprawled all over the Academy of Music on a Saturday evening from six-thirty until after midnight—only half as long as "Joseph Stalin," it is true, but a fair stretch of time nonetheless. Although it was possible to reserve seats, most of the audience simply paid for admission and were encouraged to roam freely around the place, sampling this and that attraction here and there—now in the Opera House, now in the Music Hall, and now in the upstairs ballroom, which has lately been renovated and imposingly renamed the Lepercq Space. Those who arrived early were also offered a "Prologue in the Lobby," in the shape of a ninth-century morality play. Something for all: that seemed the idea.

Soon after eight, in the Lepercq Space, Steve Reich and Musicians yielded to the Natural Sound Workshop, organized by Kirk Nurock. Mr. Nurock and his group of two dozen persons abjure instruments and amplification, and rely wholly on vocal and body sounds, including grunts and chortles and clapping, in which they encourage the audience to participate. Happening to have greatly enjoyed, on the previous evening in the same building, the delightful new production of Leonard Bernstein's musical "Candide," I found it hard not to see in the optimistic Mr. Nurock, with his avowed belief that "all human beings are musicians naturally" and that "the concept of specialized 'professional' musicians is part of the past," yet another disciple of the good Dr. Pangloss. But his Natural Sound—a leisurely kind of activity—had not got far before it was time to attend to more substantial and more specifically musical events downstairs.

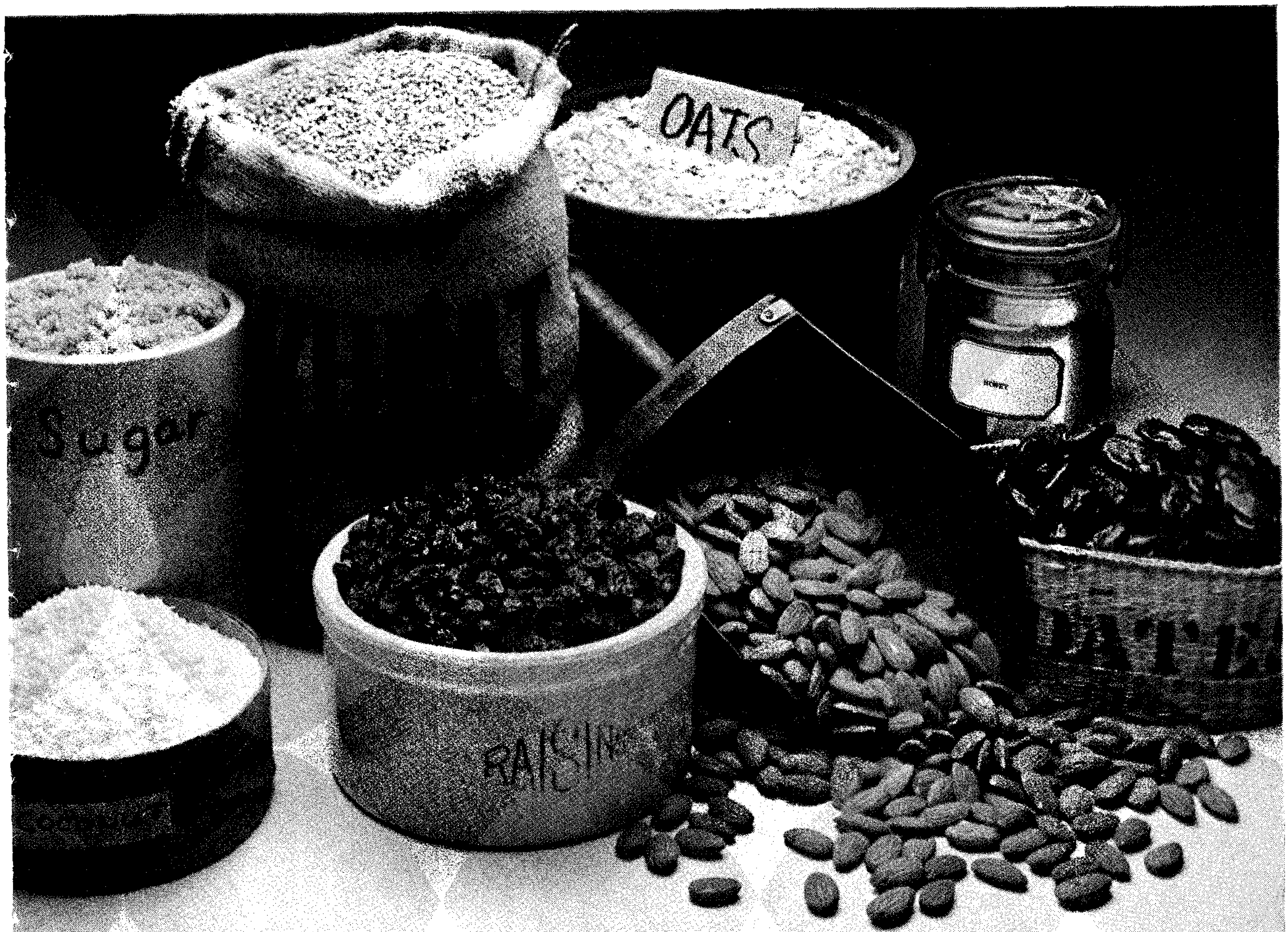
Of these, the most considerable was the first New York performance of Henze's "El Cimarrón," after which, in another hall, we had Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." Both these works belong to the semi-theatrical genre, and both, if they are to be fully effective, demand a certain amount of visual presentation. If money and theatrical talent were in limited supply (as no doubt they were), it would surely have been wiser to concentrate available resources on one of the two, reserving the second for another occasion. But no; the concepts of marathon and multiplicity prevailed; and both works received performances that were inadequate.

This proved harder on the Henze than on the Stravinsky. More than fifty years after it was written, Stravinsky's seven-man score still sounds wonderfully fresh, pungent, and zestful; and it was well played by an able group of soloists from various New York musical organizations, under the direction of Mr. Foss. The Ramuz text (in Mr. Foss's own translation) was, moreover, declaimed with considerable spirit by two members of *New York's* critical staff, the Messrs. Alan Rich and John Simon, as Narrator and Devil, respectively—though the third participant, Mr. Robert Sherman, made a rather colorless Soldier. But these merits were not enough to save the day. Without any embodiment of the Princess (a dancer's role), and with no visual suggestion of the alarming vicissitudes of the Soldier's lot, we might as well have been listening to a broadcast or a record.

"El Cimarrón" possesses none of the musical substance or resilience of "The Soldier's Tale;" it is a score that leans heavily for its appeal on the words that it illustrates. This seventy-five-minute "Recital for Four Musicians" is based on a text, divided into fifteen sections, that was drawn from "The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave," edited by the Cuban writer Miguel Barnet. The book—of which an English version appeared in 1968—is an impressionistic narrative of Esteban Montejo's experiences as recounted when he was over a hundred years old: of his youth in the slave barracks and sugar plantations, his flight to the forest and solitary existence there, the superstitions and tales that haunted or charmed him, his part in the 1895 War of Independence, and much more—all vivid, absorbing stuff, set by Henze for baritone in a mixture of speech and "speech-song," together with a limited amount of precisely notated singing. The three instrumentalists, who are often asked to improvise on the composer's suggested patterns, play the flute, the guitar, and a large assortment of percussion.

At the Aldeburgh Festival of 1970, where "El Cimarrón" was first given, a quartet of remarkable artists made a strongly theatrical impact in an elaborately staged and lit performance of the work, which they subsequently recorded for Deutsche Grammophon. Henze had written it with their special talents in mind; yet even then, with the impressive William Pearson in the title role, and with the sensational Japanese percussionist Stomu Yamash'ta "prowling, darting, leaping like a caged monkey" (to quote an admiring English critic) amid his widespread battery of instruments, "El Cimarrón" struck me as musically thin—and that notwithstanding some telling pictorial strokes evocative of forest and spectres, battle and victory, and some attractive passing touches of Afro-Cuban rhythm and melody. The Brooklyn performance offered no such scenic or personal advantages. The flutist, it is true (Eberhard Blum), showed himself a fine musician, and the two other instrumentalists also played well; but a singer-reciter (Julius Eastman) who mumbled his words and too often lapsed into downright inaudibility cruelly exposed the bareness of the musical content. Like other features in this "Festival of Modern Combos," "El Cimarrón" left me more than ever convinced that there is no substitute for real musical invention and sustained thought, and that too much of what is now trustfully offered to us in concert hall and opera house amounts to an evasion of the composer's essential and arduous task—to compose.

NO such complaint of musical tenuity could be brought against the second major event of my week: an afternoon recital at Carnegie Hall, during which Rosalyn Tureck played Bach's "Goldberg Variations" twice over without the omission of a single repeat, first on the harpsichord and then on the piano. She began at two o'clock, paused for less than an hour while the hall cleared and the



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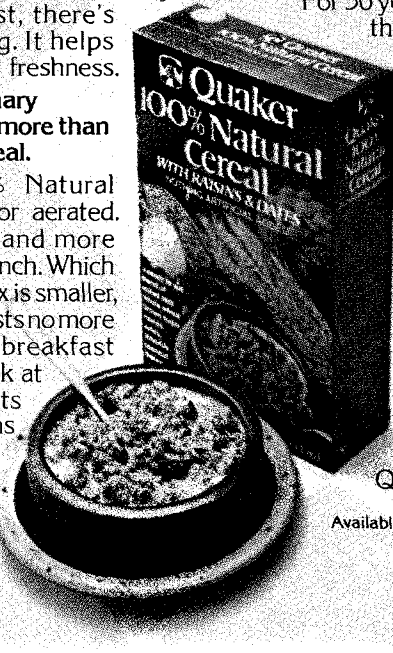

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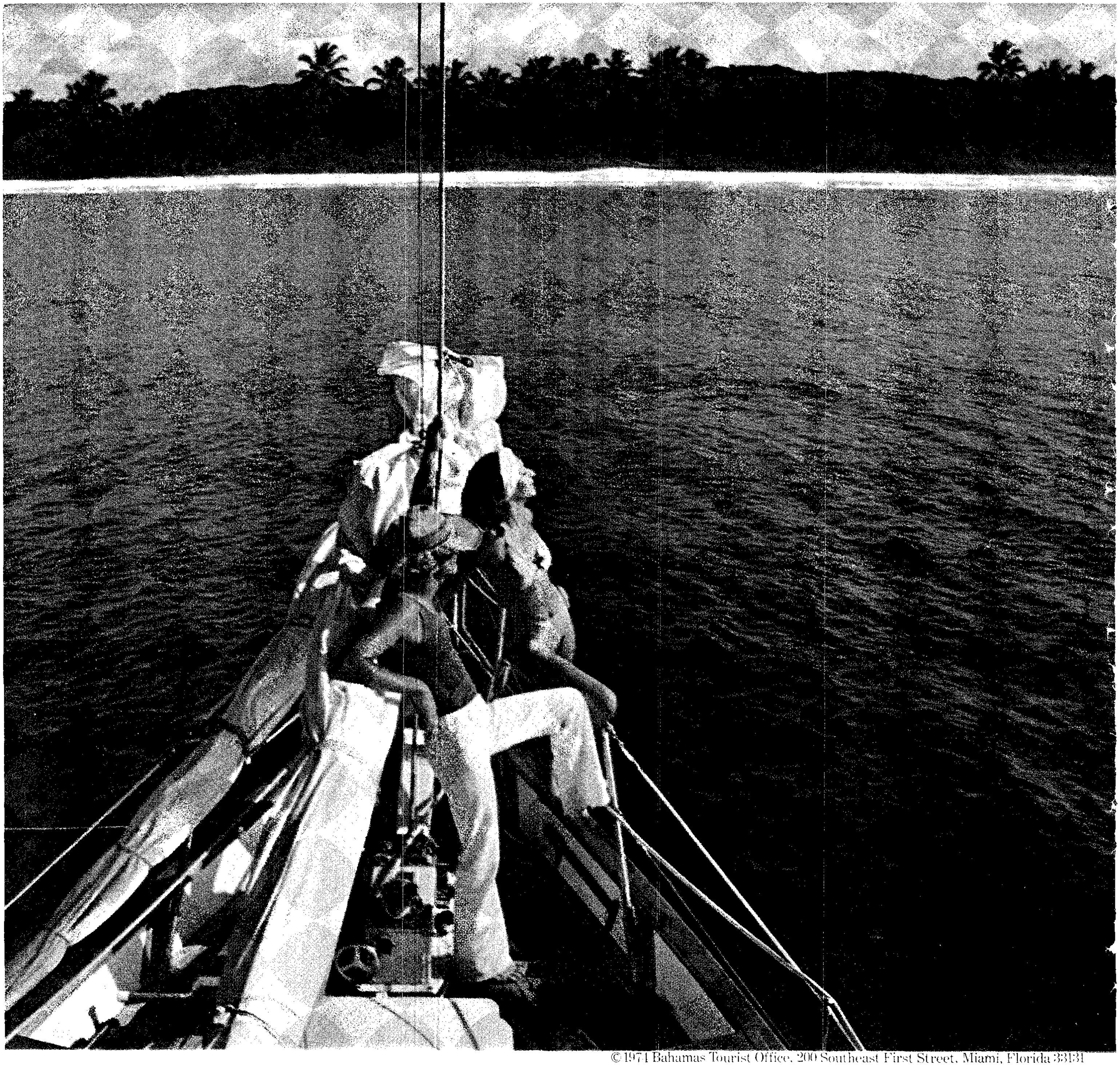

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instruments were changed, and had reached the marvellous twenty-fifth variation (the slow one that Wanda Landowska used to call the "black pearl" of the set) on the second lap, at an hour somewhat past six, when a pressing engagement (genuine) led me to withdraw from the scene.

The music is among the greatest creations of the human mind: not, as people are still half inclined to believe, simply because of its contrapuntal mastery but because of its infinite variety and expressive power, its brilliance and profundity, its audacity and serene assurance. During that long Sunday afternoon, Miss Tureck provided much pleasure: enchanting coruscations and cascades of scale and ornament in her harpsichord realization, a sense of style that saved her from any hint of excess or anachronism in the piano version, a high level of finger accuracy throughout, even a degree of emotional commitment that revealed much of the reflective and melancholy beauty of the minor-key variations—the poignant fifteenth, the gentle twenty-first, and the astonishing twenty-fifth, of which I have already spoken. She had provided scholarly program notes, in which she stated flatly that "the repeats are required in each performance, not only for the sake of the musical architecture as a whole, but also because I treat the repeats quite differently, in many variations, on each instrument"—in defiance of Tovey's equally flat assertion that "it would be not only tedious but very unscholarly to play them all."

Between such experts, it would need a brave man to intervene. But this must be said: that, in Miss Tureck's approach to her formidable task, there was occasionally something more scholastic than scholarly. I should have relished a flash of the sudden insight and infectious joy that fill the recorded performances of the work by Landowska on the harpsichord and Glenn Gould on the piano—however perverse and willful these great artists may show themselves elsewhere. In Freudian terms, the superego was too evidently in control in much that Miss Tureck did. Her performance was intense and majestic and refined; but something of the life and humanity of Bach's music had evaporated.

THE revival of "Manon Lescaut" at the Metropolitan is mainly notable for the Manon of Gilda Cruz-Romo and the conducting of Leif Segerstam. Mr. Segerstam, who had shown a marked affinity with Puc-

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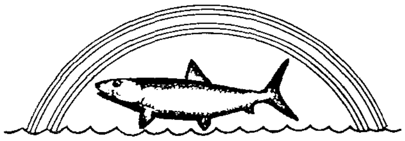

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cini's music in his handling of "La Bohème," did still better with the earlier score, bringing out its lyrical beauties without any exaggeration or undue lingering over succulent detail, and securing an excellent ensemble between stage and pit—never a simple task in Puccini. Miss Cruz-Romo is a Mexican soprano who has been making a name for herself during the past few years, and in these thin times she is certainly an acquisition. Her voice is a full and freely produced soprano that remains secure and unpinched in the region of high B and C, and sounds good everywhere except when she presses a bit too hard at the supposed demand of dramatic intensity; she has nice musical instincts and a neat trill, and, while still an immature actress, she looks prepossessing on the stage. The Des Grieux, Carlos Montané, comes from Cuba, and has a clear, well-trained voice of no great color or power, capable, however, of rising to the dramatic climax—beloved of all tenors and all popular audiences—of the embarkation scene at Le Havre. Among the lesser parts, which are not very rewarding to the performer, Fernando Corena made much of Manon's elderly protector, Geronte, and Judith Forst scored quite a hit in the tiny mezzo role of the Musician who enlivens the somewhat protracted sham-eighteenth-century goings on of Act II. With a good cast, the opera still holds the stage, but it has its longueurs.

—Desmond Shawe-Taylor

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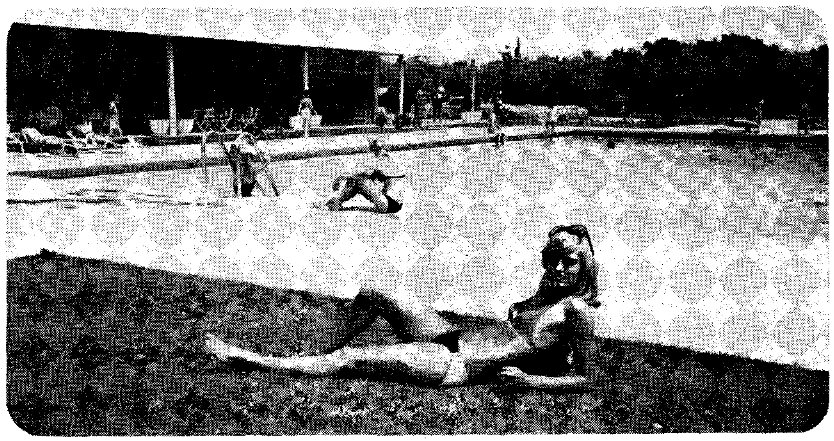

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BOOKS

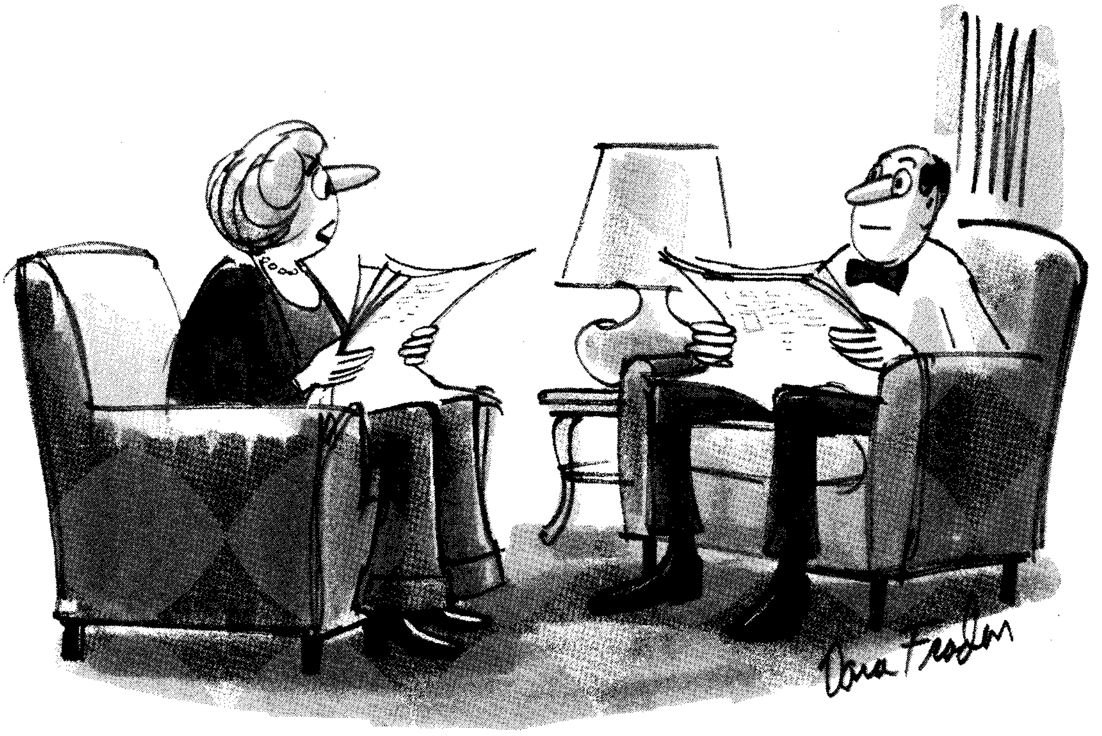
Man Behind the Throne

Oliver Cromwell retains—one hopes he will forever—a unique distinction: he is the only dictator in the history of the English-speaking peoples. Cromwell is an enormous anomaly: he sat in the Parliament of 1628, in the Short Parliament of 1640, and for a time in the Long Parliament, which first met in 1640, all the while contending for the rights of Commons, but he nonetheless had a hand in the destruction of the Long and of every succeeding Parliament that met in his lifetime; moreover, insofar as he had a theory of government, he was a monarchist, but he beheaded a King and then refused to assume the Crown. Cromwell has been called a usurper, an iconoclast, the embodiment of the Nonconformist conscience, and a ruler who made his dank little homeland a European power. The biographer's problem is to fit all these characters into one man, and Antonia Fraser, in her immense, detailed, sprawling biography, "Cromwell: The Lord Protector" (Knopf), does it by what is probably the only possible method: she tells everything that she can find out about him, and about the truth (or falsity) of the innumerable legends that to this day testify to the power, and confuse the nature, of his personality.

Cromwell was born in 1599 (a collateral descendant of Thomas, the political servant of Henry VIII), briefly attended Cambridge and the Inns of Court, married, then lived in the country except when he attended Parliament. He had nothing at all to do with war until he was forty-three, when he quickly became first a natural cavalryman, then the best general in England, then one of history's great commanders. And his invention, the New Model Army, was not only the revolutionary army of the English revolution but the forerunner of the revolutionary armies of so many other revolutions, and the forerunner of the citizen army of the modern nation-state. Cromwell's "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else" anticipates our present morality of war and revolution: men should fight for a cause, not for money or adventure. Practically everybody now knows that the English Civil Wars were the first modern revolution, and yet Cromwell himself was not a revolutionary in the sense of, say, a Jacobin or a Bolshevik. He and other members of the Parliamentary Party sincerely believed that they were attempting to restore the traditional form of English government, which Charles I had been attempting to subvert. Some of today's historians have been dubious about this; some of them question the Parliamentary Party's interpretation of the English constitution, others emphasize the influence of the radical religious and political groups that rallied to the revolutionary cause. These doubts may give the impression that Charles was more in the right about the laws of England in the seventeenth century than the Parliamentary Party was. But Charles did rule without calling a Parliament for eleven years (1629-40), during which, therefore, his innovatory schemes of taxation were certainly illegitimate. And his remark at his execution—he said of the people that "having a share in the government . . . is nothing appertaining to them"—was just not true of England. As Lords, House of Commonsers, justices of the peace, freemen and burgesses in self-governing municipalities, members of juries, some of the people had shared some of the government for hundreds of years.

To understand Cromwell, one must consider Charles' ideas and his shifty personality, because Cromwell hoped, even after many of his colleagues and supporters had despaired of the possibility, that he could come to terms with the King. The terms demanded by Parliament and its army were, in the end, stringent or even revolutionary—for example, their insistence on removing the militia from the King's to the Parliament's command. This stringency was as much the product of an entirely warranted distrust of his good faith as it was of a new theory of British constitutionalism. But there was a time when some of Cromwell's supporters in the army suspected that whatever deal was being worked out with the King would be for Cromwell's private benefit; Lady Antonia's detailed research suggests, instead, that he was trying to maintain the English government as he understood it, which required a King or, anyway, a Crown.

Cromwell's behavior before, during, and after the execution of the King represents a characteristic that sometimes led to his being misunderstood: his manner of making decisions. Lady Antonia holds, as he himself did, that



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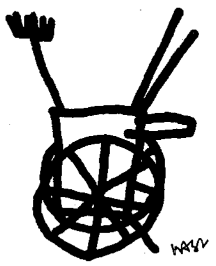
his religious faith had a great deal to do with it. She concludes, on the evidence at hand, that 1630 was most likely the year of his conversion, which followed upon a long period of depression and what she and other present-day authorities think were psychosomatic symptoms. After his conversion, however, Cromwell believed that "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;" that text sustained him upon the sudden death of his eldest son at the age of seventeen, in 1639, and again at the end of his life. But the problem he still repeatedly faced was "What things?" What did God want him to do? Cromwell, typically, prayed and pondered. The process often took time, and usually in circumstances that were all the more stressful because of his need to feel that he was doing right as well as doing well. During such interludes, Cromwell, besides praying, often gathered the opinions of a wide variety of men. Some, who did not realize that they were part of a process, assumed that they had provided the last word, and they felt cheated or betrayed when Cromwell's decision did not accord with their advice. This trait recalls Franklin D. Roosevelt; so does Lady Antonia's quotation from Cromwell's earliest biographer, who said that his subject preferred reading men to reading books. After Cromwell reached a decision and was ready to act, he (again, typically) displayed his relief in exhilaration. It was recalled that he laughed at the start of a battle, and he was not (like many men) afraid and downcast after the execution of the King.



Charles was executed on January 30, 1649; Cromwell died, abed, in the palace of Whitehall, on September 3, 1658, having held the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth since December of 1653. Between 1649 and 1651, he destroyed the royalist forces in Ireland and Scotland. Thereafter, you might say, he conducted a series of experiments in government. None of them succeeded, yet none of the failures seriously damaged his power or even the respect in which he was held. The reasons for the failures of his various governments (a nominated Commons without an upper House, an elected Commons, an interlude of direct military rule, a nominated upper House), as well as the reasons he never achieved the breadth of religious tolerance he wanted, are complicated; some belong to the history of the Commonwealth or of Britain or of Europe just as much as they do to a biography of Cromwell. His anti-Spanish policy was immensely popular, but the wars it entailed contributed to the Commonwealth's financial problems; financial problems, in turn, prevented reforms he wished to carry out.

If Cromwell had been an artist, we should, I imagine, judge him a failure. We judge artists more severely than we do statesmen. Artists get no credit for intentions that are not fulfilled, but historians are enormously forgiving of statesmen. The biographers I have read are more interested in reconsidering, for one, Herbert Hoover than they are in reconsidering, for one, Landseer, though Landseer was a better painter than Hoover was a President. Myself, I find it easier to discuss greatness in art than greatness in men. Were Bismarck and Cavour great men? It depends on who you are and what you want. Germany and Italy produced much finer works of art before their respective unifications than they did ever afterward, so these two national heroes may (unintentionally, I assume) have deprived the world of much harmless delight. "Greatness" represents the historian's or the reader's own values. Lady Antonia believes that Cromwell, deficiencies and all, was a great man. Will she persuade you? I have no idea. She does not push this judgment on the reader; she writes with thoughtfulness and scrupulousness, neither palliating Cromwell's faults nor blackening his enemies. Since his period evokes so much controversy, her meticulous, even-voiced style is a rare kind of courtesy.

Lady Antonia certainly demonstrates that Cromwell was a very great soldier. And, when I consider how little of what he did as Lord Protector ever worked out, and how little anyone objected, it occurs to me that he was a great politician, as we now understand the job of political leadership. True, he was no parliamentarian, and he did not want to be: he expected God to guide Parliaments without the assistance of an Executive. But the openness of his decision-making, as I have said earlier, was, on balance, politically persuasive, whether the decisions were good or bad. He did not go off to a mountaintop or hole up in a fortress and then surprise his country with a total reversal of policy like the Nazi-Soviet pact. He was clearly trying, and when he had to attempt something new, people knew why. He was accessible. Nobody seems to have been afraid to speak up in his presence—neither members of his Councils nor his major generals; he was lectured by Presbyterians, sassed by Quakers, and petitioned by Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Jews (none of the last three groups, in theory, existed as such in England). His habit of consulting recalls Washington, his accessibility Jackson and Lincoln. All of them were very good politicians (though Washington did not think he was) and very strong men, which may be why they freely asked advice and endured back talk. Nowadays, we seem to require of our leaders what Cromwell had in plenty—moral earnestness. This demand can provoke hypocrisy in able men who lack that earnestness; and moral judgments, no matter how fervent, can be as bad as intellectual ones. Yet that quality is still the dominant Anglo-American political characteristic: Disraeli is more entertaining, but we remain closer to Gladstone's tradition, and what is considered "great" in Lloyd George today is his genuine liberal, reformist dedication, not his slyness. Historians who believe in evolution nonetheless respect William Jennings Bryan, as historians who are not Socialists respect Eugene V. Debs. The tradition of moral earnestness contrasts with what is suggested by the personality and career of Cromwell's approving contemporary Mazarin. But all I am saying is that the influence of the English revolution on our own Revolution and our own attitudes is such that the qualities I admire in Cromwell (and there is much about him that Lady Antonia cannot persuade me even to like) are precisely the qualities that the English revolution taught Americans, and Englishmen, are admirable. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SWEET DREAMS, by Michael Frayn (Viking). A young English architect named Howard Baker jumps a red traffic light and passes (as calmly as Alice) through the looking glass and into the "Metropolis," where he is soon pleased to find himself, his family, and all his talented friends busily at work creating Man and the Universe. Howard's job is designing the Alps (particularly the Matterhorn), whereas "'They've put Charles onto inspiring Donne,' explains Prue to the people around the middle of the table, 'because he did so fantastically well with Yeats.'" Mr. Frayn, as he must be to carry off this sort of thing, is an impecca-

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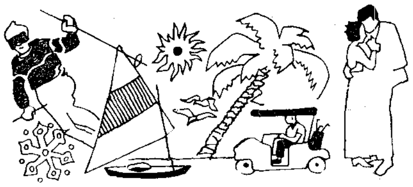

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ble writer. He is not a science fictionist but a moralist, and his novel is a kind of "Candide"—a vividly contemporary "Candide," full of the most serious high comedy and the most enormous belly laughs.

GENERAL

ENCOUNTER WITH ANTHROPOLOGY, by Robin Fox (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Professor Fox (anthropology, Rutgers) believes that his discipline has lost its way, collecting discrete minutiae to no purpose. What anthropology could and should do, he believes, is provide intellectual coherence: it must place *Homo sapiens* accurately in his biological or evolutionary setting, and then work at creating an ethic based on what our species is and what is "natural" and "unnatural," thus establishing the permissible limits of social and governmental tinkering, and defining minimal human rights and duties. He wants anthropology to give scientific assistance to the most important task that faces humanity—building a realistic contemporary social philosophy. Professor Fox has reprinted some of his earlier essays along with his recent thoughts; whether the essays deal with particular cultures (Gaelic, Pueblo) or with man in general, all display sympathy, wit, learning, and acumen.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by John Rosenberg (Knopf). Miss Richardson's lifetime work—the serial novel called, collectively, "Pilgrimage"—won her esteem, but its sales were negligible. This commercial failure remains surprising, since the very first volume of "Pilgrimage"—"Pointed Roofs," which appeared as long ago as 1915—was recognized as showing a new way in the English novel, and Miss Richardson's originality was an influence acknowledged by other writers. Whether or not "Pilgrimage" is to remain caviar to the general, Mr. Rosenberg has managed to convey the power of Miss Richardson's personality; her stunning, admirable pigheaded perseverance; and her remarkable charm. The biography celebrates the centenary of Miss Richardson's birth (she died in 1957), but it is no commemorative twaddle; it is a readable, serious account of a readable, serious writer.

THE OLD ONES OF NEW MEXICO, by Robert Coles, with photographs by Alex Harris (University of New

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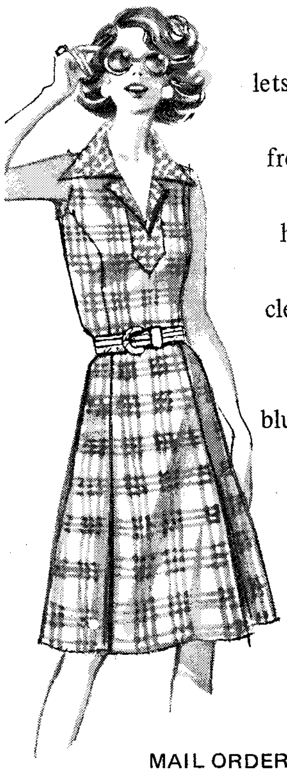

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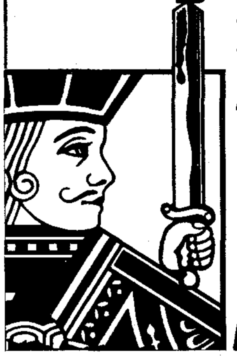

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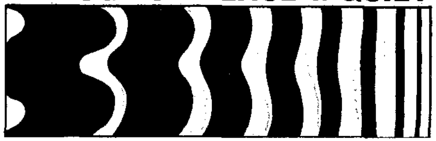

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Mexico Press). A series of interviews with elderly New Mexican Spanish-Americans who were chosen by Dr. Coles in order to demonstrate what he believes to be their unique fortitude, piety, and strength of character. Though all the men and women interviewed here (and beautifully photographed by Alex Harris) are in their seventies and eighties, they lead incredibly active, unembittered lives; they are admired and respected by their children and grandchildren, and they are unanimously disdainful of the acquisitive Anglo culture that surrounds them but seems to have left them almost untouched. The one thing missing from this book is a focussed sense of place; there are plenty of descriptions of what the old people's lives are like, but the reader longs to actually see Mr. Coles' subjects among their children, trafficking with outsiders, and moving about in the outside world.

COLETTE: THE THOUSAND AND ONE MORNINGS, translated from the French by Margaret Crosland and David Le Vay (Bobbs-Merrill). A slim volume of newspaper clippings made iridescent by the magic name of Colette. All the pieces, which in the main are short, were written between 1911 and 1914 for *Le Matin*. There are ironic comments on fashions in clothes and in makeup, impressionistic descriptions of courtroom trials, brief one-sided "dialogues" on writing, hairdressing, and manners, and so on. Even at her most superficial, Colette is interesting to read. She is always herself. These bright, thin scraps of writing are hardly more than souvenirs, but they are souvenirs of a great being, and we are glad to have them.

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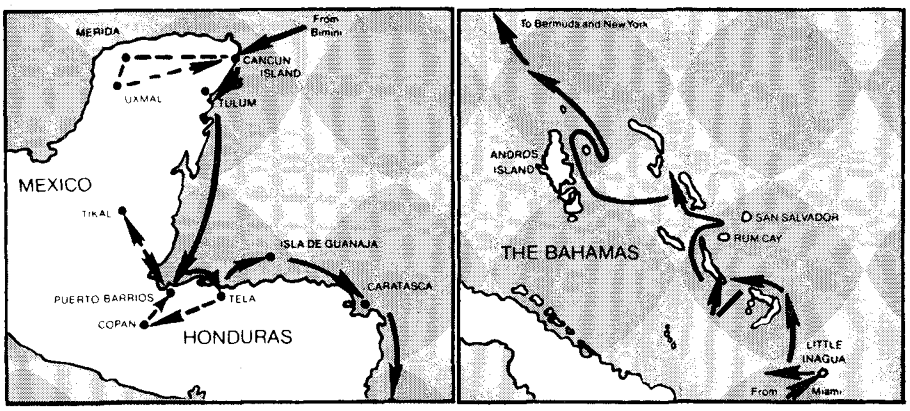

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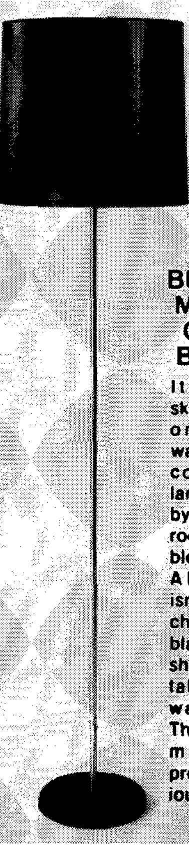

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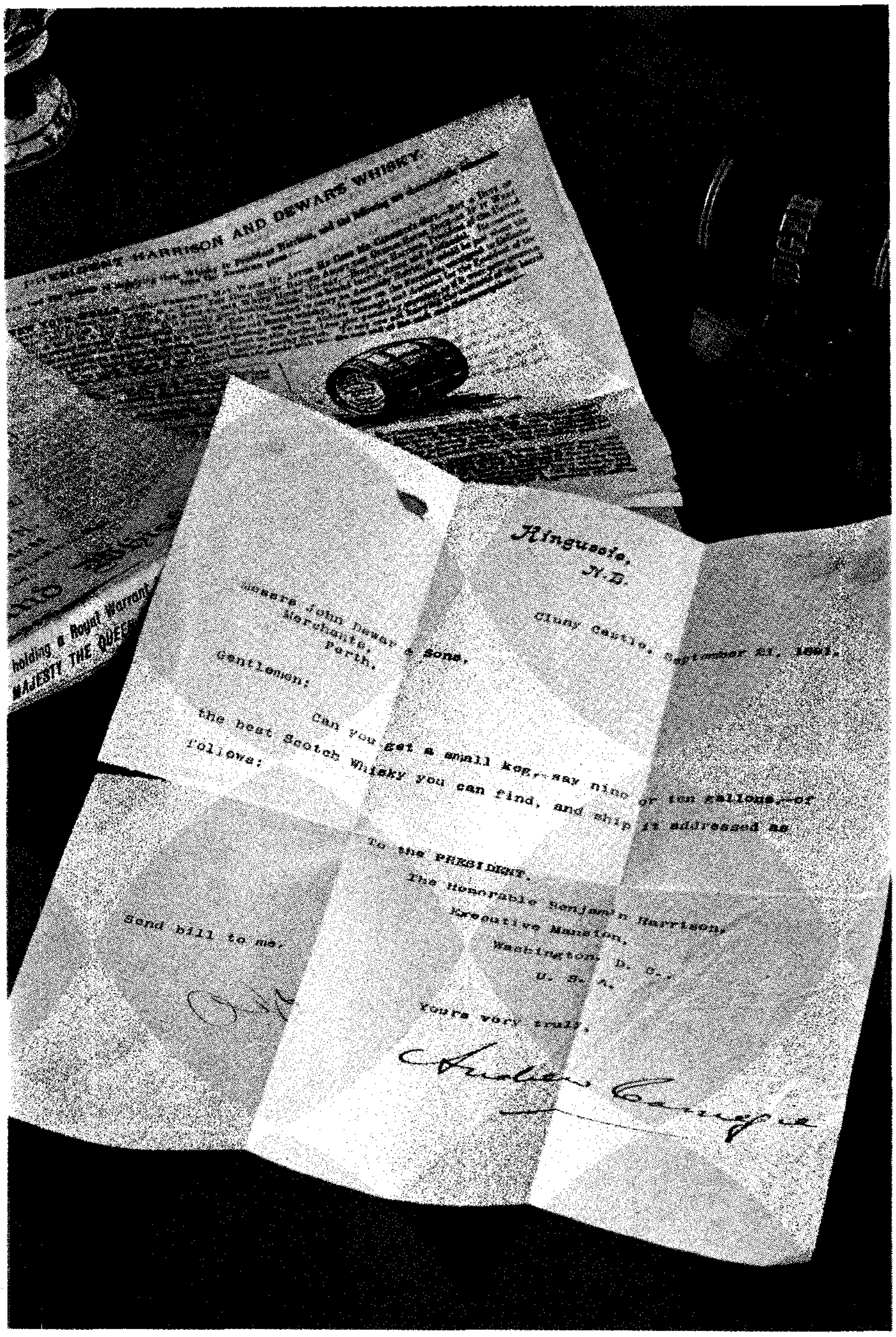
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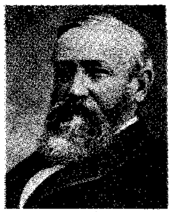

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